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*Eventually*



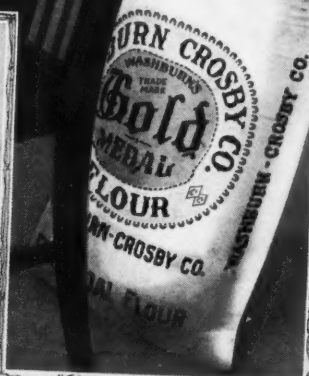
**Why? — Because**

It comes to you absolutely pure  
No fooling with nature's handiwork  
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Goodness always succeeds, therefore this truth—

**GOLD MEDAL  
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*Eventually*

*Why not now?*





# THE UGLIFIERS

By Dr. Frank Crane

**Y**OU have read a lot of beauty hints. Suppose you attend awhile to some ugliness hints. Perhaps by avoiding the things that make your face repellent, you may save what beauty you have or even attain to a beauty you have not.

There are certain stains that leak through from your inner thoughts and leave unmistakable splotches on your face.

They are not spots of yellow or brown, but of spirit-discoloration.

A repulsive air can drive love away. Hence, note these things:

Worry mars the brow and mouth. No eye wants to dwell upon a countenance where trouble sits. Thoughts of peace, calm, and cheer attract us, as flowers in a garden attract us. Don't worry: if you can help things, help them; if you cannot, why worry?

Anger distorts the features. Nobody wants to see an angry man, still less an angry woman.

Hate, or a grudge, or an evil wish toward any human being smears the face as if with a tarred brush. That sort of thing pushes all souls away from you. Whereas, good-will and a hope for anyone's success or happiness make your face draw us to you with a strong lure.

Vanity, pride, and egoism are uglifiers. The moment a proud and perky idea enters your mind it casts a sort of a goose-shadow on your facial expression. It rouses in the

beholder a lively desire to get away from you.

One of the ugliest of spiritual dyes that deface men and women is jealousy. Jealousy has nothing to do with love; it is egotism. If you knew how repulsive you look when that feeling is in you, you would cast it out. Self-pity is also a face-spoiler. If the whiners only knew how they are detested!

Bitterness of heart, inner self-contempt, despair, pessimism, and all such nasty heart-liquors deform the eye and lend a hateful cast to the mouth.

The face is no more than the soul-window. It is a sort of glass through which the spirit shines. And any

person, no matter how ill-featured by birth, can have a winning and a beautiful face

if he will only put gracious, fine, and cheerful thoughts behind it.

women is inflamed wretched face-spoiler.



DRAWING BY VINCENT ADREENTE



**The Piano Lesson**

One of the finest examples of Halma's genre pictures, at which he worked before devoting himself to portrait painting. These canvases brought him many honors at the Paris Salon and other famous exhibitions in Europe

# COSMOPOLITAN

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## HALMI

*Painter Laureate  
of Beauty*

By Winthrop Fox

FIVE years ago, the "Who's Who" of artistic swelldom, on this side of the Atlantic at least, knew no such name as Artur Louis Halmi. To-day, that name is signed to nearly a hundred New York made portraits, mostly of dames, demoiselles, and children of the best social set.

Somewhat less than a score of years back, a wealthy young American with an amateur's taste for art found himself in that Mecca of artistic bohemians—Munich. Like the rest of the world, he saw in the Bavarian capital's fantastic illustrated journal, *Jugend*, a characteristic pictorial expression of the exuberant younger spirit of the age, particularly the work signed by a new man, understood to be a Hungarian, whose illustrative work was just beginning to attract attention. The young American sought out this exotic genius, and asked to be taken on as a pupil, offering to pay for his lessons at a rate not to be gainsaid. The two had no language in common, and the artist's days were fully occupied. But he needed the money, so finally he said to the American, "You might join me at the coffee-house

and business.



Artur Halmi  
(From a self-portrait)



Helen  
The painter's daughter

at five, and we'll try sketching together." The plan worked out admirably. The American, having enthusiasm and some natural gift, actually did acquire, in his three months' sojourn in Munich, a facility at rapid-fire sketching which eventually might have enabled him to qualify as a professional, had necessity so dictated.

As it was, he returned home to New York

## Halmi: Beauty's Painter Laureate

The American amateur was Cornelius Tangeman. His artistic friend and mentor was Artur Halmi.

Some years later—in 1910, to be exact—Halmi visited the United States for the first time. Talent and experience he brought with him, but not his European reputation. He had to search about for somebody who knew him, and whom he knew. Providentially, he found Tangeman. At their cordial reunion in the latter's office, the artist's susceptible eye was caught by the photograph of a lady on his friend's desk.

"Who is she?" he inquired eagerly. "Ah, if I could only make a life-study of that face!"

"She is my wife," answered Tangeman, "and your first commission in America shall be to paint her portrait."

Halmi did, *con amore*, the full-length, life-size oil portrait of Mrs. Cornelius Tangeman, which immediately won a success of appreciation comparable to that enjoyed by the fair original herself.

Beauty attracts beauty, and nothing succeeds like success. Commissions began shyly to come, then to crowd in, from the Tangemans' friends and the friends of their friends; which meant that first-class social patronage, the more important half of the

fashionable artist's game, had been magically won with the first few brush-strokes.

Then there was the portrait of President Taft, for the Hungarian Club. No beauty, this, but a fine, manly piece of character painting. This bit of work accomplished for Halmi's artistic standing, at his first exhibition two years ago, what the virile

"Colonel William Jay" and the bluff old "Dr. Horn" did at his second show, last December. It showed that the hand which idealized pretty women in pastel could, with even greater gusto, hit off strong men, boldly and broadly, in the genuine man-painter's medium, which is oils.

Halmi's pastels, however—and these include the adorable presentments of Mrs. George Gould and her four daughters, Mrs. Joseph Duveen and Miss Dorothy Duveen, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Shevlin,



Miss Ann Rainey

Halmi has been unusually successful with his pastels of children, who are generally the most difficult of subjects

of Minneapolis, and the Guggenheim and Rainey children—are in a class by themselves, and a distinctly high class at that. In these unique and exquisite works, the artist has perfected a technique of his own, primarily for the sake of the rapidity and freedom of execution gained, but also having in mind the fleeting, evanescent shades of expression and color which con-





Mrs. William Randolph Hearst

In his unique and exquisite pastels, Halmi tries to express and visualize the abiding charm of his subject's personality



Mrs. Joseph Duveen

stitute the essence of individuality in a sensitive sitter, and which are best caught by means of the soft, delicate, cloudlike tinted chalks, intimately touched into the picture with deft fingertips, no harsh brush or pencil intervening.

To see Halmi in action with his pastels is a lively sensation.

Perhaps the lady to be impressionized has brought along half a dozen hats or wraps for a becoming selection. While she is trying these on before the mirror, with scarce a thought of pose, the artist will cry out suddenly:

"There! That's what I want! Let me get it, just as you are now."

Having dashed in a few guiding lines with crayon, he reaches out over what may be called a vast keyboard of hundreds of pastel stumps strewn on a tray by his side, and with marvelous swiftness picks out note after note of his color-gamut, with the unerring ease of a Paderewski improvising at the pianoforte. In an incredibly short time, a lifelike face and figure blossom out on the canvas; while the artist himself, smeared and disheveled in his enthusiasm, looks like an Indian in war-paint. Frequently he has completed a large, full-length picture in three or four sittings.

"Clever, but superficial," is the obvious criticism. The artist admits as much, and even apologizes for it. Yet, it is the only practicable thing to do under the circumstances. The imperious beauties who have crowned Halmi their painter laureate will have nothing else. He might even claim, with some justice on his side, that prettiness and superficiality are in many cases the most characteristic traits, therefore the psychological truth, of his subjects.

"After all," a flatterer said to him, "your method is essentially that of Sargent."

"Oh, no," protested Halmi earnestly; "you can't compare me with Sargent, for two reasons—and one is sufficient: I am not a great artist, and he is. Secondly, he is absolutely independent in his portrait painting, while I am just the reverse. What I mean is, I can't help striving to please and to express beauty. Some say that is too easy with the patronage I have—and, in a sense, it is true. At the same time, as occasionally happens, when I paint artificial complexions and Paris gowns, and discreetly overlook double chins, and draw figures

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Mrs. George J. Gould

Halmi has perfected a technique of his own, with the soft, delicate, cloudlike tinted chalks, intimately touched into the picture with deft finger-tips

mostly in imaginary lines, I am thinking of my sitter rather than of myself and of my art. That is not so easy, I assure you. The excuse I then make to my conscience is, that, in portraying a lady reputed beautiful, it is not my business to paint her just as I happen to see her at the moment, but rather to try to express and visualize the abiding charm of her personality at its best. Besides, people are beginning to insist, in these days, that a portrait, like any other picture, must be intrinsically interesting and have a distinct decorative value, independently of its merits as a likeness."

Spoken like a gallant pupil of Makart and Munkácsy! And such, indeed, is Artur Louis Halmi's status.

Born at Budapest in 1866, and graduated from high school in preparation for the Polytechnic College, young Halmi elected to enter the Conservatory of Music.

He developed such distinct talent as a violinist that when he went to Vienna, in 1883, it was with the avowed purpose of entering the famous Academy of Music there. But, meanwhile, he had taken up drawing, at first as a pastime, then for a while as a regular pupil in a drawing-class in Budapest. His friends, when the opportunity came, prevailed upon him to consult Hans Makart, then at the height of his popu-

larity as a courtier-painter. Makart was sufficiently impressed to propose taking the young man as an artistic *protégé*; but the gifted and genial master's early death prevented the realization of this plan.

Halmi then entered the Vienna Maler-Akademie. In 1886, he went to Munich. This was a propitious move; for one year

later, before the youthful artist had fairly come of age, he painted his first full-fledged original picture, a genre piece entitled "After the Examination." It depicted the large anteroom of a school, flooded with sunlight, where the parents of the girl pupils have come to congratulate or to console them upon the results of their examination. This brilliant little canvas achieved an immediate and astounding success. It won the Munkácsy Prize of six thousand francs, including a Paris scholarship, and was purchased by the government for the National Hungarian Museum at Budapest.



Otto, Prince von Bismarck, grandson of the great chancellor  
For eight years, Halmi was semiofficial court painter at Berlin

Under the inspiring influence of Munkácsy and Paris, Halmi followed up his lucky stroke in the genre line with a series that included the little gem called "The Piano Lesson," and a more ambitious work known as "The Secret Marriage," subsequently bought by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

In the intervals of his genre painting—which, during the years of 1887-'94, brought



him such considerable honors as the Grand Gold Medal, at Antwerp, the Millennium Medal, at Budapest, and a medal with honorable mention, at the Paris Salon—Halmi busied himself more or less with illustration, and persistently with portrait painting. This latter branch of his art took him back to Budapest, in 1894, with a number of commissions. Here he met that modern Mæcenæ, Count Esterházy, who invited him to his castle, which, at that time, was in its full glory as the rendezvous of artists, *dilettante*, musicians, and men of letters. Halmi went for a week-end, and stayed over a year, painting everything and everybody in sight, in his joyous, *improvisatore* fashion. But this strenuous life of artistic gaiety finally palled, and the impressionable painter fled to Munich, where, for two years more, he was congenially occupied in helping to make *Jugend* famous. *Jugend* did as much for him, and he was called to Vienna for a monumental commission.

This commission was to provide the illustrations for the sumptuous memorial volume issued to celebrate the Emperor Francis Joseph's golden jubilee; and Halmi acquitted himself valiantly of the tremendous task of making, in a few months' time, over three hundred portrait studies, all from life.

After this *tour de force* he went to Berlin, and entered upon an eight years' career as semiofficial court painter, which gained him permanent recognition among the leading contemporaneous portrait painters of Europe.

Returning, in 1906, to his native Budapest, with no other intent than a brief holiday, he dashed off a wonderful *bravura* portrait of a Hungarian beauty, which created such a furore that he had to remain there three years.

This experience is now repeating itself, on a more magnificent scale, in New York.



Mrs. Thomas J. Shevlin



DRAWN BY T. D. AKIEMORE

She paused, adoring it sacredly like another Madonna

# The Ghostly Counsellors

Emerson called it "Compensation." There is a shorter and uglier word—"Pay." In this story, Mr. Hughes takes the plight of an unfortunate young girl from the Middle West who, through love, has erred against the conventions of society. He brings her to New York and shows, through a series of imagined conversations, her own feelings, the mental anguish she endures, the world's attitude toward her—how she pays and will pay to the end of her days. It is not a pleasant story, but it carries a bigger warning than a volume of special articles on present-day conditions among certain classes of young people in this country to-day.

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

IN a little hall bedroom in a big city lay a little woman in a big trouble. She had taken the room under an assumed name, and a visitor had come to her there—to little her in the big city, from the bigger unknown.

She had taken the room as "Mrs. Emerton." Mrs. Rotch, the landlady, had had her doubts. But then she was liberal-minded—folks had to be in that street. Still, she made it an invariable rule that "no visitors was never allowed in rooms," a parlor being kept for the purpose up to ten o'clock, when the landlady went to bed in it, "her having to have her sleep as well as anybody."

But, in spite of the rules, a visitor had come to "Mrs. Emerton's" room—a very, very young man. His only name as yet was "the Baby." She dared not give the young man his father's name, for then people would know; and she had come to the city to keep people from knowing. She had come to the wicked city from the sweet, wholesome country, where, according to fiction, there is no evil, but where, according to fact, people are still people and moonlight is still madness. In the country, love could be concealed but not its consequence.

Her coadjutor in the ceremony of summoning this little spirit from the vasty deep had not followed her to the city where the miracle was achieved. He was poor, and his parents would have been broken-hearted; his employer in the village would have taken away his seven-dollar-a-week job.

So the boy sent the girl to town alone,

with what money he had saved up and what little he could borrow; and he stayed in the village to earn more.

The girl's name was Lightfoot—Hilda Lightfoot, a curiously prophetic name for her progress in the primrose path, though she had gone heavy-footed enough afterward. And now she could hardly walk at all.

Hilda Lightfoot had come to the city in no mood to enjoy its frivolities, and with no means. She had climbed the four flights to her room a few days ago for the last time. In all the weeks and weeks she had never had a caller, except, the other day, a doctor and a nurse, who had taken away most of her money and left her this little clamorous youth, whose victim she was as he was hers.

To-night she was desperately lonely. Even the baby's eternal demands and up-roads were hushed in sleep. She felt strong enough now to go out into the wonderful air of the city; the breeze was as soft and moon-seeped as the blithe night wind that blew across the meadows at home.

The crowds went by the window and teased her like a circus parade marching past a school.

But she could not go to circuses: she had no money. All she had was a nameless, restless baby.

She grew frantically lonely. She went almost out of her head from her solitude, the jaillike loneliness, with no one to talk to except her little fellow prisoner.

Her homesick heart ran back to the home life she was exiled from. She was thinking of the village. It was prayer-meeting

night, and the moon would wait outside the church like Mary's white-fleeced lamb till the service was over, and then it would follow the couples home, gamboling after them when they walked, and, when they paused, waiting patiently about.

The moon was a lone white lamb on a shadowy hill all spotted with daisies. Everything in the world was beautiful except her fate, her prison, her poverty, and her loneliness.

If only she could go down from this dungeon into the streets! If only she had some clothes to wear and knew somebody who would take her somewhere where there was light and music! It was not much to ask. Hundreds of thousands of girls were having fun in the theaters and the restaurants and the streets. Hundreds of thousands of fellows were taking their best girls places.

If only Webster Edie would come and take her out for a walk! She had been his best girl, and he had been her fellow. Why must he send her here, alone? It was his duty to be with her, now of all times. A woman had a right to a little petting, now of all times. She had written him so yesterday, begging him to come to her at any cost. But her letter must have crossed his letter, and in that he said that he could not get away and could not send her any money for at least another week, and then not much.

She was doomed to loneliness—indeinitely. If only some one would come in and talk to her! The landlady never came except about the bill. The little slattern who brought her meals had gone to bed. She knew nobody—only voices, the voices of other boarders who went up and down the stairs and sometimes paused outside her door to talk and laugh or exchange gossip. She had caught a few names from occasional greeting or exclamation: "Good morning, Miss Marland!" "Why, Mrs. Elsbree!" "How was the show last night, Miss Bessett?" "Oh, Mrs. Teed, would you mind mailing these letters as you go out?" "Not at all, Mrs. Braywood."

They were as formless to her as ghosts, but she could not help imagining bodies and faces and clothes to fit the voices. She could not help forming likes and dislikes. She would have been glad to have any of them come to see her, to ask how she was, or admire the baby, or to borrow a pin, or lend a book.

If somebody did not come to see her, she would go mad. If only she dared, she would leave the baby and steal down the stairs and out of the front door and slip along the streets. They called her; they beckoned to her and promised her happiness. She was like a little yacht held fast in a cove by a little anchor. The breeze was full of summons and nudgings; the water in the bay was dancing, every ripple a giggle. Only her anchor held her, such a little anchor, such a gripping anchor!

If only some one would come in! If only the baby could talk, or even listen with understanding! She was afraid to be alone, any longer, lest she do something insane and fearful. She sat at the window, with one arm stretched out across the sill and her chin across it, and stared off into the city's well of white lights. Then she bent her head, hid her hot face in the hollow of her elbow, and clenched her eyelids to shut away the torment. She was loneliest staring at the city, but she was unendurably lonely with her eyes shut. She would go crazy if somebody did not come.

There was a knock at the door. It startled her.

She sat up and listened. The knock was repeated softly. She turned her head and stared at the door. Then she murmured, "Come in."

The door whispered open, and a woman in soft black skirts whispered in. The room was lighted only by the radiance from the sky; and the mysterious woman was mysteriously vague against the dimly illuminated hall.

She closed the door after her and stood, a shadow in a shadow. Even her face was a mere glimmer, like a patch of moonlight on the door, and her voice was stealthy as a breeze. It was something like the voice she heard called "Mrs. Elsbree."

Hilda started to rise, but a faint, white hand pressed her back and the voice said:

"Don't rise, my dear. I know how weak you are, what you have gone through, alone, here in this dreary place. I know what pain you have endured, and the shame you have felt, the shame that faces you outside in the world. It is a cruel world. To women—oh, but it is cruel! It has no mercy for a woman who loves too well."

"If you had a lot of money you might fight it with its own weapon. Money is the one weapon it respects. But you haven't





She sat at the window, with one arm stretched out across the sill and her chin across it, and stared off into the city's well of white lights

any money, have you, my dear? If you had, you wouldn't be here in the dark alone, would you?

"I'm afraid there is nothing ahead of you, either, but darkness, my dear. The man you loved has deserted you, hasn't he? He is a poor weak thing, anyway. Even if he married you, you would probably part. He'd always hate you. Nobody else will want you for a wife, you poor child; you know that, don't you? And nobody will help you, because of the baby. You couldn't find work and keep the baby with you, could

you? And you couldn't leave it. It is a weight about your neck; it will drown you in deep waters.

"Even if it lived, it would have only misery ahead of it, for your story would follow it through life. The older it grew, the more it would suffer. It would despise you and itself. How much happier you would be not to be alive at all, both of you, you poor, unwelcome things!

"There are many problems ahead of you, my dear; and you'll never solve them, except in one way. If you were dead and asleep in your grave with your poor little one at your breast, all your troubles would be over then, wouldn't they? People would feel sorry for you; they wouldn't sneer at you then. And you wouldn't mind loneliness or hunger or pointing fingers or anything.

"Take my advice, dearie, and end it now. There are so many ways; so many things to buy at drug stores. And that's the river you can just see over there.

It is very peaceful in its depths. Its cool, dark waters will wash away your sorrows. Or if that is too far for you to go, there's the window. You could climb out on the ledge with your baby in your arms and just step off into—peace. Take my advice, poor, lonely, little thing. It's the one way; I know. The world will forgive you, and heaven will be merciful. Didn't Christ take the Magdalen into his own company and his mother's? He will take you up into heaven, if you go now. Good-by. Don't be afraid. Good-by. Don't be afraid."

She was gone so softly that Hilda did not see her go. She had been staring off into

that ocean of space, and when she turned her head, the woman was gone. But her influence was left in the very air. Her words went on whispering about the room. Under their influence, the girl rose, tottered to the bed, gathered the sleeping baby to her young bosom, kissed his brow without waking him, and stumbled to the window.

She pushed it as high as it would go and knelt on the ledge, peering down into the street. It was a fearful distance to the walk.

She hoped she would not strike the stone steps or the area rail. And, yet, what difference would it make? It would only assure her peace the quicker. She must wait for those people below to walk past. But they were not gone before others were there. She could not hurl herself upon them.

As she waited, it grew terrible to take the plunge. She was always afraid of high places. She grew dizzy now, and must cling hard to keep from falling before she said her prayers and was ready. And, now, the pavement was clear. She kissed her baby again. She drew in a deep breath, her last sip of the breath of life. How good it was, this clear, cool air flowing across this great, beautiful, heartless city that she should never see again! And now—

There was a knock at the door. It checked her. She lost impulse and impetus and crept back and sank into a chair. She was pretending to be rocking the baby to sleep when she murmured, "Come in."

Perhaps it would be Mrs. Elsbree, returned to reproach her for her cowardice and her delay. But when she dared to look up, it was another woman. At least, it was another voice—perhaps Miss Marland's.

"I've been meaning to call on you, Mrs. Emerton, but I haven't had a free moment. Of course, I've known all along why you were here. We all have. There's been a good deal of backbiting. But that's the boarding-house of it. This evening, at dinner, there was some mention of you at the table, and some of the women were ridiculing you and some were condemning you. Oh, don't wince, my dear; everybody is always being ridiculed or condemned or both for something. If you were one of the saints they would burn you at the stake or put you to the torture.

"Anyway, I spoke up and told them that the only one who had a right to cast a stone

at you was one without sin; and I despaired of finding such a person in this boarding-house—or outside, either, for that matter. I spoke up and told them that you were no worse than the others. They all had their scandals, and I know most of them. There's some scandal about everybody. We're all sinners—if you want to call it sin to follow your most sacred instincts.

"Why should you be afraid of a little gossip or a few jokes or a little abuse from a few hypocrites? They're all sinners—worse than you, too, most of them, if the truth were known.

"Why blame yourself and call yourself a criminal? You loved the boy—loved him too much, that's all. If you had been really wicked, you would have refused to love him or to give yourself up to his plea. If you had been really bad, you'd have known too much to have this child. You'd have got rid of it at all costs.

"You are really a very good little woman with a passion for being a mother. It's the world outside that's bad. Don't be ashamed before it. Hold your head up. The world owes you a living, and it will pay it if you demand it. It will pay for you and your child, too. Just demand your rights. You'll soon find a place. You're too young and beautiful to be neglected. You're young and beautiful and passionate. You can make some man awfully happy. He'll be glad to have your baby and you—disgrace and all. He may be very rich. Go find him. The baby may grow up to be a wonderful man. You could make enough to give the boy every advantage and a fine start in the world.

"The world is yours, if you'll only take it. Remember the Bible, 'Ask and it shall be given unto you.' Think it over, my dear. Don't do anything foolish or rash. You're too young and too beautiful. And now I must run along. Good-by and good-luck."

While Hilda was breathing deep of this wine of hope and courage, the woman was gone.

Hilda glanced out of the window again. She shuddered. A moment more and she would have been lying below there, broken, mangled, unsightly—perhaps not dead, only crippled for life and arrested as a suicide that failed; perhaps as a murderess, since the fall would surely have killed her child—her precious child. She held him

close, her great man-baby, her son; he laughed, beat the air with his hands, chuckled, and smote her cheek with palms like white roses. She would take him from

this gloomy place. She would go out and demand money, fine clothes, attention.

She put on her hat, a very shabby little hat. She began to wrap the baby in a heavy shawl. They would have finer things soon.

She grew dizzy with excitement and the exertion, and sank back in the chair a moment, to regain her strength. The chair creaked. No, it was a knock at the door. It proved what the last woman had said. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you."

She had wished for some one to call on her. The whole boarding-house was coming. She was giving a party.

This time it was another voice out of the darkness.

It must have been Miss Bessett's. She spoke in a cold, hard, hasty tone.

"Going out, my dear?

Alone, I hope? No, the baby's wrapped up! You're not going to be so foolish as to lug that baby along? He brands you at once. Nobody will want you round with a squalling baby. Oh, of course, he's a pretty child; but he's too noisy. He'll ruin every chance you have.

"You're really very pretty, my dear. The landlady said so. If she noticed it, you must be a beauty, indeed. This is a great town for pretty girls. There's a steady market for

them.

"The light is poor here, but beauty like yours glows even in darkness, and that's what they want, the men. The world will pay anything for beauty, if beauty has the brains to ask a high price and not give too much for it.

"Think of the slaves who have become

She turned her head and stared at the door. Then she murmured, "Come in"



queens, the mistresses who have become empresses. There are rich women all over town who came by their money dishonestly. You should see some of them in the park with their automobiles. You'd be ashamed even to let them run over you. Yet, if you were dressed up, you'd look better than any of the automobile brigade.

"You might be a great singer. I've heard you crooning to the baby. You find a rich man and make him pay for your lessons, and then you make eyes at the manager and, before you know it, you'll be engaged for the opera and earning a thousand dollars a night—more than that, maybe.

"Think how much that means. It would make you mighty glad you didn't marry that young gawp at home. He's a cheap skate to get you into this trouble and not help you out.

"But I'll set you in the way of making a mint of money. There's only one thing: you must give up the baby and never let anybody know you ever had it. Don't freeze up and turn away. There are so many ways of disposing of a baby. Send it to a foundling asylum. No questions will be asked. The baby will have the best of care and grow so strong that some rich couple will insist on adopting it, or you could come back when you are married to a rich man and pretend you took a fancy to it and adopt it yourself.

"And there's a lot of other ways to get rid of a baby. You could give it the wrong medicine by mistake, or just walk out and forget it. And there's the river; you could drop it into those black waters. And then you're free—baby would never know. He would be ever so much better off. And you would be free.

"You must be free. You must get a little taste of life. You've a right to it. You lived in a little stupid village all your years—and now you're in the city. Listen to it! It would be yours for the asking. And it gives riches and glory to the pretty girls it likes. But you must go to it as a girl, not as a poor, broken, ragged thing, lugging a sickly baby with no name. Get rid of the baby, my dear. It will die, anyway. It will starve and sicken. Put it out of its misery. That medicine on your washstand—an overdose of that, and you can say it was a mistake. Who can prove it wasn't? Then you are free. You'll have hundreds of friends, and a career, and a motor of your

own, and servants, and a beautiful home. Don't waste your youth, my dear. Invest your beauty where it will bring big proceeds.

"See those lights off there—the big lights with the name of that woman in electric letters? She came to town poorer than you and with a worse name. Now she is rich and famous. And the Countess of—What's-her-name? She was poor and bad, but she didn't let any old-fashioned ideas of remorse hold her back. Go on; get rid of the brat. Go on!"

Hilda clutched the baby closer and moved away to shield her from this grim counsellor. When she turned again, she was alone.

The woman had gone, but the air trembled with her fierce wisdom. She was ruthless, but how wise!

The lights flaring up into the sky carried that other woman's name. Her picture was everywhere. She had been poor and wicked. Now, she was a household word, respected because she was rich. She had succeeded.

There came a lilting of music on a breeze. They were dancing, somewhere. The tango coaxed her feet. Her body swayed with it.

If she were there, men would quarrel over her, rush to claim her—as they had done even in the village before she threw herself away on the most worthless, shiftless of the lot, who got her into trouble and deserted her. It was not her business to starve for his baby.

The baby began to fret again, to squawk with vicious explosions of ugly rage; it pulsed and yowled. It was a nuisance. It caught a fistful of her hair and wrenched till the tears of pain rushed to her eyes. She unclasped the little talons, ran to the washstand, took up an ugly little bottle and poured out enough to put an end to that nauseating wail.

She bent over to lift the baby to the glass. Its lips touched her bosom. Its crying turned to a little chortle like a brook's music. It pommelled her with hands like white roses. The moon rested on its little head and made its fuzz of hair a halo. She paused, adoring it sacredly like another Madonna.

A soft tap at the door. She put the fatal glass away and turned guiltily. A dark little woman was there, and a soft, motherly voice spoke. It must be Mrs. Braywood's. She could not have suspected, for her tone was all of affection.



"I heard your child laughing, my dear—and crying. I don't know which went to my heart deeper. I just had to come to see it. It is so marvelous to be a mother. I've been married for ten years, and my husband and I have prayed and waited. But God would not send us a baby. He saved that honor for you. And such an honor and glory and power! To be a mother! To be a rose-bush and have a white bud grow upon your stem, and bloom! Oh, you lucky child, to be selected for such a privilege! You must have suffered; you must be suffering now; but there's nothing worth while that doesn't cost pain.

"It occurred to me that—don't misunderstand me, my child, but—well, the landlady said you were poor; she was in doubt of the room rent; so I thought—perhaps you might not want the baby as much as I do.

"I hoped you might let me take him. I'd be such a good mother to him. I'd love him as if he were my own, and my husband would pay you well for him. We'd give him our own name, and people should never know that he—that you—that we weren't really his parents. Give him to me, won't you? Please! I beg you!"

Hilda whirled away from her pleading hands and clenched the baby so hard that it cried a little. The sound was like that first wail of his she had ever heard. Again it went into her heart like a little hand seizing and wringing it.

Mrs. Braywood—if it were Mrs. Braywood—was not angry at the rebuff, though she was plainly disheartened. She tried to be brave, and sighed.

"Oh, I don't wonder you turn away. I understand. I wouldn't give him up if I were in your place. The father must come soon. He won't stay away long. Just let him see the baby and hear its voice and know it is his baby, and he will stand by you.

"He will come to you. He will hear the voice wherever he is, and he will make you his wife. And the baby will make a man of him, and give him ambition and inspira-

tion. Babies always provide for themselves, they say. You will have trouble, and you will suffer from the gibes of self-righteous people, and you will be cruelly blamed; but there is only one way to expiate sin, my child, and that is to face its consequences and pay its penalties in full. The only way to atone for a wrong deed is to do the next right thing. Take good care of your precious treasure. Good-by. His father will come soon. He will come. Good-by. Oh, you enviable thing, you mother!"

And now she was gone. But she had left the baby's value enhanced, and the mother's, too.

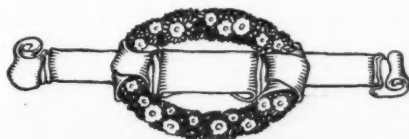
She had offered a price for the baby, and glorified the mother. The lonely young country girl felt no longer utterly disgraced. She did not feel that the baby was a mark of heaven's disfavor, but rather of its favor. She felt lonely no longer. The streets interested her no more. Let those idle revelers go their way; let them dance and laugh. They had no child of their own to adore and to enjoy.

If the baby's father came, they would be married. If he delayed—well, she would stumble on alone. The baby was her cross. She must carry it up the hill.

Hilda felt entirely content but very tired, full of hope that Webster Edie would come to her, but full of contentment, too. She talked to the baby, and he seemed to understand her, now. She could not translate his language, but he translated hers.

She slipped out of her day clothes and into her nightgown—and so to bed. She fell asleep with her baby in her arms. Her head drooped back, and her parted lips seemed to pant and glow. The moon reached her window and sent in a long shaft of light. It found a great tear on her cheek. It gleamed on her throat bent back; it gleamed on one bare shoulder where the gown was torn; it gleamed on her breast, where the baby drowsily clung.

There was a benediction in the moonlight. Cold and hard perhaps, it was, yet it was a call to penance—lifelong.





DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I had no idea you lived like this." Lorelei had peered through a pair of French doors  
into a perfectly appointed library

# The Auction Block

A STORY OF STAGE LIFE AND A YOUNG GIRL'S SACRIFICE

By Rex Beach

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-do-Well," "Rope's End," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

**SYNOPSIS**—The removal of the Knight family from Vale to New York city, after Peter's defeat in local politics, is necessary in order that he may accept a minor clerkship in a city department, but is desired by Mrs. Knight and the good-for-nothing son, Jim, chiefly as an opportunity for the advancement of the beautiful daughter, Lorelei, who, they imagine, can go on the stage and easily make a rich marriage. Before long, Lorelei finds herself burdened with the entire support of the family, since the father is crippled by an accident, and the brother will not work. The girl's beauty has attracted attention in the chorus, and at the end of two years, having been promoted to a small speaking part in one of Bergman's Revues, she is interviewed by Campbell Pope, a critic, as one of the reigning theatrical favorites. That same night, in company with Lilas Lynn, who shares her dressing-room, she attends a gorgeous supper party given by Jarvis Hammon, a steel magnate, to some business associates, at which the feminine element is drawn from the theatrical world. Her supper-partner proves to be John T. Merkle, financier, a cynical and dyspeptic bachelor but a man of high moral principles. Lorelei learns that Hammon's infatuation for Lilas threatens not only the steel man's home but his business interests as well. Merkle is most anxious to know more of Lilas' influence over Hammon, and tells Lorelei she may name her price if she will keep him informed as to what is going on. But Lorelei says, "There won't be any price," and will only agree to think the matter over. Professional people entertain the party. Among the performers is Adorée Demorest, of unenviable notoriety. For an encore, she dances with an amateur, who proves to be Bob Wharton, whose father, one of the guests, has forbidden his presence at the supper, and who takes this means of getting there. Young Wharton is greatly attracted to Lorelei, but the girl resents his condition, which is now far from sober, and finally slaps his face. But this rebuff does not deter the young man from turning up constantly at the theater and forcing his attentions upon her.

Before long, Lorelei learns that there is some plot being hatched against Hammon and that one Max Melcher, a noted figure in the underworld life of Broadway, and a friend of Lilas, is at the head of it. To her distress she finds out, also, that her brother is an associate of Melcher. She communicates with Merkle, and one night he calls for her in his car, taking her for a drive over on Long Island, in order that she may have an opportunity to tell her story. Close to The Château, a well-known motoring-resort, the car meets with an accident, and the pair, arriving on foot, encounter Jim Knight and some companions leaving the place in haste. Presently Hammon appears, in a towering rage. He had brought Lilas out there for supper; their private room had been entered, and a flash-light photograph taken. The magnate is sure the occurrence will lead to blackmail or worse.

As was to be expected, a full account of the supper-party at The Château appears in certain newspapers, and Merkle and Lorelei are also mentioned in the story. Melcher's schemes begin to bear fruit. He starts action against Hammon for the alienation of Lilas' affections, on the ground that she is his wife, and Hammon promptly settles. Jim Knight calls on Merkle with his mother, and they ask for money—or marriage with Lorelei. Jim, learning of Bob Wharton's admiration for his sister, also lays his plans. He offers to take Lorelei out to supper after the theater, on pretense of protecting her from Wharton's attentions, but arranges with this admirer for a meeting at the restaurant. His main object is to lure Wharton, after the young man has had too much to drink, to Melcher's gambling-house; but Lorelei frustrates the scheme and sees that Bob gets safely home. Lorelei meets Adorée Demorest and discovers that she is really a good-hearted, simple-minded woman, whose evil reputation has been manufactured out of whole cloth by her manager for the purpose of exploitation on the stage. The two girls become friends.

**D**URING the last act of the matinee on the day following, Lorelei was surprised to receive a call from John Merkle. "The Judge" led him to her dressing-room, then shuffled away, leaving him alone with her and Mrs. Croft.

"I hope I haven't broken any files by dropping in during your office hours," he began.

"Theatrical rules are made to be broken; but I do think you are indiscreet. Don't you?"

The banker had been using his eyes with an interest that betrayed his unfamiliarity with these surroundings. "I was on my

way up-town and preferred not to telephone." He looked meaningly at Croft, and Lorelei, interpreting his glance, sent the dresser on some errand from the room.

"Well, the game worked," said Merkle. "Mrs. Hammon has left home and commenced suit for divorce. If our friend, Miss Lynn, had set out to ruin Jarvis socially—and perhaps financially—she couldn't have played her cards better."

"Is that what you came to tell me?"

Merkle hesitated. "No," he admitted, "it isn't; but I'm a bit embarrassed, now that I'm here. I suppose your mother told about seeing me?"

"My mother!" Lorelei's amazement was

convincing, and his keen eyes softened. "When did you see mother? Where?"

"Yesterday, at my office. Didn't you know that she and your brother had called?"

Lorelei shook her head; she felt sick with dread of his next words.

"It was very—unpleasant, I fear, for all of us."

"What did they—want?" The girl was still smiling, but her lips were dry.

"They felt that I had—er—involved you in a great deal of notoriety. From what they said, I judged that you shared their feelings." He paused awkwardly once more, and she motioned him to continue. "We didn't get on very well, especially your brother and I; for he presumed to—criticize my relations with you and—er—my motive in taking you to ride the other night."

"They asked for—money?" Lorelei averted her face, for she could not bear to meet his frank eyes.

"Yes—what I considered a great deal of money. I understood they represented you. They didn't insist, however—they offered me a choice."

"Choice? Of what?"

"Well—I inferred that marriage would undo the wrong I had—"

"Oh-h!" Lorelei rose with a gasp. Bravely she stilled the tremor of her lips. "Tell me—the rest."

"There isn't much more. Your mother was quite hysterical and—noisy. To-day a lawyer came to see me. He offers to settle the whole matter, but I prefer dealing directly with you."

"Do you think I knew anything about it?" she cried indignantly.

"No, I do *not* think so, now. Yesterday I was too much surprised and too angry to know just what I did think. It's perfectly true, however, that I was to blame for the unfortunate outcome of the ride, and I want to make amends for any injury—"

"Weren't you injured, too, by the publicity?"

"That's neither here nor there."

"Please—leave me, and—let me think this over. I must do something quickly, or—I'll smother."

"I'm glad I came," said he, rising. "I'm glad I made sure."

"So am I. What you have told me has made a great difference in—everything. Don't allow them to—" She hesitated,

and her voice broke. "I can't say it. Y—you must think I'm—unspeakable."

He shook his head gravely. "No, I merely think you are very unfortunate. I think you need help more than any girl I ever knew."

"I do. I do."

"But I am not the one to give it—at least, not the kind of help you need."

"I'll need help more, after to-night."

"Yes? Why?"

"Because I'm going to leave home." Lorelei spoke with a note of defiance.

"Then perhaps I *can* do something." He seated himself again. "You will need money."

"Oh, no! I have my salary and the other revenues you know about. I have kept my family for two years."

"Work won't hurt you, but why force yourself to go on with those other things? They are not to your liking, I'm sure."

"My mother and father must live. There isn't enough—don't you see?—there just isn't enough for all of us unless I—graft like the other girls."

Merkle broke out impatiently: "Make an end of it. I'll finance you." She laughed a little harshly. "Don't misunderstand me," he went on, almost eagerly. "Don't think for an instant that I'd venture to expect anything in return. I won't trouble you; I won't even see you. Nobody will ever know. I wouldn't miss the money, and I'd really love to do it. You tried to do me a favor—"

"There's no use arguing."

"Well—don't be stubborn, or hasty. You could use—say, ten thousand dollars. It would keep you going very nicely, and really it's only the price of a new auto."

"Why do you offer me so much?" she asked, curiously.

"Because I like you—oh, I mean 'like,' not 'love.' Because I think you're a good sort and will need money to remain good. You're not an ordinary woman, Miss Knight; you can't live as ordinary women live, now that you're famous. New York won't let you."

"You're very kind and generous after all that has occurred and after knowing my reason for being here."

"My dear child, you didn't choose your family, and, as for the other, the women of my set marry for money, just as you plan to do. So do women everywhere, for that



matter, and many of them make excellent wives—yes, far better than if they had married poor men. Few girls as beautiful as you in any walk of life are allowed to marry for love. Trust me, a woman like you, if she lives up to the obligations of wifehood, deserves better than one who takes a man for love and then perhaps goes back on her bargain. Will you accept my offer?"

"No. But I thank you."

"Think it over; there is no hurry, and remember I want to help." With one of his infrequent, wan smiles, he extended his hand, and Lorelei grasped it warmly.

She was far too well balanced for hasty resolutions, but her mind, once made up, was seldom changed. It distressed her grievously to leave her people, but at the thought of remaining longer with them, every instinct rebelled. Her own kin, urged by greed, had not hesitated to cheapen and degrade her. Their last offense, coupled with all that had gone before, was more than could be borne. Yet she was less resentful than sad, for it seemed to her that this was the beginning of the end. First, the father had been crippled; then the moral fiber of the whole family had disintegrated until the mother had become a harpy, the brother a scamp, and she, Lorelei, a shameless hunter of men. Now the home tie, that last bond of respectability, was to be broken.

Her first impulse was to take up her abode with Adorée Demorest, but a little thought showed the inadvisability of that. In her doubt she appealed to Lilas, broaching the subject as the two girls were dressing after the performance.

"An apartment?" echoed the latter. "Why, my building is full of them. Who wants one?"

"I do."

"You—?" Lilas turned with her mouth full of hairpins, and her hands halted in their nimble duties.

When Lorelei had made known her decision, the other girl nodded her approval.

"I don't blame you a bit; a girl needs liberty. I have five rooms, and a Jap to take care of them; they're lovely."

"I can't afford an expensive place."

"Well, there are some three-room flats in the rear, and—I have it! Gertie Moore kept one, but she's gone on the road. It's all furnished, too. Some 'Rah-rah boy from Columbia fixed it up for her, but they

had a row, broke the engagement, and she joined out with the 'Kissing Girls'. If it hasn't been sublet, you can get it at your own terms. The building is respectable, too—it's as proper as the Ritz. I'm dining alone, to-night. Come to dinner with me, and we'll find out all about it."

Lorelei would have preferred a different location, not particularly desiring to be near Lilas; but there was no time in which to look about. Without more discussion, she agreed, and the two girls rode up-town together.

The Elegancia, where Lilas lived, was a painfully new, overelaborate building with a Gothic front and a Gotham rear—half its windows pasted with rental signs. Six potted palms, a Turkish rug, and a jaundiced Jamaican elevator-boy gave an air of welcome to the ornate, marble entrance-hall. Lilas fitted a key to the first door on the right as they went in, explaining, "I'm on the ground floor, and find it very convenient."

"This place is too grand for me," Lorelei objected.

"Oh, offer your own price for Gertie's flat if you like it. They're crazy for tenants. If you didn't want a furnished place you could get in rent free. They have to fill up these buildings to sell them. I've lived for months without paying a cent, and always in a new apartment. As soon as my lease was up and the owner wanted to renew, I'd move to another house that wasn't full. It's cheaper than hotels."

Lorelei was surprised to find her friend's quarters not only richly but lavishly furnished: the floors were covered with rugs of the deepest hue and richest luster; the furniture of the front room into which she was first ushered was of an inlaid foreign pattern, of which she could not guess the name or period. There was a player-piano to match the furniture, and a cabinet of rolls. Near by stood a specially made phonograph, with an extensive selection of records. There were bronze lamps, ravishing bits of bric-à-brac, lace curtains, of which she could judge the quality, and heavy hangings, sheathed, now, in their summer coverings. The decorations of the room were harmonious and bespoke a reckless disregard of cost. A fluffy Japanese spaniel with protruding eyes and distorted visage capered deliriously at its mistress' feet.

But the objects that intrigued the visitor



most strongly were several paintings. They were of a kind she had seldom seen, and in the afternoon light one stood out with particularly startling effect. It was a dusky landscape—there was a stream, a meadow-edge, trees just growing black against a dying sunset, a herd of cattle coming out of the west. Before this picture Lorelei paused, staring with wide eyes of wonder.

Lilas flung her hat carelessly into a chair, lit a cigarette from a humidor, then turned with the spaniel in her arms, and, beholding her guest with rapt, upturned face, remarked, with a laugh,

"Looks like the real thing, doesn't it?"

"Oh—it's wonderful—so clean and cool and quiet. I've seen cattle in Vale that looked just like those, when I went barefoot in the grass."

"Some Dutchman painted it—his name's in the corner. He's dead now, I believe. It used to hang in some museum—I forget where. I like pictures of women best, but—" She shrugged and left her sentence unfinished. "There's a dandy in my bedroom, although it didn't cost half as much as that barnyard thing. The frame's a foot wide and covered with solid gold."

"I had no idea you lived like this." Lorelei had peered through a pair of French doors into a perfectly appointed library, with a massive mahogany table, deep lounging-chairs, a writing-desk, and a dome-crowned reading-lamp.

"My study," Lilas laughed shortly. "That's where I improve my mind—not. The books are deadly. Now come: Hitchy Koo must have dinner ready. His name isn't Hitchy Koo, but it sounds like it, and he's the 'cutest little thing: got the cutest little swing.'" She moved down the hall humming the chorus of the senseless popular song from which she had quoted.

Everywhere was the same evidence of good taste in decoration and luxury of equipment, but a suspicion had entered Lorelei's mind and she avoided comment. Hitchy Koo was cook, butler, and house-boy, and in view of Miss Lynn's disorderly habits, it was evident that he had all he could do to keep the place presentable. His mistress possessed that faculty of disarrangement so common in stage women. Wherever she went, she left confusion behind; she was careless to the point of destruction, and charred marks upon the handsome sideboard and table showed

where glowing cigarette stumps had suffered a negligent demise. The spaniel was allowed to worry bits of food that left marks on the rug; his owner ate without appetite and in a hypercritical mood that took no account of the wasteful attempts to please her. Quite regardless of the patient little Jap, she alternately found fault with him and discussed with her guest matters of so frank a nature that Lorelei was often painfully embarrassed.

"So, you like my home, do you?" she queried, after a time.

"I've never seen one so beautiful."

Lilas nodded. "Hitchy sleeps out, and that leaves me the whole place. Jarvis furnished it, even to the books, and I'm studying to be a lady." Again she laughed mockingly. "I make a bluff at reading, but so long as I talk about Napoleon, he never thinks to question me. I know that French gink backwards."

"I wish I had a hobby—something to interest me, something to live for," said Lorelei lamely.

"Yes. It gives you something to think about when you're alone. It helps you to—stand things." For the first time, Lilas showed a trace of feeling in her voice; she dropped her chin into her palm and, leaning upon the table, stared as if at a vision.

The slipshod informality of the meal, the constant faultfinding of the hostess, made it something of a trial. Lorelei was not sorry when it was over and Lilas took her to look at the vacant flat.

Miss Moore's apartment offered a wide contrast to the one they had just quitted, being very small and very modestly furnished; but it was on the second floor, convenient to both elevator and stairway; it boasted a piano, and the superintendent allowed his prospective tenant to name her own terms. She descended, feeling that she had made not a bad bargain.

She stated, as she sank into Lilas' big library chair: "I feel quite independent, at last. The rent is ridiculous, and I can do my own cooking."

"Don't make a fool of yourself. You can do as well as I've done."

"But I'm not engaged to a multimillionaire."

"It seems queer when I think of it," Lilas mused. "Jarvis is one of the richest men in New York, and he made his money out of the steel business—the business into



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

It was characteristic of her that she could so excite herself by the power of visualization  
as to be completely transported

which I was born. Have you ever been through a mill?"

"No."

"It's wonderful, terrible. I can smell the hot slag, the scorching cinders, the smoke, to this day. Some nights I wake up screaming—it's so vivid. I see the glare of the furnaces, the belching flames, the showers of sparks from the converters, the streams of white-hot metal, and they seem to pour over me. I have the same dream always; I've had it ever since the night after my father was killed."

"You told me he was killed in a steel-mill."

"Yes, before my eyes. I saw it." Lilas shuddered. "I was a little girl then, but I've never forgotten. We were poor, dreadfully poor, like all the Jews—oh, yes, didn't you know I'm a Jew?"

"Then 'Lilas Lynn'—?"

"Stage name. It's really Lily Levinski. We were Polish. I was dragged up, along with the other workmen's children, in the soot and grime of the Pennsylvania mills. We never saw anything green; nothing grew in our town. I learned to play on a slag pile, and my shoes, when I had any, were full of holes—the scars are on my feet yet. The mills were hideous by day, but at night they became—oh, tremendous! They changed the sky into a flaring canopy; they roared with the clashing of rolls, the rumble of gears; the men looked black and tiny, like insects, against the red glow from the streaming metal—"

"Hell must be like those mills—it couldn't be worse. I used to watch the long rows of little cars, each with an upright ingot of hot steel on its way to the soaking-pit, and I used to fancy they were unhappy spirits going from one torture to another. When the furnaces opened and the flames belched out into the night—they threw horrible black shadows, you know, like eddies of pitch—or when the converters dumped, they lit up the sky with an explosion of reds and yellows and whites that put out the stars. It—it was like nothing so much as hell."

Lorelei had never heard her roommate speak with such feeling, or in such a strain. But Lilas seemed quite unconscious of her little burst of eloquence. She was seated, leaning forward now, with hands locked between her knees; her eyes were brilliant in the gathering dusk.

"I was an imaginative kid," she continued. "It's a trait of our people, like—well, like their hatred of authority and distrust of law. You see, persecution made them cunning, but underneath they are fierce and revengeful and—lawless. I inherited all these traits—but that has nothing to do with the story. Father worked in the Bessemer plant, like any hunkie, and we women used to bring the men's lunches to them. Mother wasn't strong, and that duty fell to me; I had my stand where I used to wait for the whistle to blow."

"It was one of the biggest mills in Pennsylvania, and its tonnage was always heavy, because the superintendent was a slave-driver. He was one of those men who are born without soul or feeling, and he had no interest in anything except rails and plates. His plant held the record, month after month, but at last he lost the broom at the stack. That was the pennant of victory—a broom tied to the highest chimney. I remember hearing father and the others talk about it, and they seemed to feel the loss—although, goodness knows, they had little reason for wanting to keep the broom, since it meant only more sweat and labor for them, while the glory all went to the superintendent. But that's the way with men."

"One day, I took my bucket and joined the line of women and girls that filed in through the gates. I was twelve then, but stunted with smoke and thin from poverty. I'll never forget that day. I took my stand just outside the Bessemer plant. It was a big shell, of steel girders and corrugated iron, and the side where we were was open. Away up above were the roaring crucibles where the metal was fluxed; beneath ran the little flat cars waiting for the ingots to be poured. Father saw me and waved his hand—he always waved at me—then I saw the superintendent coming through—a big, square-faced man whom everybody feared. We kids used to think he was an ogre and ate little people. He was raging and swearing and spurring the men on to more haste—I heard later that he had sworn to win the broom back if he wrecked the plant. Wherever he went, the hunkies danced; he could put life into a dead man's limbs, that man. It was because of their great fear of him and his furious urging that—something happened."

Lilas had begun her recital slowly, without apparent object, but once into it, she

seemed unable to stop, and now, although her words came haltingly, it was plain that she had worked herself into a sort of hysteria in which she gave little heed to her hearer. It was characteristic of her that she could so excite herself by the power of visualization as to be completely transported.

"Something went wrong overhead; the operator got rattled or somebody was late in his duties and fouled the machinery—anyhow, the converter dumped too soon. Men were working directly underneath, father among the rest. Being so young, I had no idea of what it all meant at the time—but the memory stuck. I saw him go down under a stream of liquid steel—"

Lorelei's horrified exclamation went unnoticed; Lilas' voice was shrill.

"Yes! He was blotted out, right there before my eyes, in an instant. In the time it takes to snap your finger, he and the others were gone, changed into smoke, into absolute nothingness. One moment he was whole, alive, flesh and bone, the next he didn't exist—tons of boiling metal ran over the spot. Nothing in the world was ever so horrible. You've never seen liquid steel or felt the awful breath of it, but I have. There wasn't even a funeral. Twelve men, twelve pinches of ashes, were lost somewhere, swallowed up in that mass—nothing more. There was no insurance, and nobody took the blame. Another Jew family, a few more widowed and fatherless foreigners, among that army, meant nothing. Scarcely a month went by without accidents of some sort.

"The shock finished mother, for she was emotional and she had imagination, too. I've never forgotten that day, or the figure of that shouting, swearing man who came through the Bessemer mill crying for more speed, more speed, more speed—so that a broom could be hoisted on a halyard, and so that other men in other cities, for one short month, could point to him with envy.

"I suppose I was too little to make any foolish vows of vengeance, for I was only a ragged mite of a child among a horde of slaves, but when I grew older I often dreamed of having that man in my power, and—making him suffer. Who would—who *could* have imagined that I'd ever be living on money wrung from the labor of men like my father, and be in a position to meet that man on an equal footing? I

never did—not in my wildest moments, and yet—here I am. Steel-money bought these books, these rugs and paintings. Any one of those pictures represents the wages of a lifetime for a man like my father. He was murdered; so was my mother—but things are queer. Anyhow, here I am, rich—and the day of reckoning gets closer all the time."

She ended with an abruptness that evidenced her agitation. Rising, she jerked a beaded chain that depended from the center lamp, and the room was flooded with mellow light; then she drew out the table drawer at her guest's elbow, and with shaking hands selected a small box from the confusion within. Lorelei recoiled at the sight of a revolver, half hidden among the disorder.

"Goodness! I hope it isn't loaded," the latter exclaimed. "Your story gives me the creeps and that thing—seems to fit in."

"It's loaded, all right. I keep it for protection," Lilas explained carelessly, then rang for the Jap. She opened the box, which contained several compartments, in one of which was a package of white powder, in another a silver tablespoon. When the obedient Hitchy Koo appeared, she ordered a glass of water.

"I don't know why I told you all this," she half apologized to Lorelei. "It has upset me, as it always does."

"How did you ever grow up and—educate yourself?"

"I hardly know. Some neighbors took me in at first, and I worked for them; then I got a job in a dry-goods store and finally in the corset department. I filled out when I began to get something to eat, and I developed a good figure. Finally, I got to be a model. I was quick to learn, and when rich dames came in, I watched them. I became good-looking, too, although not so pretty as I am now, for I couldn't put the time or the money on it. But I was pretty enough, and I seemed to appeal strongly to men. Some girls do, you know, without understanding how or why. First, it was the buyer for our department; he lost his head completely, and although he was married and I didn't care for him, I realized he could do me good. I was seventeen then; he taught me to dress and to take care of myself—he had wonderful taste in such things. It was his affair with me that finally cost him his place—and his wife, too,



for that matter. When I'd got all he had, I left him and came to New York. The rest isn't a pretty story, for I went the way most girls do who have that appeal I spoke about."

Miss Lynn made this declaration calmly, as she busied herself with the glass her servant had fetched. She dissolved a portion of the powder in the spoon, then carefully transferred the liquid into the cap of a pearl-and-gold fountain pen. Inserting the open end of the receptacle into first one, then the other nostril, she inhaled the contents.

"Something to quiet my nerves. I—wonder why I told you all this?" She eyed her guest speculatively, then shrugged. "Well, since we're to be neighbors, we must be friends, and there's no harm done. Now that Jarvis and I are engaged, he's awfully particular about the company I keep, but he likes you. How different they act when they're in earnest. He even wants me to quit work now, but I like the excitement—it's better than just waiting." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "Our time is up, dear. We must get back to the show shop."

## XII

LORELEI exploded her bomb at breakfast Sunday morning, and the effect was all she had dreaded. Fortunately, Jim had gone out, so she had only to combat her mother's panic-stricken objections and her father's weak persuasions. So keen, however, was the girl's humiliation at Merkle's disclosure, that Mrs. Knight dared not go to the lengths she would otherwise have allowed herself, and Lorelei's merciless accusations left little to be said in self-defense. Of course, the usual tears followed; likewise repetitions of the time-worn plea that it had all been done for Lorelei's own good and had been prompted by unselfish love for her.

"I'm beginning to doubt that," Lorelei said slowly. "I think you all look upon me as a piece of property to do with as you please. Perhaps I'm disloyal and ungrateful, but—I can't help it. And I can't forgive you, yet. When I can, I'll come home again. I want to love you—so I'm—going to run away."

Tragically, through her tears, Mrs. Knight inquired: "What will become of us? We can't live—Jim never does anything for us."

In Peter's watery stare was abject fright. "Lorelei wouldn't let us suffer," he ventured tremulously. "I'm sick. I may die any time, so the doctor says."

"I'll keep the house running as before," his daughter assured them, "and I'll manage to get along on what's left. But you mustn't be quite so extravagant, that's all. I shan't be—and you wouldn't force me to do anything I'd regret, I'm sure." She choked down her pity at the sight of the invalid's pasty face and flabby form, then turned to the window. Her emotion prevented her from observing the relief that greeted her words.

"Yes; things will go on just the same," she repeated, then clenched her hands and burst forth miserably: "Oh, I know how badly you need money; I know what the doctor says, and—I'll get it, somehow. It seems to me I'd pay any price just to see dad walking around again and to know that you were both provided for. Money! Money! You both worship it, and—I'm getting so I can't think of anything else."

Two hours later, a dray called for her trunks and took them across town.

The Elegancia Apartments looked down on her with chill disapproval as she entered; the elevator-man stared at her with black, hostile eyes until she had made herself known, and even the superintendent—in a less pretentious structure than the Elegancia, he would have been the janitor—now that "Number Six" was rented, did not extend even a perfunctory welcome as he delivered the keys. On the contrary, he made known the exclusive character of the house in such a pointed manner as to offend her.

Lilas was out, she learned, which probably meant that she was still asleep. Lorelei ascended to her new home in low spirits. Now that she saw the place in strong daylight, she was vaguely disappointed. On the evening previous, the superintendent had lighted it brilliantly, but now it was gloomy, and there was dust and disorder everywhere. The previous occupant had undoubtedly been a temperamental housekeeper—the tragic awakening of love's young dream showed in the hasty nature of her departure, for the ice-box was lamentably odorous of forgotten food, the kitchenette needed scrubbing with hot water and lye, the modest fittings of the whole place were in topsyturvy neglect.



When Lorelei's trunks were dumped inside, the chaos appeared complete. She was not accustomed to rely upon her own hands, and at this moment she felt none of the pride that comes of independence. Instead of the glad spirit of freedom she had anticipated, she was filled with dismaying doubts. She sat down, finally, in the midst of a confusion that her first efforts had only doubled, and stared about her with miserable eyes. She was very lonely, very friendless, and very much discouraged. Then she noticed the telephone and sprang toward it.

Adorée was at home; her voice answered cheerily, and her interruptions of amazement and delight caused Lorelei's message to spin itself out unduly. Without waiting for an invitation, Adorée cried:

"Let me come and help. Please. We'll use both the poodles for mops, and I'll be there in ten minutes. You're a perfect dear to say 'yes,' for I know you want to do it all yourself."

"Come now—quickly. I'm scared—" Lorelei begged, in tearful tones.

"I'll drive right up in my chariot of flame. I was going out, and it's waiting while I kalsomine my face. Are you *sure* everything is good and dirty? Goody! We'll make the prop footman work for once in his life—no, we'll do it ourselves. Good-by."

In a surprisingly short time the Palace Garden star came flying up the stairs, scorning such delays as elevators. She flung herself upon her friend with a hug and a smack, crying: "Hurrah! Madame Sans-Gêne has come to do the scrubbing."

Yet she hardly seemed dressed for house-cleaning. A tremendous floppy hat crowned her flaxen head; she was tightly encased, like a chrysalis in its cocoon, in a delicate creation of pink; her gloves were long and tight, and her high-heeled boots were longer and tighter. Nevertheless, she promptly proceeded with a reckless discard of her finery—a process she had begun on her way up-stairs, like a country boy on his approach to a swimming-hole.

She paused in the center of the one passably sized room, and her piquant face was flushed with animation.

"How perfectly corking!" she exclaimed.

"How *beautiful*!"

"Do you think so?" Lorelei asked.

"It's just dandy—so cozy and secluded

and shady. Why, it's a darling place. Not a sound, is there? Gee, what a place to sleep!" She sped from one to the other of the three rooms, uttering shrieks of rapture. Even the bathroom, which was much like any other, although as cramped as a Chinese lady's foot, excited a burst of enthusiasm.

At last she ceased her inspection, quite out of breath, and declared: "I'm enchanted. I tell you there's nothing like these inside apartments, after all: you're so safe from burglars. But the *rent*! My dear, you stole this place. And to think it's all yours—why, I'm going to live and die here."

"Will you? I mean live——"

The dancer laughed. "No, no. If I did either, they'd fire you out. But I'll come often, and we'll have the dearest parties—just we two, without any men. We'll let our hair down, and cook, and—*will* you look at that gas stove? I could eat it."

It was impossible to resist such infectious spirits. Lorelei began to see sunshine, and before she knew it she was laughing, in the best of humor with herself and her surroundings. Adorée, clad now in a nameless, formless garment which she had discovered in a closet, her own modish belongings safely rolled up in a sheet, had covered her head with a towel-turban and encased her feet in an old pair of shoes. Thus equipped, she fell upon the task of regeneration with fanatic zeal.

Side by side the girls worked; they forgot their luncheon; then sent the sad-faced footman in search of a *Delicatessen* store, and ate ravenously with a newspaper for table-cloth. By evening, the place found itself for once in its life clean and orderly, and the two occupants dressed and went out to a near-by hotel for dinner. Returning, they put the final touches to their task. When Adorée left, late that night, she kissed her friend, saying:

"Thank you for the loveliest Sunday I ever had. It was splendid, and I'll come again to-morrow."

The theatrical profession is full of women whose lives are flawless; hence it had not been difficult for Lorelei to build up a reputation that insured respect, although her connection with a Bergman show made the task more difficult than it would otherwise have been. During the two years of her



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I'm beginning to doubt that," Lorelei said slowly. "I think you



all look upon me as a piece of property to do with as you please"

stage experience no scandal had attached to her name, and she had therefore begun to feel secure. In that period she had met many men of the usual types that are attracted by footlight favorites, and they had pressed attentions upon her, but so long as she had been recognized as the Lady Unattainable, they had not forced their unwelcome advances. Now, however, that a scurrilous newspaper story had associated her name with that of a wealthy man, she began to note a change. The Hammon-Lynn affair was already notorious; Lorelei's part in it led the stage-broken wiseacres to doubt her innocence, and their altered attitude soon became apparent to her. There was a difference, also, in the bearing of certain members of the company. She heard conversations retailed at second hand by envious chorus mates; in her hearing detached remarks were dropped that offended her. Bergman's advances had been only another disquieting symptom of what she had to expect—an indication of the new color her reputation had assumed.

Nobel Bergman's success in the show business had long been a mystery among those who knew him, for, to offset an undeniable theatrical talent, he possessed all the appetites, the frailties, and the passions of a rake. It was, perhaps, most of all his keen personal appreciation of beauty that had made his companies the sensation of New York: at any rate, he had done amazingly well for himself, and entertainments of a certain character had become known as "Bergman shows," just as show girls of dashing type were known as "Bergman girls," even when employed by rival managers. In his office, during the organization and production of his spectacles, he was a cold, shrewd man of business; once the venture had been launched, he became an amorous hanger-on, a jackal prowling in search of a kill. His commercial caution steered him wide of the moral women in his employ, but the other kind, and especially the innocent or the inexperienced, had cause to know and to fear him. In appearance he was slender and foppish; he affected a pronounced waistline in his coats; his eyes were large and dark and brilliant; his mouth was sensual. He never raised his voice; he never appeared to see plain women—such girls as accepted his attentions were sure of advancement, but paid for it in other ways.

On Monday evening, Mr. Slosson, the press-agent, thrust his head through the dressing-room door and inquired, "May I come in?"

"You are in."

"I came to see Lorelei. Say, there's some society people out front who want to meet you, and you're to join them——"

"Indeed! Who said so?"

"Bergman."

"Declined with thanks," promptly said Lorelei.

"Oh, wait. You can't decline this; it's business. Bergman says you must come as a personal favor to him. Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire is giving a box-party, and she told him to fetch you around for supper. She owns a piece of this show, and the theater belongs to the estate."

"Mercy! Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire, the college-boy's giddy godmother," Lilas mocked. "I suppose she's out slumming, with her kindergarten class."

Slosson frowned at this levity. "Will you go?" he inquired. "Yes or no?"

"Um—m—I'll have to say 'yes,' it seems."

When the press-agent had gone, Lilas regarded her companion with open compassion. "Gee! But you're going to have a grand time. That bunch thinks it's smart to be seen with show people, and of course they'll dance all night."

Lorelei groaned. "And I did so want to go straight back to my new home." When she joined her employer after the show, she was in no very agreeable frame of mind.

Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was a vermilion-haired widow with a chest like a blacksmith, who had become famous for her jewels and her social eccentricities. She and her party were established at one of the up-town "trotteries," when Nobel Bergman and Lorelei arrived. Three examples of blushing boyhood devoted themselves to a languid blond girl of thirty-five, and the hostess herself was dancing with another tender youth, but she came forward panting.

"So good of you to come, dear," she cried. "This is Miss Weyth, and these are my boys, Mr.——" She spoke four meaningless names and four meaningless smiles responded; four wet-combed heads were bowed. She turned to her blond companion saying, "She is pretty, isn't she, Alice?"

Bergman invited Lorelei to finish the



dance; then he inquired, "What do you think of her?"

"Her hair fascinates me; she looks as if she had just burst out of a thicket of henna leaves." Bergman laughed silently. "But why did she invite me?"

"I told her to."

"You?"

"I knew you'd refuse if I asked you."

"So? Then I'm really your guest, instead of hers."

"We'll leave whenever you say."

Throughout the rest of the dance, Lorelei was silent, offended at Bergman's deception and uncomfortable at her own situation; but the hostess had ordered a supper of the unsatisfactory kind, usual in such places; little as she liked the prospect, she could not leave at once.

The meal was interrupted regularly each time the music played, for dancing was more than a fad in this set: it was a serious business with which nothing was allowed to interfere. The bulky widow was invariably the first upon her feet, and Miss Weyth followed closely, yielding herself limply to the arms of first one then another of the youthful coterie. She held her slashed gown high, and in the more fanciful extravagances of the dance, she displayed a slender limb to the knee. She was imperturbable, unenthusiastic, utterly untiring. The hostess, because of her brawn, made harder work of the exercise; but years of strenuous reducing had hardened her muscles, and she possessed the endurance of a bear. Once the meal had dragged itself to a conclusion, there began the customary round of the dancing-places—this being the popular conception of a lark—and Lorelei allowed herself to be bundled in and out of the Thompson-Bellaire theater car. There was considerable drinking—Bergman, who devoted himself assiduously to his employee, showing more effect from it than the others. He utterly refused to take her home. As the night wore on, he became more and more offensive; he grew coarse in a sly, tentative manner, as if feeling his ground. He changed the manner of his dancing, also, until Lorelei could no longer tolerate him.

"Getting tired, my dear?" he queried, when she declined to join the whirling throng.

"Yes. I want to go."

"All right." He leered at her and nodded. "Still living on Amsterdam Avenue?"

"No; I've moved to the Elegancia."

"So? How does mother like it?"

"She's—I'm living alone."

Bergman started; his eyes brightened.

"Ah! Then you've come to your senses, finally. I thought you would. Let's finish this dance, anyhow."

"I don't want to be seen dancing too much with you."

"Why?"

"You understand why, Mr. Bergman."

The lines of his sinister face loosened, and, sagging slightly from drink, deepened for an instant. "Let them talk. I can do more for you than Merkle can."

"Merkle?"

"Now, don't let's deceive each other."

He had never found it necessary to cultivate patience in his dealings with women, and when she pretended ignorance of his meaning, he flared out, half in weariness, half in anger:

"Oh, play your game with strangers, but don't put me off. Weren't you caught with him at The Château? Hasn't he fixed you up at the Elegancia? Well, then—"

"You needn't finish. I'm going home."

He laid a detaining hand upon her arm. "You never learned that speech in one of my shows," he said, "and you're not going to say good-night to me. Understand?" He grinned at her with disgusting confidence, and she flung off his touch. They had been speaking in low tones, because of the two vacant-faced boys across the table; now Lorelei turned appealingly to them. But they were not creatures upon whom any woman might rely. Nor could she avail herself of Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire's assistance, for the widow's reputation was little better than Bergman's, and from her attitude it was plain that she had lent herself to his designs. He was murmuring slyly:

"You're a sensible girl; you want to get ahead. Well, I can put you at the top, or—"

"Or—what?" She faced him defiantly.

"Or I can put you out of the business."

The returning dancers offered a welcome diversion.

Lorelei dreaded an open clash with the manager, knowing that the place, the hour, and the conditions were ill-suited to a scene. She had learned to smile and to consider swiftly, to cross the thin ice of an embarrassing situation with light steps.



## The Auction Block

Quickly she turned to Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire, who was bowing effusively to a newcomer.

"My word! What is Bob Wharton doing here?" exclaimed the widow.

"Bob Wharton! Where?" Miss Weyth's languor vanished electrically. Lorelei felt a sense of great thanksgiving.

Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire beckoned, and Wharton came forward, his eyes fixed gloomily upon Lorelei.

"You rascal! So *this* is how you waste your evenings! I *am* surprised, but now that we've caught you, won't you join us?"

Wharton glanced at the four pawns and hesitated. "It's long past nine; I'm afraid the boys will be late for school."

Miss Weyth tittered; the sophomore with the bristling pompadour uttered a bark of amusement. Meeting Bob's questioning glance, Lorelei seconded the invitation with a nod and a quick look of appeal, whereupon his demeanor changed, and he drew a chair between her and Nobel Bergman, forcing the latter to move. His action was pointed, almost rude, but the girl felt a surge of gratitude sweep over her.

There was an interlude of idle chatter; then the orchestra burst into full clamor once more. Much to the chagrin of her escort, she rose and danced away with the newcomer.

"Why the distress signal?" inquired Bob.

"Mr. Bergman has—been drinking."

"Rum is poison," he told her, with mock indignation. "He must be a low person. Shall I take him by the nose and run around the block?"

"You can do me a favor."

He was serious in an instant. "You were nice to me the other night. I'm sorry to see you with this fellow."

"He forced—he deceived me into coming, and he's taking advantage of conditions to—be nasty."

Bob missed a step, then apologized. His next words were facetious, but his tone was ugly. "Where do you want the remains sent?"

"Will you wait and see that mine are safely sent home?" She leaned back, and her troubled, twilight eyes besought him.

"I'll wait; never fear. I've been looking everywhere for you. I wanted to find you, and I didn't want to. I've been to every café in town. How in the world did you fall in with the old bell-cow and her calf?"

When Lorelei had explained, he nodded his complete understanding. "She's just the sort to do a thing like that. Thompson, the first martyr, was a decent fellow, I believe; then she kidnaped Bellaire, a young wine-agent. Tuberculosis got him, and she's been known ever since as the 'Widow T. B.' I suppose you'd call her 'the leading juvenile.'"

Lorelei felt a great relief at the presence of this far from admirable young man, for, despite his vicious reputation, he seemed clean and wholesome as compared with Bergman. She was sure, moreover, that he was trustworthy, now that he knew and liked her, and she remembered that of all the men she had met since that newspaper scandal had appeared, he alone had betrayed no knowledge of it in word or deed.

On this occasion, Wharton justified her faith. He ignored Bergman's scowls; he proceeded to monopolize the manager's favorite with an arrogance that secretly delighted her; he displayed the assurance of one reared to selfish exactions, and his rival writhed under it. But Bergman was slow to admit defeat, and when his unspoken threats failed to impress the girl, he began to ply Wharton with wine. Bob accepted the challenge blithely and a drinking-bout followed. The Widow T. B. and her party looked on with enjoyment.

Dawn was near when the crowd separated and the hostess was driven away, leaving Lorelei at the door of a taxi-cab, in company with her two admirers. The girl bade them each good-night, but Bergman ignored her words, and, stepping boldly in after her, spoke to the driver.

Bob had imbibed with a magnificent disregard of consequences, and, as a result, he was unsteady on his feet. His hat was tilted back from his brow; his slender stick bent beneath the weight he put upon it.

"Naughty, naughty Nobel!" he chided.

"Come out of that cab. You and I journey arm and arm into the purpling East."

"Drive on," cried Bergman, forcing Lorelei back into her seat, as she half rose.

Bob leaned through the open cab window, murmuring thickly: "Nobel, you are drunk. Shocked, nay grieved as I am at seeing you thus, I shall take you home."

"Get out, will you?" snapped the manager, undertaking to slam the door.

But Wharton was in a declamatory mood and went on, swingingly: "The sky is



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Adorée, clad now in a nameless, formless garment, had covered her head with a towel-turban and encased her feet in an old pair of shoes

faintly flushed with pink; Apollo, in his chariot, draws nigh. The morning-glory closes with the sun, Bergman, and if a fairy princess is late, she will be shut out and forced to sleep on the petals of a rose. My dear Nobel, don't spoil her beauty sleep."

"I'm tired of your insolence. I'll—"

Bergman never finished his sentence, for, in his rage, he committed a grave blunder. He struck wildly at the flushed face so close to his, and the next instant was jerked bodily out of his seat. Lorelei uttered a cry of fright, for the whole side of the cab seemed to go with her employer. There was a brief scuffle, a whirl of flying arms, then Bergman's voice rose in a strangely muffled howl, followed by nasal curses. With a bellow of anguish he suddenly ceased his struggles, and Lorelei saw that Bob was holding him by the nose. It happened to be a large, unhandsome, and fleshy member, and, securely grasping it, Bergman's conqueror held him at a painful and humiliating disadvantage.

Bob was panting, but he managed to say: "Come! We will run for the lady—once around the block."

A muffled shriek of pain was the answer, but the street was empty save for some grinning chauffeurs, who offered no assistance.

"Be a good fellow. I insist, my dear Nobel. Advance! Double quick! Charge!"

The two men moved away, haltingly, then at a zigzag trot, and finally at a slow run. They disappeared around the corner, Bob Wharton leading, Bergman bent double and screaming poisonous oaths.

"Drive on quickly," Lorelei implored, but the chauffeur cranked his motor reluctantly, craning his neck in an evident desire to see more of this interesting affray. His companions were laughing loudly and slapping their thighs. Despite Lorelei's hysterically repeated orders, he experienced difficulty in starting the machine; finally he lifted the hood and fumbled inside. A moment passed, then another; he cranked once more, but as the motor was seized with a fit of shuddering, the two white-fronted figures turned the upper corner and approached. Their relative positions were unchanged. The block was a short one, yet they seemed winded. Bergman was sobbing now, like a woman, and he was followed by three curious newsboys.

Bob paused at the starting-point, and

wheezed: "Bravo! You done noble, Nobel. We've learned some new steps, too, eh?" All power of resistance had left the victim, who seemed upon the verge of collapse. "I say, we've learned some new steps, haven't we, Bergy?" He tweaked the distorted member in his grasp, and Bergman's head wagged loosely.

A late diner cruised uncertainly down the street, and, sensing the unusual, paused, rocking in his tracks.

"Whash trouble? Shome fightin' goin' on?" he inquired brightly.

"Please, please!" Lorelei cried tremulously. "Don't—"

"Canter for the kind lady," Wharton insisted. "Come on." He began to lift and lower his shoulders in imitation of a rider. Bergman capered awkwardly. "Once more."

"Fine!" shouted the drunken spectator, clapping his hands loosely. "Tha's bully! Now make 'im shingle-foot."

"Single-foot? Certainly. He's park-gaited."

"Mr. Wharton; Bob!" Lorelei's agonized entreaty brought her admirer to the cab door, but he fetched his prisoner in tow. "Let him go, or—we'll all be arrested."

"Want see 'm shingle-foot," eagerly importuned the stranger.

"I'll take off his bride if you insist. But it's a grand nose. I—love it. Never was there such a nose."

Bergman, with a desperate wrench, regained his freedom, and staggered away, with his face in his hands.

"It—actually stretched," said Bob, as he regretfully watched his victim. "I dare say I'll never find another nose like it."

The appreciative bystander lurched forward and flung an arm over his shoulder, then, peering in at the girl, exclaimed:

"Good, wasn't it? I had a horse once, an' I know. You're a'right, m' frien'. Let's go get another one."

Lorelei's cab got under way at last, but barely in time, for a crowd was assembling. She sank back weakly, and her last glimpse showed Wharton arm in arm with the tipsy wayfarer.

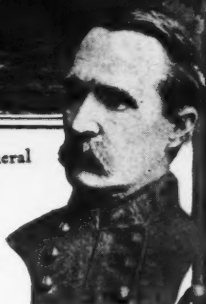
Not until she was safely inside her little apartment, with the chain on the door, did she surrender; then she burst into a trembling, choking fit of laughter. But her estimate of Wharton had risen, and for the first time he seemed not entirely bad.

The next instalment of *The Auction Block* will appear in the May issue.



FROM REYNOLDS COLLECTION

Part of the battle-field of Gettysburg, showing a Federal camp. (Above) General Pickett. (Right) General Henry Heth, C. S. A., the chance visit of whose men to Gettysburg caused the great battle to be fought there



# The Wartime Story of General Pickett

By Mrs. General  
George E. Pickett

EDITOR'S NOTE—Gettysburg, the most important and hotly contested battle of the Civil War! Its story will always stir the blood and quicken the pulse of North and South. The deeds enacted on that field are the proud heritage of both sections of a now united people, and of these the greatest was General Pickett's charge. It is one of the most famous episodes in military history. Before the heroes of the South were checked, three-quarters of the division was left on the field; two brigadier generals were killed, and the third was wounded. Every one of the fifteen regimental commanders was either killed or disabled. One regiment lost ninety per cent. of its men. The history of warfare contains few such glorious pages as this, and Cosmopolitan here gives the story from the pen of the widow of the general who led the Virginia regiments in the teeth of a gruelling artillery and infantry fire until they broke Meade's first line.

GR<sup>E</sup>AT events often hang on small incidents. If General Heth's men, after the long tramp from the Potomac, had not been sorely in need of shoes, it is possible that the battle of Gettysburg would never have been fought. As it was, marching down the Chambersburg pike in search of foot-gear, they came to the little town, met

some of Buford's cavalymen, and returned to camp without the shoes but with information of the Federal advance.

About eight o'clock on the morning of July 1st, the Confederate line descended the wooded slope on the right bank of Willoughby Run,

## The Wartime Story of General Pickett

and the first shot of the battle was fired. Buford held his ground until the arrival of Reynolds, who, at Red Tavern, had been notified of the coming battle, and, putting his corps on the road, was hastening to Buford. At a quarter to ten, Buford, watching from the observatory of the seminary, dashed down the belfry stairs to greet Reynolds with the profanely graphic statement, "The devil is to pay!" "We can hold on till the First Corps comes," was the answer, and the two galloped to Willoughby Run, Reynolds sending back word to Meade that the place to fight the battle was the heights of Gettysburg. As he deployed his corps on Seminary Ridge, he saw Heth and Buford in battle on McPherson's Ridge, and sent a division to the support of Buford. At that hour, the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Morning Post* was sending his first telegram from the field of Gettysburg:

### OPENING OF THE BATTLE

Gettysburg, July 1st, 10 A.M.

Heavy fighting has been going on for an hour past. The firing seems to be in the direction of McPherson's Woods, where Buford's cavalry has been picketing since yesterday. It is rumored that Hill's corps of Lee's army camped at Cashtown (six miles from here) last night.

West of the Willoughby Run was a triangular piece of woodland, McPherson's Woods, which Reynolds with Meredith's brigade entered at the same time that Archer recognized the advantage of securing it for the Confederate attack. The saddest message that could have gone northward from the field was shortly sent to the *Post*:

11 A. M.

General Reynolds, commanding the First Corps of Potomac, has just been killed. His body was brought into town in an ambulance. He was shot through the head.

Meredith's soldiers pressed on, and Archer, with many of his command, was captured. A view from the line on the other side is given in the telegram:

11 A. M.

Wadsworth's division of the First Corps is at this moment engaged with the enemy. The fight seems to be concentrated around McPherson's Woods, about a mile and a half from this town. The firing is becoming heavy and is continuous. Many wounded are coming into town. Our citizens are greatly excited and many are hiding their valuables and leaving town.

### Later messages said:

Noon.

The rebel general, Archer, and fifteen hundred of his men have just passed through town. They were taken prisoners by the Iron brigade. General Meredith is among the wounded.

Noon.

The First Corps has all passed here, crossing the fields by the Codori and hurrying to the front.

12:30 P.M.

General Howard has passed through the town and gone to the front. The Eleventh Corps is now coming up. General Doubleday has been in command since Reynolds fell.

Two of Howard's divisions were posted on Seminary Ridge and the other in reserve on Cemetery Hill.

Ewell, at Heidlersburg, hearing the cannon, had been marching since early morning, and now swept down upon Howard, whose right gave way under the attack of Rodes as he came southward from Oak Hill, two hours late, because of having marched all morning toward Cash-town before receiving instructions to proceed to Gettysburg. Ewell did not wish to become seriously engaged in battle till he heard from Early. Being impressed with the importance of Oak Hill, he directed Rodes to take possession.

### CONFEDERATE REINFORCEMENTS

The arrival of Ewell on the Heidlersburg road would bring him to the rear of Doubleday, who would be imprisoned between Ewell and Hill, more than compensating for Howard's reinforcements. Howard, holding his line for the arrival of Sickles, did not observe the peril from the north, and directed Schurz to post Schimmelpennig on Oak Hill, which he was about to do when Rodes appeared upon the desired point. Then Howard learned of the approach of Ewell, whose artillery opened fire on Doubleday's lines. From the town the following reports were sent:

2 P.M.

The Eleventh Corps, under command of General Carl Schurz, is now engaged with the enemy. The firing is extending all around to the right of the town. Many of the wounded are dying in the streets. The medical corps are getting hospitals improvised as quickly as possible.

2:30 P.M.

It is reported that General Roy Stone's brigade is almost annihilated.

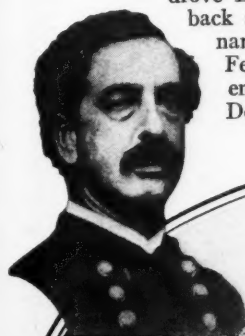
General Roy Stone was the leader of the famous Bucktail brigade, of Pennsylvania,



stationed near McPherson's Wood. So tenaciously did they hold their ground that this report was true.

The artillery of Rodes on Oak Hill drove Doubleday's guns back almost to the seminary. On the left the Federals received reinforcements sent by Doubleday, who still

At this point, through mistake, Early was notified that he was threatened by a force on the York road and sent a brigade to meet the supposed danger, leaving only the brigades of Hoke and Hays to help Ewell win the height. The troops of Rodes were exhausted; Hill was not willing to send his men again into battle; Longstreet had not been able to pass Ewell's wagon-train; Johnson had eighteen miles to march, and Anderson was in the rear of Johnson. The sun had set, and the plan



View of Round Top and Little Round Top, field of Gettysburg

From a photograph taken immediately after the battle

(Above) General Abner Doubleday, who commanded the Federals after Reynolds' death and until the arrival of Howard

held the points he had gained on Willoughby Run; Meredith retained McPherson's Wood. Early, coming up the Heidlersburg road, rushed to the assault. The Eleventh Corps retreated; the First continued the struggle for a time and fell back.

At four o'clock, Pender's three brigades held the first line, covering Heth's exhausted troops. They advanced toward Seminary Ridge, where, for a time, they were checked by Doubleday.

Before sunset, the Federals had retreated to the little town, and Hill held Seminary Ridge. This message went to the *Post*:

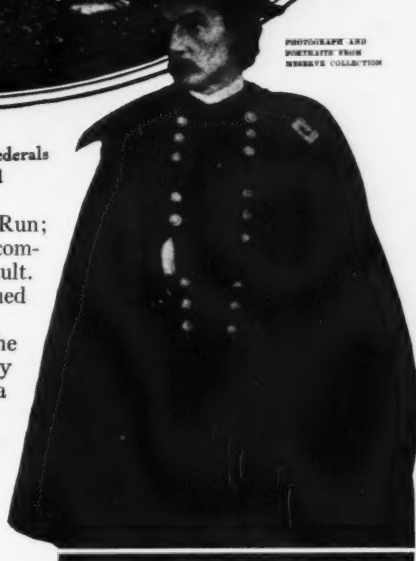
5:30 P. M.

The town of Gettysburg is now in the hands of the enemy. Our troops are forming on Cemetery Hill.

The Federals had left four thousand prisoners in the town and abandoned two cannon, which went to Ewell.



PHOTOGRAPH AND POSTCARD FROM REYNOLDS COLLECTION



General G. K. Warren, who saved Little Round Top to the Federals



Farmhouse near Gettysburg, General Meade's headquarters

of attack was abandoned. Johnson took position on Rock Creek,



FROM RESERVE COLLECTION

General W. S. Hancock, who chose the Federal position on Cemetery Hill



General G. G. Meade and staff

intending to occupy Culp's Hill. Had he mounted a battery there, the Federal position on Cemetery Hill would have been untenable.

Meanwhile, an important change had taken place on Cemetery Hill.

stated in his report:

Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack.

A telegram gives some important Federal news:

July 2, 1 A.M.

General Meade has just arrived. The Second Corps, Third, and Fifth Corps are now coming up. All feel that a great battle will be fought here in the morning.

At daybreak on the 2d, Ewell's corps held the town of Gettysburg; Benner's

PHOTOGRAPH AND PORTRAITS FROM RESERVE COLLECTION

5:30 P.M.  
General Hancock arrived upon the field an hour ago. He relieved General Howard and seems to have restored confidence in our troops. He is busy forming a new line of battle.

Though Lee had left Virginia with the expressed purpose not to fight on the offensive, circumstances had thwarted his original intention. The points he had won that day led him to the decision

Hill, a ridge connecting Culp's Hill with Cemetery Hill, and a line from Gettysburg to Seminary Ridge, where the main army was drawn up. At four o'clock, Hood, McLaws, and Anderson were on the road to Gettysburg, and Stuart was hurriedly leaving Carlisle to join Lee. At nine o'clock in the morning, the whole army was at Gettysburg, except Stuart's cavalry and the five thousand infantry under Pickett.

The position of the opposing army is indicated by a telegram sent to the *Post*:

6 A.M.

General Meade has determined to fight here. All our troops, except the Sixth Corps, are now up. The different corps as they arrived upon the field were placed in position by General Meade in person. Our line extends from the cemetery to Culp's Hill on the right, and our left reaches out toward Sherfey's farm and the Devil's Den.

The Federal army occupied a space of about three miles, forming a convex curve admitting of ready condensation against the concave of the Confederates, a line difficult of management, composed of two of Longstreet's divisions on the right, Hill in the center, and Ewell on the left. Johnson's division was east of Culp's Hill, Early and Rodes forming a line through Gettysburg, with Pender's division to the right, McLaws' division opposite Sickles, Hood's three brigades bearing directly upon Round Top, and the artillery along the ridge. Longstreet urged a movement around Meade's left—a plan which Lee rejected.

"The enemy is here," he said, "and if we do not whip him he will whip us."

General Longstreet replied, "I never like to go into battle with one boot off, and I would rather wait for Pickett and hear from Stuart."

#### THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE

Lee, ordering Longstreet to lead his corps into action along the Emmitsburg road, went to Ewell's headquarters, directing him to open upon the right of the Federal line when he should hear the report of the attack upon the left, the center falling into battle when the Federal line should appear to be shaken. Longstreet awaited the arrival of Law's brigade, which reached the field at noon after a march of twenty-eight miles in eleven hours, the quickest time that was made in reaching the field.

The firing from Longstreet's guns broke up a conference of Meade with his corp commanders. Meade followed Sickles, who had moved his line from the low position it had first held to a commanding point at the Peach Orchard, from which it was refused to a wheat field, forming a deadly salient at the orchard, since known as the "Bloody Angle." Thirty pieces of cannon defended the orchard; in the wheat field were twelve howitzers. The movement to the front weakened the line, leaving an open space which might have been fatal had not McGilvery at a crucial moment placed a brigade of artillery there with orders to hold the post till reinforcements came or the last man fell.

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR LITTLE ROUND TOP

The tide of battle rolled on with fearful velocity toward the Peach Orchard and dashed upon the fatal angle. Hood was wounded in the artillery fight before the infantry charge began, and Law took command of his division. Perceiving the importance of Little Round Top, which had served merely as a signal-station for the Federals and was not guarded, he advanced to take the height. Warren, Meade's chief engineer, viewing the field from the hill and observing the woods in which an attacking force might be concealed, told the signal-officer to fire a shot into the woods. The involuntary motion of Law's troops revealed the gleam of bayonets. The signal-officers furled their flags and prepared to leave, but Warren directed them to unfurl the flags and signal for help. In response, the Fifth Corps was ordered to the hill. Hazlett's battery struggled up and circled the crest, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, under Colonel O'Rourke, rushed up the hill and came face to face with Law's soldiers climbing up the opposite side. The Federal muskets were empty, and there was no time to load. "This way, boys!" shouted O'Rourke, drawing his sword and circling it high in the air as he rushed over the height and down the slope to death. Colonel Vincent, urging on his soldiers at the south side of the hill, had been killed as Law's men climbed to the crest. Weed fell upon the summit, and his friend Hazlett, leaning to catch his last message, sank lifeless across him. When the Texans and Alabamans rushed again upon the height, they were cut in two by "Chamberlain's



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—"My Soldier led, mounted on his spirited charger, floated backward in the wind as

wedge," formed by the Twentieth Maine by accelerating the movement of the center and retarding that of the wings. In five minutes the Federals held Little Round Top, the crucial point of the second day's fight.

While the contest for the hill was on, Alexander was responding with good effect to the fire of the Federal artillery in the angle of the Peach Orchard. The veterans of McLaws were ready for the advance. Accompanied by Alexander's six batteries, they dashed against the angle and drove the brigades of Sickles back over the stone fences, the gallant Barksdale falling, his men rushing on and forcing back the reenforcements sent to the aid of Sickles. About six o'clock, the right wing of Sickles was falling back toward Cemetery Ridge under the attack of Hill's right brigades.

Longstreet's men rushed forward to the base of the Round Tops. Wilcox, Perry, and Wright advanced against Cemetery Ridge, Wilcox capturing eight guns. Wright's Georgians took possession of the crest south of the cemetery, Wright's hand resting upon twenty Federal cannon. But he was unsupported and was driven back. The wind had not blown fair for Ewell, and he first heard Longstreet's guns after the fight had been on for two hours, when

he opened fire, but his guns were soon silenced by Weiderick and Ricketts on Cemetery Hill. Early's two brigades, the Louisiana Tigers leading, took possession of the Federal works on Cemetery Hill but were forced back, the brave Tigers fighting until so few were left that they never again entered battle as a body.

The points gained by General Lee encouraged him to continue the attack on the third day. He held Devil's Den and the surrounding woods, a position at the base of the Round Tops, and ridges on the Emmitsburg road giving fine positions for artillery. He occupied the entrenchments of the Twelfth Corps, with an outlet to the Baltimore pike by which he might take all the Federal lines from the rear. Three of Anderson's brigades from the center of his line had penetrated the Federal lines and had been repulsed only for lack of support; the losses on both sides were heavy, but not more so on the Confederate than on the Federal. Stuart had come in; Imboden arrived, and Lee had a large force of infantry that had not yet been in battle.

At twenty minutes to four on the morning of the 3d, the report of Geary's pistol rang out from the Federal lines, the signal for the renewal of the struggle for Culp's Hill,



gallant, graceful, and courageous as a knight of chivalry. His long, dark-auburn hair he rode down the slope of death"

to which Geary's division had returned in the night. The Federal artillery on Power Hill and McAllister Hill swept the plateau on which Johnson was stationed and where he met the advancing infantry. Despatches carried the story from the Northern side:

July 3, 6 A. M.

The battle is on again. Daybreak this morning was ushered in by a tremendous burst of musketry on Culp's Hill. It has continued incessantly up to this hour. The roar is now deafening. I understand that the Twelfth Corps is trying to drive the enemy out of our works that they have occupied since last evening. The left of our line is quiet, scarcely a shot being fired. All interest is now centered on Culp's Hill.

11:30 A. M.

Good news from our right. Our troops have succeeded in driving the enemy out of our works on Culp's Hill, and our whole line is once more intact. Everyone is rejoicing.

Pickett's division had arrived from Chambersburg on the afternoon of the 2d, and at three on the morning of the 3d was under arms and moving to the right and southeast of the Cashtown and Gettysburg roads. Line of battle was formed on Warfield Ridge, Kemper's brigade on the right, Garnett's on the left, Armistead in rear of Kemper and Garnett. On the left was Heth's division, under Pettigrew, Heth having been wound-

ed. On the left and at the rear of the line were two of Pender's brigades.

General Pickett rode to the top of the ridge in front, where Generals Lee and Longstreet were making a reconnaissance of Meade's position. All the difficulties of the ground between the Confederate line and the point of attack were revealed. Woods, streams, and steep hills impeded the movements of the Confederate guns and necessitated a fight with infantry against batteries. Beyond was a heavy skirmish-line. The ridge was defended by two tiers of artillery supported by a double line of infantry. Heavy reserves of infantry were ranged in double column on the crest of the heights, protected by a stone wall. Across the lowland was a rail fence to obstruct the march of the troops. They would have to charge over half a mile of open ground in the face of a rain of canister and shrapnel.

About eight o'clock, Pickett, with Lee and Longstreet, rode slowly up and down the line of prostrate infantry. The men had been forbidden to cheer, but they voluntarily arose and stood silently with uncovered heads and hats held aloft. When this solemn review was over, detachments were thrown forward to support the artillery, one hundred and twenty cannon, stretched



## The Wartime Story of General Pickett

a mile along the ridges. For five hours the July sun poured its scorching rays upon the detachments lying in the tall grass in the rear of the artillery line.

On the Emmitsburg Road were six batteries of the First Corps forming, with the rest of the artillery of this corps stationed near it. At the right of the orchard a cross-fire was effected with Henry's batteries. Alexander's guns were posted on the summit of a slope to the north, and on his left was the Washington Artillery guarded by the battalions of Cabell and Dearing. General Lee intended to batter the point of attack with Alexander's guns, which were placed ahead of the infantry. The assault was to be sustained by Hill's artillery on Seminary Hill, and a part of Ewell's artillery was to fire on Cemetery Hill.

### THE GREAT ARTILLERY DUEL

In a conference between Lee and Longstreet that morning, Longstreet said, "General, I have had my scouts out all night, and I find that you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the left of Meade's army and maneuver him into attacking us." Lee replied, pointing to Cemetery Hill, "The enemy is there, General Longstreet, and I am going to strike him." Longstreet answered: "General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as anyone what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position," pointing to Cemetery Hill.

In later years, General Wofford wrote to General Crawford:

Lee and Longstreet came to my brigade Friday morning before the artillery opened fire. I told Lee that, the afternoon before, I nearly reached the crest. He asked if I could go there now. I replied, "No, General, I think not." He asked quickly, "Why not?" "Because, General," I said, "the enemy have had all night to entrench and reenforce." I had been pursuing a broken enemy and the situation was now very different.

The men on the opposite side had been taking notes of what was going on.

12:30, P. M.

Some important movement is evidently taking place opposite our left center. The enemy is seen concentrating on Cemetery Ridge and placing a great number of batteries in position.

It was one o'clock. The solemn silence which had reigned over the field was suddenly broken by a cannon-shot. A minute passed, again the Washington Artillery sent its ominous message thundering through the valley and echoing and re-echoing from the mountainsides. While the smoke still lingered over the plain, the whole line was ablaze. Another hundred guns along the front of Cemetery Ridge flashed forth reply, and the greatest artillery duel of the Western continent had begun. The Confederate line remained steady, although it was exposed to the fire which passed over the artillery and struck the infantry with terrible effect.

General Longstreet had asked General Alexander, stationed at the Peach Orchard, to give the order for the charge when the artillery fire seemed to take effect. Wright was with Alexander at the time of exchange of notes in regard to the charge. He said: "It is not so hard to go there as it looks; I was nearly there with my brigade yesterday. The trouble is to stay there. The whole Yankee army is there in a bunch."

Alexander says:

I rode to see Pickett, who was with his division a short distance in the rear. I did not tell him my object, but only tried to guess how he felt about the charge. He seemed very sanguine, and thought himself in luck to have the chance. Then I felt that I could not make any delay or let the attack suffer by any indecision on my part. And, that General Longstreet might know my intention, I wrote him only this: "General—when our artillery-fire is at its best, I shall order Pickett to charge."

When the ammunition began to fail the fire ceased, and the troops rapidly formed just below the brow of Seminary Ridge. Pickett's three brigades were to attack in front where there was a bristling hedge of artillery and infantry; Pettigrew and Trimble to charge in second and third lines of battle; Wilcox to join Pettigrew. Anderson was behind the two supporting divisions to take Trimble's place.

### PREPARING FOR THE CHARGE

Pickett rode up to Longstreet for orders. Longstreet seemed depressed and said:

"I do not want to have your men sacrificed, Pickett, so I have sent a note to Alexander, telling him to watch carefully the effect of our fire upon the enemy, and that when it begins to tell he must take the responsibility and notify you himself when to

FROM RESERVE  
COLLECTION



The awful  
harvest of the  
first day

Dead on the field of Gettysburg after the First  
and Eleventh Corps and Buford's cavalry  
had checked the  
Confederate  
advance

forward,  
sir," said  
Pickett,  
galloping off.  
He had gone  
but a few  
yards when

make  
the  
at-  
tack.

He has  
been di-  
rected to  
charge with you at the head  
of your line with a battery  
of nine eleven-pound how-  
itzers, fresh horses, and  
full caissons."

A courier rode up and  
handed Pickett a note  
from Alexander, which  
read:

If you are coming, come at  
once, or I cannot give you pro-  
per support, but the enemy's fire  
has not slackened at all. At least  
eighteen guns are still firing from  
the cemetery itself.

Pickett handed the note to Long-  
street.

"Shall I go forward, General  
Longstreet?" he asked.

Longstreet held out his hand and  
bowed his head in assent. Not  
a word of command did he give.

"Then I shall lead my division



he came  
back and  
took a letter  
addressed to  
me from his  
pocket. On

it he wrote in pencil, "If  
Old Peter's nod means  
death, good-by,  
and God bless  
you, little one!"

He gave the letter  
to Longstreet  
and rode  
back. That

letter  
reached its  
destination  
in safety  
and, with  
its faint, pen-  
ciled words, is  
now one of my  
most treasured  
possessions.

At a quar-  
ter past three  
the order  
"Forward!"



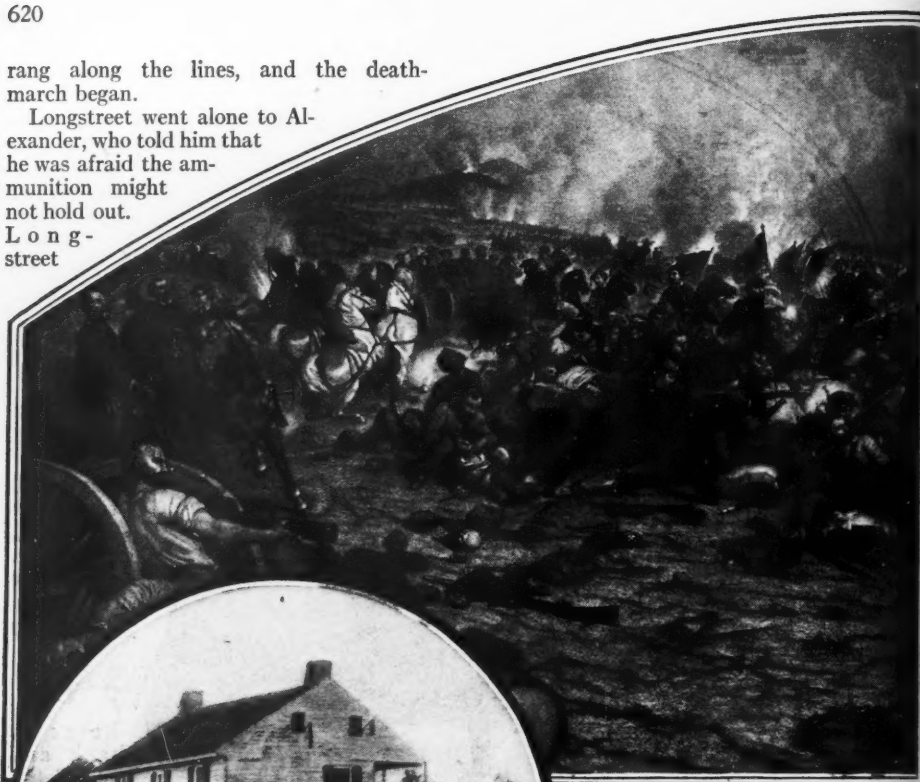
PORTRAITS FROM RESERVE  
COLLECTION

General Lafayette  
McLaws, C. S. A.  
(Right) General  
Daniel E. Sickles,  
commanding the  
Third (Federal)  
Corps at Get-  
tysburg



rang along the lines, and the death-march began.

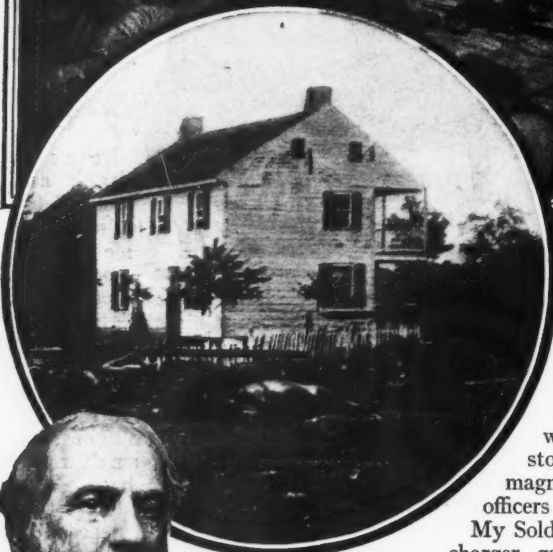
Longstreet went alone to Alexander, who told him that he was afraid the ammunition might not hold out.  
Longstreet



FROM A PAINTING BY P. F. ROTHERGILL

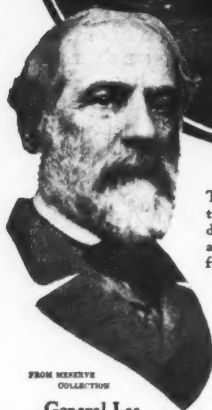
#### Pickett's charge

This is one of the most famous episodes in all Confederate artillery was unable to cover the Virginians reached Meade's first line, but



#### Trostle's House

This dwelling was close to the extreme Federal left on the second day. It was Sickles' headquarters and overlooked the Peach Orchard, from which the Federal Third Corps men were driven



FROM MEADE'S COLLECTION

General Lee

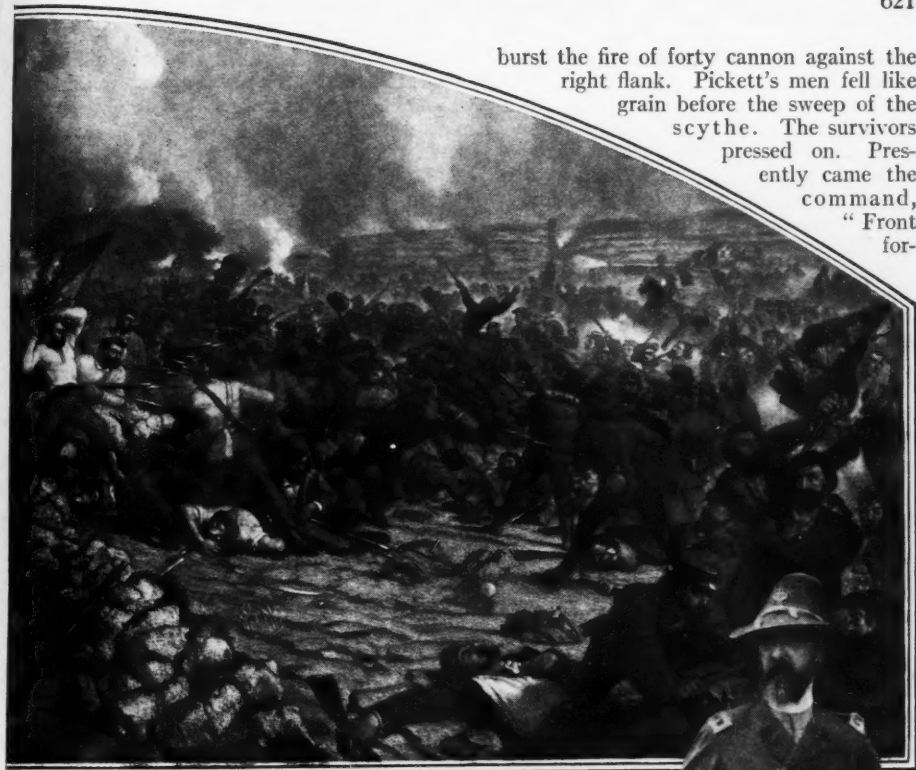
said, "Stop Pickett immediately and replenish your ammunition." Alexander explained

that it would take too long, would give the opposing army time to adjust itself, and there was very little ammunition with which to replenish. Together they stood by the batteries when the magnificent column went by, the officers saluting as they passed.

My Soldier led, mounted on his spirited charger, gallant, graceful, and courageous as a knight of chivalry. His long, dark-auburn hair floated backward in the wind as he rode down the slope of death.

Alexander was surprised to see his friend, General Garnett, riding at the head of his brigade, as he had been ill and lying in an ambulance for days. He had made his men put him in the saddle that he might lead his brigade. Alexander joined him and rode with him a short distance, when they wished each other

burst the fire of forty cannon against the right flank. Pickett's men fell like grain before the sweep of the scythe. The survivors pressed on. Presently came the command, "Front for-



at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863

military history. Pickett's division had to cross 1800 yards to reach the Federal line. The advancing men, and a furious rain of shell and shrapnel was poured upon them. The brave unsupported, had to fall back. Over three-quarters of the division was left upon the field

good-luck, and said a farewell which was their last.

The lines pressed on in majestic order like a moving wall of granite. The battle-flag of the South waved over them. At the head of each regiment floated the dark-blue flag of Virginia.

The advancing column neither paused nor faltered. Round shot, bounding along, tore through its ranks and ricocheted around it; shells exploded, darting flashes before—behind—overhead.

A long line of skirmishers, prostrate on the grass, suddenly arose within fifty yards, firing at the line, then ran on ahead, turning and firing back as fast as they could reload. The column moved on at a quick-step, not returning their fire. Past the batteries and half-way over the field came the order, "Left oblique!" Coolly the movement was made. From Cemetery Hill

ward!" and the column resumed its direction, straight down upon the center of the Federal position.

One hundred guns now concentrated their whole fury of shot and shell upon the advancing line. Men and officers were fast being swept away. Kemper went down, mangled and bleeding. Up and down his line rode Garnett, calling out: "Faster, men, faster!"



General Meade in the field

FROM  
HERBERT  
COLLECTION

Close up and step out, but don't double-quick!"

A long blue line of infantry arose from behind the stone fence and poured a rain of musketry into the column. A scattering fire was opened all along the line when Garnett galloped up and called: "Cease firing! Save your strength and ammunition!" Under such perfect discipline were these veterans that, without slackening their pace, they reloaded their guns, shouldered arms, and went on at a quickstep. The artillery made an effort to support the assault, but the ammunition was almost exhausted. The light pieces which were to have guarded the infantry had been removed to some other part of the field, and none could be found to take their place. Dauntlessly the lines pressed forward, as grand a column of heroes as ever made a battle-field glorious. They reached the post-and-rail fence upon the other side of which, and parallel to it, an ordinary dirt road ran straight through the field. It was the work of a few seconds to climb over the fence into the road.

#### THE GLORY OF AMERICAN ARMS

Now and here was given to the world the grandest exhibition of discipline and endurance, of coolness and courage under a withering fire ever recorded in military history—a scene which has made the story of Pickett's charge the glory of American arms. There in the road, under the fiery storm of the batteries on the heights, amid the terrific roar of battle and the cries of the wounded and dying, they heard the commands of their company officers: "Halt, men! Form line! Fall in! Right dress!" These heroes aligned and reformed their ranks, and calmly awaited the command, "Forward!" At last it came: "Forward! Quick march!" With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade-ground, the brave column took up again its death-march. The like was never seen before, and the change in military tactics will prevent its ever being seen again.

"Faster, men, faster! We are almost there!" cried Garnett's clarion voice above the roar of battle. Then he went down among the dead, with the faith of a little child in his hero-heart. There was a muffled tread behind, a rush of tramping feet, and Armistead's brigade, from the rear, closed up behind the front line. Their gal-

lant leader, with his cap on the point of his sword, took Garnett's place. The division was now four ranks deep. As often as the iron storm made gaps through it, a cheer would come from private, corporal, lieutenant, and captain alike. The lines shortened but never wavered. Closer and closer they drew to the foe.

#### UP TO THE FEDERAL GUNS

They broke forward into a double-quick, while canister and grape whirled and whizzed through the air. On, on they rushed toward the stone wall, where the Federal batteries were pouring forth destruction. A hundred yards away a flanking force came down on a run, halted suddenly, and fired into the line, which reeled and staggered, the right pressing upon the center, making the column at this point twenty to thirty deep. The fighting was terrific; muskets crossed; men fired to right and front into each other's faces; they fought hand to hand. The Federals in front fell behind their guns, which were piling up the dead and wounded almost in touch of them. When the column was within a few feet of the stone wall, the artillery delivered the last fire from the guns shot to the muzzle.

Armistead, sword in hand, sprang over the stone wall, crying: "Come on, boys, come on! We'll give them the cold steel! Come on! Who will follow me?"

Cushing, mortally wounded, ran his last gun down to the fence, saying, "Come on! We'll give them one more shot, Webb!"

Armistead reached the battery. His hand touched Cushing's gun, and the two fell side by side. From the edge of the woods Lee and Longstreet exultantly saw the blue flag of Virginia waving over the crest. Victory was in their grasp. Alas, where were the promised supports?

Back from the flaming crest fell only a remnant of the hero-band which had performed such deeds of valor as made the whole world wonder. When the survivors returned, General Lee came forward alone to meet their leader.

"General Pickett," he said, "you and your men have covered yourselves with glory. It will always be an honor to have been with Pickett's men."

"General Lee," replied Pickett, "all the glory in the world could never atone for the widows and orphans this day has made."

The next instalment of *The Wartime Story of General Pickett* will appear in the May issue.



# McCarty on the Trail

Craig Kennedy is the philosopher—the expert; McCarty, the rough-and-ready criminal-snatcher—the detective-genius—the handy man on the “force.” He is a student of men, not of psychology, and through long experience has learned the trick of substituting himself for the man he is hunting, of putting the criminal’s brain into his own skull. In this story, the author places McCarty on the track of a well-known crook, and there is “something doing” from the first minute the sergeant hits the trail.

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Illustrated by Harold M. Brett

“PUT McCarty on it,” the papers clamored, with one voice. The city had been terrorized by a long list of desperate hold-ups. Tom Hodson, captain of detectives, and his entire force were at sea. Citizens read each day the list of robberies as, in the fever-stricken cities of the South, they used to read of the number of new cases. People were afraid to go out after dark. The situation had reached that acute stage where it affected the business of theaters and other amusement enterprises. These and the street-car companies complained. The god of business had turned his face from the city, so the people arose and demanded of Chief Brandt that he ditch Tom Hodson and find some way to get these fellows.

“But,” expostulated Brandt, to Big Bill Sullivan, chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, “they’re too clever for us. Ain’t I doing the best I can? Tom’s working night and day on it. He can’t get nothing, and he’s sore and savage as a bull.”

“What about McCarty? Guess he would get something, hey?” persisted Big Bill.

Sergeant McCarty was the most feared man on the force. He went about things with cool audacity and easy confidence. He mingled dash and caution strangely. His results were swift and terrible. He took enormous chances and got away with them. Merit would have placed McCarty at the head of the detectives or in the chief’s chair long ago, but politics kept him where he was.

“Oh, I wouldn’t dare,” exclaimed Brandt, “to put McCarty on it now, after Tom has

been at it so long and been roasted every day. Tom hates McCarty like poison, and he would raise hell!”

“Well,” bellowed Sullivan, “the people are raising hell now. Call McCarty!”

Brandt pushed a button. In a moment, Sergeant McCarty stood before them.

Sullivan had barely finished explaining that he was going to assign him to special duty on the “stick-up” cases, when the telephone-bell rang violently.

Brandt lifted the receiver to his ear and listened for a moment, his face growing ashen. “Great God!” he exclaimed, placing his hand over the transmitter. “They’ve robbed the Pacific Street branch of the Miners’ Bank—killed the teller and got away with sixteen thousand in gold.”

“There!” exclaimed Sullivan, turning to McCarty. But McCarty had already leaped to clutch the ‘phone, which the chief willingly passed to him.

“Hello!” he bawled. “Pacific Street Branch? . . . How long ago? . . . Five minutes? All right. Anybody in there? . . . Put ‘em out and lock the doors. Don’t let a soul in. You and the medical student stay right by the body. Don’t move it and don’t move anything else. . . . If the president of the bank comes, don’t let him in till I get there.”

McCarty hung up the ‘phone and turned, his eyes ablaze with action.

“Take as many of Hodson’s men as you need,” ordered Brandt.

“Hodson’s men!” snorted McCarty. “Them dime-novel detectives! Not on your life! I’ll grab two plain thief-takers from my own squad, and that’s all I want.

"Your motor-car, Commissioner?" he asked of Sullivan, as he turned into the hall.

"Certainly," called Sullivan, who, catching the spirit of the chase, rushed past him on the way to crank his machine. A moment later, Sergeant McCarty, with Patrolmen Dugan and Meyer at his back, leaped into the tonneau, and, with a hoarse bark, the car plunged out into the street. As they sped, McCarty explained the case to his men:

"You see, it's quick work this time, or nothing. Them for a quick getaway, now. This bank in daylight is the last trick. The bank is on the corner of Montgomery. You, Dugan, cover every house and doorway and room on Pacific in the bank block, and you, Meyer, the same on Montgomery. Do it quick, and report at the bank."

A great crowd was pressing around the door of the bank, which had been locked, according to McCarty's orders. As Sullivan stopped the car, McCarty sprang to the curb and shouldered his way through the crowd, throwing men right and left in a manner that would have been ferocious had he not been so matter-of-fact about it. The door opened to admit him, and closed upon the bank president and some directors who had come up from down-town, crazy to get in and learn the extent of the robbery. McCarty halted two feet inside the door and surveyed the premises swiftly. Four awe-stricken men were clustered about the cashier's wicket, waiting solemnly for McCarty to speak. His swift survey completed in a moment, he addressed them in blunt, direct tones, "Who are you?"

"The other employees of the bank," answered a stout, middle-aged man, with a shuddering glance over his shoulder into the cashier's cage. "I'm the savings-bank cashier. These two men are the bookkeepers, and this other is a medical student, friend of one of the bookkeepers, who was with him when he discovered the—ah, the—" Another glance of horror toward the cage.

"And who knows most about this?" asked the sergeant again, direct and blunt.

"I do, sir," answered one of the bookkeepers.

McCarty settled upon the speaker those two steely beams that played from his eyes like searchlights, and that was all. Speech flowed freely from the young man.

"There are five of us in the bank, sir," said he—"two cashiers, two bookkeepers,

and a young lady stenographer. The savings-bank cashier and the second bookkeeper here go to lunch at eleven-thirty. The cashier and myself go at twelve-thirty. The stenographer brings her lunch, but usually goes out for a walk at one-thirty, after we all get back. There is never much doing noon-time here except on Monday, cashing pay-checks. To-day the others went to luncheon as usual. About twelve-fifteen I got a call on the 'phone from my friend here" (indicating the medical student), "asking if I could come over early and go to lunch with him. I put it up to the cashier, and he said, 'Go ahead; the others will be back in fifteen minutes, and there's nothing doing, anyway.'"

"And then?" queried McCarty sharply.

The young man turned and led the way to the sliding door of the cashier's cage. Inside, the cashier, a slight man, lay on his face, cold in death. An outstretched hand almost grasped a five-dollar gold piece that lay upon the floor.

"Is this the way you found him?" queried McCarty eagerly. "Has he been moved?"

"We turned him over, of course," answered the bookkeeper. "My friend and I dropped in on the way to the restaurant to see how things were getting on, and Miss Dexter was having hysterics and wringing her hands, and told us something was wrong in the cage. We found him as you see. We turned him over, but he was dead, and when the order came from Chief Brandt, we replaced his body exactly as it lay."

"Was the five-dollar gold piece in his hand?"

"No; just near it."

McCarty laid a rough hand gently on the thin hair of the slightly gray head and felt for the wound. It was just across the top of the skull.

"I see," said McCarty. "A man at the window, under pretense of depositing money, making change, or something, rolled a five-dollar gold piece on the floor. The cashier stooped to pick it up. The man reached through the wicket with a short billy, and struck him a short-arm blow that killed him instantly. Then he grabbed them trays of twenties, dragged them up to the wicket, and pawed them through as fast as he could. But there's the stack of currency on the other side; why didn't he take that?"

McCarty went outside and thrust in his

right arm. He could easily reach to the spot on the left-hand counter where, protected by the screen, the twenty-dollar gold pieces had been. Then he withdrew his right hand, and, thrusting in his left, found that he could easily reach the stack of bills which remained untouched on the right-hand counter, though they were much more desirable loot. As the sergeant drew back his arm, the end of a small rod which came through the rim of the wicket caught in his sleeve and took off a fine strand of wool. McCarty noticed it, and it gave him an idea. He studied keenly each rivetlike projection on the inner frame of the wicket at the left, and on two of them he found tiny threads of gray woolen, suggesting suiting of the kind traveling Englishmen are very likely to wear.

"Aha!" said McCarty. "He wore a gray coat."

Then he examined carefully the wire heads on the right. They bore no threads, testifying to the mind of the sergeant that the thief did not reach after the bills at all.

"Why," he asked aloud; "was he a one-armed guy?"

"Say!" spoke up the medical student, "I saw a strange doctor in gray clothes with one arm in a sling going down-stairs in the college about half an hour ago.

He had a surgeon's case of instruments with him.

Does that help any?"

"Maybe it does," said McCarty. "The medical college is next door, ain't it, with a side door on the alley? And this bank building butts into that alley. Yes—young fellow, you get over there quick and find out who that man was, where he lives, and all about him, and come back."

The medical student departed, with the finest sense of importance he had ever experienced.

"Now," said McCarty, addressing the savings-bank cashier, "I've seen what I see. What do you know? Who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, did you say?"

"Nobody but the cashier and a young lady stenographer."

"Where is the girl?"

"Here," exclaimed a frightened voice, as a slight young woman of perhaps twenty-five, blond and pale, appeared from a sort of private office, cast a shuddering glance at the object on the floor, and then gasped: "Oh, please may I go home? Please, may I? I wanted to before, but they locked me in and made me wait for you."

McCarty, too, looked not indifferently at the thing on the floor.

"You must leave him there, boys," he said gently, "till the coroner comes."

"And now, my girl," he began sympathetically, "don't be afraid. I have a colleen of my own at home. Just tell me what you know as clear as you can, and we'll put you in a hack and send you home to your mother."

"I don't know a thing," she gasped. "I was at the adding machine.

It was quiet. A woman was in here, then a man or two, but I didn't notice much. For some time there wasn't anybody, I

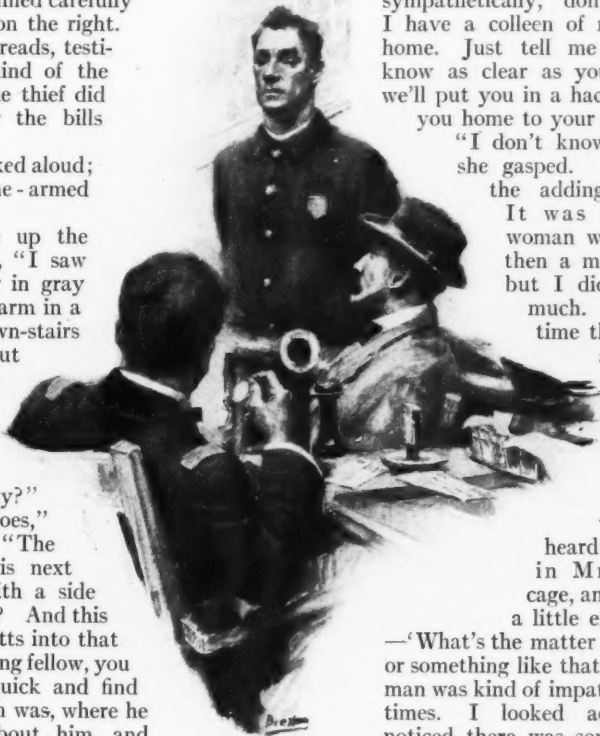
think.

I was working the adding machine

when I

heard a coin fall in Mr. Diggs' cage, and he made a little exclamation

—'What's the matter with you?' or something like that. The old man was kind of impatient sometimes. I looked across and noticed there was somebody at the window—just noticed that it was somebody; couldn't see anything for the two pieces of caging between us, unless I



In a moment, Sergeant McCarty stood before them

## McCarty on the Trail

looked particular, and I didn't look particular. Then I heard a sort of scuffling sound, but I was nearly through listing checks, and was hurrying to get done and take off my total. When the machine's going fast, you don't think of much else. But all at once it kind of seemed to me as though something was wrong—like I had heard something unusual, maybe a tray of money tipped over or something like that, but I couldn't tell what it was. And I looked toward the window, and there was nobody standing there. I did not see Mr. Diggs in the cage, either. I tried to open the door of the cage, but it was locked."

"Did you scream or cry out?"

"No," answered the girl, "I guess not. I just had that funny feeling that something was wrong, and then I saw that something *was* wrong. I kept trying to get into the cage to get to Mr. Diggs. I spoke to him, but he did not make a sound. One of his hands just seemed to vibrate nervously, and I kind of sat back onto a stool and stayed there talking to him and kind of crying like. Oh, I was frightened to be here with him—with—with it"—here she cast a glance toward the body—"but I was under a spell."

"And how long did you stay there at the cage?"

"Three or four or five minutes, maybe. Then I got up and went around to the door into the corridor, and out to the front to see what I could see. There were some people in Montgomery Street coming and going about their business, but nothing in particular to take note of."

"Nothing? Think carefully." The sergeant's searching eye was unfolding the wrinkles in her very soul with its scrutiny.

"Nothing," she answered, with conviction. "And then I stepped round the corner and looked down Pacific."

"And what was there?"

"Nothing. Not a thing in sight, except away down, two or three blocks, a cab with a white horse was just turning the corner."

"Of what street?"

"Sansome, maybe."

"Then where did you go?"

"I came back into the bank and went to the rear."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because, later, it seemed to wake up in my mind that I had heard the back door snap—that leads into the alley."

"There is a way out from the front through the back?" asked McCarty.

"Yes; if you go through the directors' room there at the side," she said, indicating the passageway.

"But a man had to know that way out before he would risk a hurried flight, wouldn't he?" McCarty questioned. "Anybody have a stranger in there lately?" at the same time pointing to the directors' room.

"Why, yes," said the savings-bank cashier; "yes, I did yesterday—an English-looking man, who wanted to talk to me about investments. After a while he went away."

"What time of day was it?"

"Just before I went to lunch. I went out to lunch as he went away."

"Remark that it was your lunch-time or anything?"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"I see," said McCarty. "He picked out his getaway and learned when the cashier would be alone, all at once. Did he have his arm in a sling?"

"No."

"Sling's a blind," said McCarty to himself, yet talking aloud. "But why didn't he reach the currency? Been hurt sometime, and just can't get his left arm in that position, maybe. That's where he got the idea of the arm in the sling—that is, if he did put his arm in a sling." And then he added emphatically, "Now I want that medical student."

"Here," responded the youth, who had just come in that same back door through the directors' room.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

"They all say I'm crazy," explained the youth, somewhat confused. "Say there never was such a doctor there this morning, or any other morning." He had evidently been chaffed a good deal and was glad when McCarty asked him no more questions but turned to Dugan and Meyer, who had hammered their way through the crowd to an entrance by the front door.

"What luck, Meyer?"

"Nothing," replied Meyer bluntly.

"You, Dugan?"

"There's a man in a wheel-chair, on a porch over here, who says he seen a cab stop here at the bank and let a man out, and the cab drove along slowly to the front of the medical school, and waited there two or

three minutes like, and seemed to pick up another fare and drive on, down Pacific."

"Did he see the fare?"

"No; he was on the other side all the time."

"Could he tell if it was the same one that got out at the bank?"

"No; but he watched him kind of close, and he thought it was funny about him picking up this other fare, almost by appointment."

"He watched him close? Anything particular?"

"Yes. He says the man on the box didn't look quite like a regular cab driver—he sat up too straight and carried his whip like a private coachman; some style to him, but no kind of livery. Medium size he was, but a kind of a John Bull look to him."

"Coachman Bill, think ye?"

asked McCarty, mentioning the name of a clever crook famous on two continents, who often found it convenient to play the rôle of a coachman, which he could to perfection while preparing for, or in the act of, pulling off his jobs.

"Might be," said Dugan, starting with the force of the new idea.

"Yes," assented McCarty.

"You bet it might be. Nobody's heard of Bill in six months, if he hasn't been in these jobs. I thought I caught sight of his mug in a crowd on the front last night, so I begun to look for him in this from the minute I started on it.

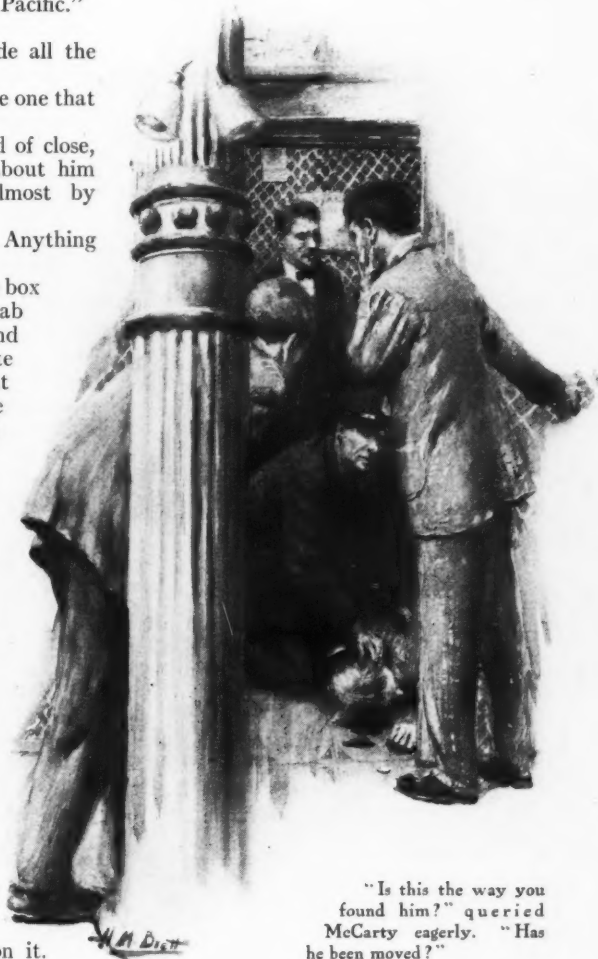
But who's the tall, gray guy with his arm sometimes in a sling and sometimes not, but with something the matter with it, for all that?"

"Sergeant!" said Meyer, respectfully.

"What is it, my boy?" asked McCarty.

"There hasn't been one of these big jobs, now, for ten days. The last was Rigley's, and Rigley shot and claimed he hit. Maybe he did wing one of them."

"Yes, maybe. That's a possible explanation, but what we want right now's a speculation with a lightning flash of probability in it somewhere. We know, now, what they look like, if we don't know who they are.



"Is this the way you found him?" queried McCarty eagerly. "Has he been moved?"

You two men go out the front door, have the officer on guard telephone to headquarters to take into custody every gray or light-colored cab horse in the city, with the driver, and get a list of every fare they've handled in the last three hours, and chase 'em up, every one. Then have Sullivan take you quick, you, Meyer, to the ferry building; you, Dugan, to Third and Townsend, to watch the trains. You know what you're looking for—Coachman Bill for one, and a tall, gray guy for the other."

While the officers moved to obey, Sergeant McCarty, motioning toward the



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bank officers at the door, said, "In five minutes you can let 'em in, but first send the girl home in a hack."

Then, with eyes half closed he moved out from behind the screened-off space, took a position at the teller's window where the robbery had been committed, and walked slowly out, through the directors' room, through the door into the alley, across the paved court to the back of the medical college, up the back stairs, thinking just how natural a figure a man with a medical case would be there, and how much gold would clink like surgical instruments if the case were bumped or shaken accidentally.

"Here his arm went into a sling," he observed.

Down the steps McCarty walked, and out to the street, continuing to commune with himself. "Here his cab was waiting for him. Clever getaway. Clever! Crowds down yonder at the corner, looking for a murderer. Out comes a man from a medical school with his arm in a sling and jogs away. Natural? Most natural thing in the world!"

Sergeant McCarty looked at his watch. Seventeen minutes had elapsed since he had entered the bank, which was, he remembered, at twelve-forty-four, about eighteen minutes after the murder. "I'm on his trail," the sergeant said, "and about thirty-five minutes behind him."

And now Sergeant McCarty did what might appear a strange thing. He lifted his cap from his head and passed his hand over his stubby hair at the back and across the top, then replaced the cap, tipping it low over his eyes, and with hands behind his back, moved slowly down Pacific to Sansome, pondering deeply. This was McCarty's way. He had all the facts, all the physical details, in his mind. He put them there, as in a pot, to simmer. Then he brushed up each red stubby hair till it stood like a lightning-rod, separate and apart, to serve as a conductor for any stray ideas that might come floating into the area of appropriative consciousness. Now he was traveling slowly over the route taken by Coachman Bill and his pal, the murderer.

McCarty was as ignorant as could well be of the principles of modern psychology, of the laws of mental suggestion; but in his practical experience as a thief-taker, he had learned to put, as it were, his own brain into the criminal's skull, to look out through his

eyes, to hear through his ears, and feel the quaking, fleeing heart of a fugitive within him, and the surge and jerk of excited, vagrant blood in his veins; to put, constructively at least, his feet in the criminal's shoes, and let them lead him whither they would; and often enough they led him the way the criminal had gone.

But where the cab turned into Sansome Street, Sergeant McCarty stopped. Suddenly the little lightning-rods under his hat all began to smoke at once.

"Be-e-gor-r-r-a," he breathed softly and deeply to himself. "Be-e-gor-r-r-a! This is Sansome Street these fellows turned into, and at the other end of Sansome Street is Second Street, and at the other end of Second is the Pacific Mail dock, and from that dock the Hongkong Maru sails Thursday for Japan and the Orient—and this is Thursday, and she sails at two o'clock, and it is now one-thirty, and I have been mooning around here all these minutes."

A motor-car came swiftly up the street. Sergeant McCarty stepped out and held up his hand. The car stopped abruptly.

"Ye're arrested," said McCarty.

"What for?" sputtered the chauffeur, in anger.

"For violatin' the speed limits."

"But I haven't violated them."

"No; but you're goin' to. You're goin' to take me to the Pacific Mail dock so fast that ye'll break every speed-law in the United States."

McCarty had coolly climbed in beside the chauffeur. "Turn her!" he ordered.

The chauffeur began to turn grumblingly. "Do you know whose car this is?" he asked.

"I do not," said McCarty.

"It's the mayor's, that's whose it is, and you'll sweat for this, too."

"The mayor's? Now, how fortunate! Often the mayor says to me, 'McCarty, come and have a ride in my new car,' but I haven't had time till now."

"That's all right, too," said the chauffeur, cooling off as he heard the name of McCarty, "but he'll be sore, all the same. He's all tore up about this robbery at the Pacific Street bank. Hodson's chasing off out to the Presidio, claims it's some soldier that done it, but the mayor has a clue that runs to the Mail dock, and he sent me after Hodson."

"To the mail dock? After Hodson, huh? That's fortunate now, isn't it?"

"Fortunate?" ejaculated the chauffeur. "I'll catch hell."

"What's that?" asked McCarty, indicating the speedometer.

"That shows how fast we go," explained the chauffeur.

"Well," said McCarty, "you lean the hour-hand over on the fifty-mile hole and keep her there till we get one block from the dock."

The chauffeur opened her wide. With one prolonged wail of the siren, the car shot away. A block before the dock was reached, the car was slowed up. McCarty looked back with satisfaction at the dust they had raised and then, with a wave of his hand, said,

"Turn in there."

The place indicated was a sort of alley in which second-hand stores that dealt in sailors' gear abounded. McCarty leaped out.

"Young fellow," he said, "you go and lose yourself, lose Hodson, anything, so you don't get him down here for an hour yet. You get the idea?" he queried, with a twist of his eyebrow that spoke of ominous disasters that might overtake a mayor's chauffeur if he did not obey this particular police sergeant's orders.

"You bet!" answered the young man, with alacrity. Besides, he had a grudge against Hodson.

As for McCarty, he had done some thinking on the way down. If these fellows were going on the Hongkong Maru, they would have their passage engaged, but would not be likely to go on board till the very last minute, laying up somewhere within striking-distance till then. If they caught sight of a sergeant of police on board, or in sight, they would shy off entirely. So McCarty turned into the little alley, and, dashing into a shop that dealt in second-hand clothing, he hurried to the rear, throwing off his coat as he did so. "Johnson," he called to the proprietor, "give me a quartermaster's coat, quick; cap, too."

At just one-forty a man in the uniform of a quartermaster climbed up the gangplank of the Hongkong Maru, whispered some-

thing to the real officer who stood at the upper end, and then took his stand behind him, looking perfectly natural there, a part of the ship's company—except that he was a trifle old for the station.

McCarty had plenty of time to think while he waited. What if they had already come aboard? They would get to sea and he with them, while he looked. They would see him, recognize him, and get away. They

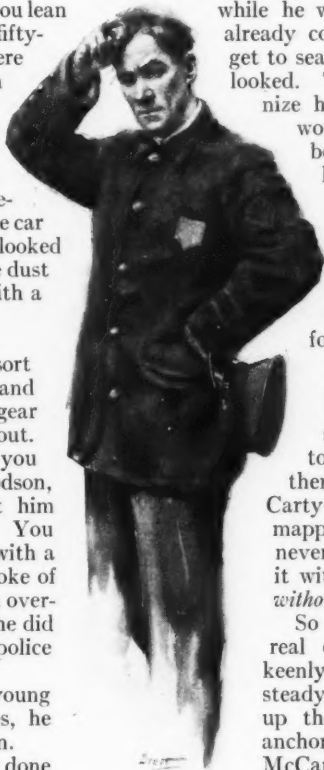
would throw the swag overboard. Always, McCarty kept an eye on the swag.

They wouldn't come there at all. He had it all doped out wrong. All these ideas came to him, and they started the sweat under his sailor's coat; but for all that he held doggedly to his purpose. He had followed his best judgment.

He had acted upon the swift intuitions that came to him. He would stand by them. Here was where McCarty was great. When he had mapped out a line of action he never faltered in it, or changed it without a reason—mind you, *without a reason*.

So he waited, and over the real officer's shoulder he eyed keenly every passenger in the steady stream that was coming up the plank. In five minutes anchor would be weighed unless McCarty asserted his authority and ordered a search of the ship, which he had made up his mind to do. And then, from nowhere in particular, a cab appeared. The horse, however, was not

gray, and the driver an honest old "cabby" whom Sergeant McCarty knew well. A tall, skinny old man was being helped out of it by a shorter, thickset man with a head that was dark and as round as a tennis ball. The old man seemed very feeble, and with one hand drew close the cape of a top-coat. In addition to the cape, a light shawl or scarf was around his neck and shoulders, and he leaned heavily upon the other man. Ahead of them porters carried their hand baggage up the plank, sundry much plastered bags and cases, hat-boxes



Passed his hand over his stubby hair at the back and across the top

and so forth, of a style that seemed to proclaim their owner a much traveled man of foreign residence.

But the sure instinct of McCarty's mind caused him to search this party over and over with his eye. The only apparent ground for suspicion was one incongruous piece of baggage, a black-leather case such as is used by physicians to carry their instruments. The valet held it in one hand, while, with the other, he helped the seemingly infirm old man. Yes, there was one other incongruous thing. The older man gripped the guide-rope to help himself, and McCarty's keen eye saw at one swift glance that his was a grip of steel.

And now they were at the top. The valet, whom McCarty had half identified as Coachman Bill, although his side whiskers had grown down his cheeks tremendously since the description of an hour ago, stepped down from the end of the runway onto the deck, and turning with the instrument bag in his left hand for an instant, he lifted up his right to go through the mock performance of helping the old man to place a firm foot upon the deck. The valet stepped back carefully. The old man leaned heavily upon his shoulder and prepared to push a feeble foot over the edge of the gangplank.

In that instant, McCarty kicked the black bag out of the valet's hand. It bounded heavily along the deck a few feet, giving forth at each turn a faint, metallic sound, not at all like the jingle of a bag full of instruments.

With an oath, Coachman Bill shot an angry glance at the supposed quartermaster, and started to recover his bag. But, as he passed, McCarty dealt him a smashing blow on the jaw, and he dropped in a huddle on the deck. Turning swiftly, the sergeant faced the seeming old man. He had straightened up, losing something of his feeble appearance. His face was the picture of indignation, real or simulated. His eyes blazed. McCarty leaped upon him without a word. Whether he fell out of his great coat which had only been pulled over his shoulders, or whether with premeditation he flung himself free of it to fight the better, an onlooker could not have told. His figure was tall and lithe. Unshrinkingly he wrapped himself after the fashion of a python about the bullish frame of McCarty, one of his hands, like a huge talon, bending fingers of curved steel into the

neck of the policeman. His cause seemed just. His servant had been outrageously assaulted by an officer of the ship, who now leaped upon him like a madman. He fought as if for his life. But McCarty had not a compunction. Instead, he had a theory. His criminal was supposed to have a bad left shoulder.

Quicker than lightning flashes, McCarty remembered, now, that this man had made little use of his left arm, had kept it close to his body. As in their first struggle, they fell thundering to the deck, and McCarty threw all his weight onto his antagonist's left shoulder. It gave readily, and a hiss of pain through clenched teeth told that there was trouble there. McCarty kept wrenching, twisting, turning, till he heard the bone crack. All the time, too, he had been doubling his neck and bending it till he had his chin inside the forearm that had choked him. This brought relief to his lungs, and a moment later he had set sharp teeth in that forearm with a crunch that resulted in an instant release of its awful grip. Both men had half risen to their knees, and finally regained their feet. In this, McCarty was the quicker, and as his opponent rose he dealt him a terrible sledgehammer blow upon the jaw that stretched him senseless upon the deck. With a quick movement, McCarty located and tore a pistol from the man's pocket and flung it over the rail onto the dock. Then he hurried toward where the black bag had fallen. But it was not there. Neither was Coachman Bill.

The crowd, half understanding, closed in with cheers, but McCarty flung them aside with impatience and dashed aft. It was an example of the dazed condition of the minds of those who looked on, including the ship's officers, that all had turned to watch the struggle, and paid no attention to the man who limped off along the rail, carrying a black instrument-bag.

Though somewhat dazed by McCarty's blow, Coachman Bill had clambered to his feet, seized the black bag, and was making off with it. About midway of the ship, he had paused a moment from the pain in his head and stood leaning against a stanchion, his face upturned, his hand held against the lower base of the brain, where the sergeant's blow had fallen. As McCarty advanced, he reached threateningly toward his hip pocket; but the move was



DRAWN BY HAROLD H. DEEY

Both men finally regained their feet. In this, McCarty was the quicker, and as his opponent rose he dealt him a terrible sledge-hammer blow upon the jaw

## McCarty on the Trail

too late. The sergeant's weapon already gleamed in his hand. Coachman Bill dared not draw. Instead, he lifted the black bag over the rail and deliberately let it drop.

It has been remarked before that Sergeant McCarty thought quickly. Now, as he saw the surgeon's bag slip from Coachman Bill's fingers, he thought in big chunks. A reel of moving pictures a mile long seemed to run through his head in a fraction of a second. He had taken very much for granted. He had made a most ungentlemanly assault on the servant of a decrepit old man whom the servant had addressed as "your lordship." Moreover, he had immediately thereafter assaulted the feeble old man, and left him stretched out there upon the deck. All these things he had done upon the supposition that a certain theory of his was correct, and the evidence to confirm that theory, if evidence there was, lay in the black bag; and there was the bag, slipping from Bill's fingers, supposing they were Bill's fingers. The bag struck the rail of the lower deck, balanced there for a moment, and then, with the gentle heave of the tide-stirring, pitched over the side.

There it went, the little bag that could prove by its contents whether Sergeant McCarty was the cleverest detective or the biggest ass on the San Francisco police force. In a moment there would be only a swirling eddy, and, in his fancy, McCarty could see in that eddy the face of the captain of detectives, Thomas Hodson, grinning at him derisively. But perhaps these were only thoughts on the way, for the moment that black bag began to tip outward from the lower deck-rail, Sergeant McCarty catapulted downward after it. With a mighty splash he struck the water beside

the bag, hugged it to his bosom, and soon, having gripped it by the handle, was puffing and blowing the water from his mouth and bawling for a rope, which was presently thrown him from a barge from which the big ship had just finished coaling.

His first act on reaching the barge was to shout orders to the two or three policemen, who, by this time, appeared among the passengers who had crowded to the ship's rail, to take Coachman Bill and the unknown Englishman into custody. His next was to rip open with his knife the black-leather bag. How if it contained sash-weights? But no. Nested in cotton batting to deaden the clink, lay many thousand dollars in gold, and on top was a black-silk handkerchief of large dimensions, pinned together so as to form a sling.

Lifting the mutilated satchel and its contents tenderly in his arms, McCarty stepped into the great coal-bucket and was deposited on the deck of the liner, grimy with coal-dust and dripping wet, but proud and triumphant.

Coachman Bill and the unknown stood together with handcuffs on. Commissioner Sullivan had got there, somehow, and Hodson, captain of detectives, was just coming up the gangplank.

"McCarty, what have you done?" gasped Sullivan, in surprise, as he saw the two handcuffed men and McCarty's own condition, and caught a yellow glint in the gaping side of the instrument-case.

McCarty saluted. "I have done the job, Commissioner," he answered proudly, making sure that Hodson heard him.

"And so quick," gasped Sullivan.

"Aw!" deprecated McCarty, moving toward the gangplank behind his prisoners.

"'Twas a red-hot trail."



Puffing and blowing the water from his mouth and bawling for a rope



# A Democratic Rupert

By  
John Temple Graves

IN the Sixty-fourth Congress, the Democratic House will witness a picturesque and almost startling change of leadership.

Down in Alabama, progressing a political duel to the death. Os-Underwood and Richmond Pearson Hobson are in the fiercest of grapples for the senatorship. In Alabama, the Senatorial and Congressional elections are simultaneous. Underwood and Hobson cannot run for the Senate and Congress at the same time. Wherefore, if Underwood wins, the gallant and dashing Hobson is retired for a season to private life. And if Hobson wins, the floor-leader of the Democracy stays at home.



He is a superb debater

The brilliant and able Southerner who is about to fall heir to the second most conspicuous and responsible honor in the ranks of the Democratic party

Kitchin occupies not quite seven lines—an attenuated paragraph set among the swelling lines on either side which describe his colleagues and contemporaries. In his office

In either case, the Democrats of the House, in majority or in minority at that time, will lose the cool, capable, and constructive states-

man who has led his party with such admirable and controlling power.

In either event, the Democrats will have a new leader in the Ways and Means Committee and on the floor, and nothing short of death or withdrawal can prevent that leadership from going to Claude Kitchin, of the Second North Carolina. Owing altogether to Claude Kitchin's rare admixture of

indifference and modesty, it is doubtful if one-half of the readers of *Cosmopolitan* have heard of the brilliant and able Southerner who is about to fall heir to the second most conspicuous and responsible honor in the ranks of the Democratic party.

In the *Congressional Record*, which is always an autobiography, Claude

desk and among his archives at home, there is not to be found one of the many lavish eulogies which his admirers have written. A few scattered criticisms, with one or two partisan assaults, make up his personal collection for immortality. He was born at Scotland Neck, North Carolina, in 1869, graduated from Wake Forest, in June, 1888, was married to Miss Kate Mills, five months later, and admitted to the bar, in 1890. He has nine children, and, without having held any other office, has served in every Congress since the Fifty-seventh.

This is all that the coming Democratic leader has to say of himself.

He has made fewer speeches than any member of equal service in the House, but every speech has been a rifle-shot that rang round the chamber and made the *Record* radiant with life and vigor.

#### THE NEW LEADER

With Oscar Underwood out of the race, they could not find, in all the Democratic House, a man who had a chance to win against Claude Kitchin for the leadership. He would have beaten any New England candidate three to one. He would have doubled the vote of any candidate from Pennsylvania or New York, and swept any Southern or Western entry off his feet.

For the North Carolinian is a figure of romantic interest and power among his party colleagues, and of almost equal admiration by his political opponents. He is generally regarded as the brightest and most scintillating partisan upon the floor. "He is a superb debater," said Champ Clark. "He is the best rough-and-tumble fighter in Congress," said John Wesley Gaines. "He is the dashing Democratic Rupert of debate," said Collier, of Mississippi. "He holds a fiery furnace of facts and ideals in a temper so cool and masterful that he is well-nigh irresistible," said Martin Littleton.

Since Claude Kitchin's great speech on "Cannonism and the Tariff," the Democrats have leaped to his leadership in debate, and the Republicans have feared him as they do no other man. He unhorsed the redoubtable Grosvenor, of Ohio, in full tilt. He toppled over Payne, and the dauntless and aggressive Boutell wishes no more of his oratorical thrusts.

One day, three months after the Cannon

speech, Claude Kitchin unlimbered once more on the tariff. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, all innocent and unconscious, rose to interrogate him. Leaping to his feet, old "Joe" Cannon rushed back to the Wisconsin man. "Sit down, Lenroot!" said he. "Don't you know that man is loaded with grape and canister? Every time you touch him he scores for the Democratic party. Let him speak without interruption!"

And the Cannon counsel has since then become the policy of the Republican controversialists in the House.

#### A RUPERT TO THE FORE

This, then, is the new Democratic leader of the Sixty-fourth Congress—as different from Oscar Underwood as Rupert from Cromwell, as John Redmond from Charles Stewart Parnell.

Underwood, calm, convincing, impassive, often metallic and sometimes heavy, always persuades but rarely inspires. Kitchin, dashing, magnetic, brilliant in oratory and sparkling with wit and repartee, will lead his party with the splendid dash of a cavalryman in a charge, and carry by assault if he ever fails to undermine by logic.

Let no man think that the Democrats will follow a merely spectacular and showy leader in the next assizes of national debate. Far from it. Claude Kitchin is a student and a thinker. His memory is marvelous. His knowledge of public men and public questions is unsurpassed. He reads incessantly. He knows the tariff as well as Oscar Underwood. His eulogists say he knows it even more comprehensively. His temper is absolutely imperturbable. He is as cool as a cucumber in the fiercest heat of debate. No man ever saw him show anger or confusion in any controversy. He is without fear, and seems incapable of fatigue. He loves to fight for the sake of the principle and as well for the sake of the fighting. He fights without bitterness, and emerges from his slashing rounds of flashing repartee and scathing satire leaving no personal wounds that are not healed by a handshake. He is rooted and grounded in the Democratic faith and in loyalty to it. His record is perfect and unassailable, and his personal character remarkably pure—beyond all question one of the most romantic and admirable figures that have been born out of the Southern Democracy.

If Claude Kitchin has a weak spot in his qualifications for leadership, it must be found in the fact that he seems to be without vanity and without ambition. He never seeks the limelight, never courts applause, and has flung away more opportunities for distinction than most men have enjoyed. So far as winning honors and publicity for himself, he seems constitutionally indifferent. It is the opinion of those who know him best that the abilities of the coming leader of Democracy have never been tested or developed, because his ambition has never spurred him to his highest endeavor. His speeches have been almost lamentably rare, and he is void of self-seeking or display.

the scene in House of fired him to matchless to the king and him the rebility under became im-

And there are many who believe, under the serious obligation

the Virginia Burgesses that defiance English fixed upon sponsi- which he mortal.



(C) HANSEN & EWING

With the honor and responsibility of his great party in his hands, holding the leadership where it is his duty to be ever in the breach, it is the confident prediction of those who know his patriotic devotion to his party and his intense and conscientious loyalty to every trust, that the close of the Sixty-fourth Congress will see in Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, one of the first and soundest Democratic statesmen of this progressive and eventful era of our national life.

Patrick Henry lounged and trifled away his splendid gifts in aimless idleness, until

Kitchin, dashing, magnetic, brilliant in oratory and sparkling with wit and repartee

of leadership about to be imposed by the representatives of a triumphant Democracy, that Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, will profit by that illustrious example.

Without fear, incapable of fatigue



(C) AMER. PRESS ASSN.



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"Arrest that woman," pointed Kennedy. "She is the poisoner." I followed the direction of Kennedy's accusing finger

(The Eugenic Bride)

# The Eugenic Bride

Can you commit murder—and get away with it? How would you go about it? Well, that has been tried from the days of the Borgias and before—and some sharp has found evidence of the crime. In this story, there is a curious situation. Craig Kennedy is called in just in time to prevent a murder that would have passed as a natural death. In ferreting out the mystery, he tells us a lot about those wonderful secretions, called hormones, which medical science is just now so vastly interested in, and which apparently play so great a part in determining our bodily characteristics. Read the story. We think it is one of the most fascinating tales that Mr. Reeve has written.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Billionaire Baby," "The Radium Robber," and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"THERE'S absolutely no insanity in Eugenia's family," I heard a young man remark to Kennedy, as my key turned in the lock of the laboratory door.

For a moment I hesitated about breaking in on a confidential conference; then reflected that, as they had probably already heard me at the lock, I had better go in and excuse myself.

As I swung the door open, I saw a young man pacing up and down the laboratory nervously, too preoccupied even to notice the slight noise I had made.

He paused in his nervous walk and faced Kennedy, his back to me.

"Kennedy," he said huskily, "I wouldn't care if there was insanity in her family—for, my God!—the tragedy of it all, now—I love her!"

He turned, following Kennedy's eyes in my direction, and I saw on his face a haggard, haunting look of anxiety.

Instantly I recognized, from the pictures I had seen in the newspapers, young Quincy Atherton, the last of the famous line of this family, who had attracted a great deal of attention, several months previously, by what the newspapers had called his search through society for a "eugenic bride," to infuse new blood into the Atherton stock.

"You need have no fear that Mr. Jamieson will be like the other newspaper men," reassured Craig, as he introduced us, mindful of the prejudice which the unpleasant

notoriety of Atherton's marriage had already engendered in his mind.

I recalled that, when I had first heard of Atherton's "eugenic marriage," I had instinctively felt a prejudice against the very idea of such cold, calculating, materialistic, scientific mating, as if one of the last fixed points were disappearing in the chaos of the social and sex upheaval.

Now, I saw that one great fact of life must always remain. We might ride in hydro-aeroplanes, delve into the very soul by psychoanalysis, perhaps even run our machines by the internal forces of radium—even marry according to Galton or Mendel; but there would always be love—deep, passionate love of the man for the woman, love which all the discoveries of science might perhaps direct a little less blindly, but the consuming flame of which not all the coldness of science could ever quench.

I must say that I rather liked young Atherton. He had a frank, open face, the most prominent feature of which was his somewhat aristocratic nose. Otherwise, he impressed one as being the victim of heredity in faults, if at all serious, against which he was struggling heroically.

It was a most pathetic story which he told, a story of how his family had degenerated from the strong stock of his ancestors, until he was the last of the line. He told of his education; how he had fallen—a rather wild youth, bent in the footsteps of his father, who had been a notoriously good club-



fellow—under the influence of a college professor, Doctor Crafts, a classmate of his father's, of how the professor had carefully and persistently fostered in him an ideal that had completely changed him.

"Crafts always said it was a case of eugenics against eugenics," remarked Atherton, "of birth against environment. He would tell me, over and over, that birth gave me the clay, and it wasn't such bad clay, after all, but that environment would shape the vessel."

Then Atherton launched into a description of how he had striven to find a girl who had the strong qualities his family germ-plasm seemed to have lost, mainly, I gathered, resistance to a taint much like manic depressive insanity. And as he talked, it was borne in on me that, after all, contrary to my first prejudice, there was nothing very romantic, indeed, about disregarding the plain teachings of science on the subject of marriage and one's children.

In his search for a bride, Doctor Crafts, who had founded a sort of eugenics bureau, had come to advise him. Others may have looked up their brides in Bradstreet's, or at least the "Social Register." Atherton had gone higher, had been overjoyed to find that a girl he had met in the West, Eugenia Gilman, measured up to what his friend told him were the latest teachings of science. He had been overjoyed, because, long before Crafts had told him, he had found out that he loved her deeply.

"And, now," he went on, half choking with emotion, "she is apparently suffering from just the same sort of depression as I myself might suffer from, if the recessive trait became active."

"What do you mean, for instance?" asked Craig.

"Well, for one thing, she has the delusion that my relatives are persecuting her."

"Persecuting her?" repeated Craig, stifling the remark that that was not a new thing in this or any other family. "How?"

"Oh, making her feel that, after all, it is Atherton family rather than Gilman health that counts—little remarks that, when our baby is born, they hope it will resemble Quincy rather than Eugenia, and all that sort of thing—only worse and more cutting, until the thing has begun to prey on her mind."

"I see," remarked Kennedy thoughtfully. "But don't you think this is a case for a—a doctor, rather than a detective?"

Atherton glanced up quickly. "Kennedy," he answered slowly, "where millions of dollars are involved, no one can guess to what lengths the human mind will go—no one, except you."

"Then you have suspicions of something worse?"

"Y-yes—but nothing definite. Now, take this case: If I should die childless, after my wife, the Atherton estate would descend to my nearest relative, Burroughs Atherton, a cousin."

"Unless you will it to—"

"I have already drawn a will," he interrupted, "and in case I survive Eugenia and die childless, the money goes to the founding of a larger eugenics bureau, to prevent in the future, as much as possible, tragedies such as this of which I find myself a part. If the case is reversed, Eugenia will get her third, and the remainder will go to the bureau or the 'foundation,' as I call the new venture. But," and here young Atherton leaned forward and fixed his large eyes keenly on us, "Burroughs might break the will. He might show that I was of unsound mind, or that Eugenia was, too."

"Are there no other relatives?"

"Burroughs is the nearest," he replied, then added frankly, "I have a second cousin, a young lady named Edith Atherton, with whom both Burroughs and I used to be very friendly."

It was evident from the way he spoke that he had thought a great deal about Edith, and still thought well of her.

"Your wife thinks it is Burroughs who is persecuting her?" asked Kennedy.

Atherton shrugged his shoulders.

"Does she get along badly with Edith? She knows her, I presume?"

"Of course. The fact is, that since the death of her mother, Edith has been living with us. She is a splendid girl, and all alone in the world, now, and I had hopes that, in New York, she might marry well."

Kennedy was looking squarely at Atherton, wondering whether he might ask a question without seeming impertinent. Atherton caught the look, read it, and went on quite frankly: "To tell the truth, I suppose I might have married Edith, before I met Eugenia, if Doctor Crafts had not dissuaded me. But it wouldn't have been real love—or wise. You know," he went on still more frankly, now that the first hesitation was over and he realized that, if he were to gain

anything at all by Kennedy's services, there must be the utmost candor between them, "you know cousins may marry if the stocks are known to be strong. But if there is a defect, it is almost sure to be intensified. And so I—I gave up the idea—never had it, in fact, so strongly as to propose to her. And when I met Eugenia, all the Athertons on the family tree couldn't have bucked up against the combination."

He was deadily in earnest as he rose from the chair into which he had dropped.

"Oh, it's terrible—this haunting fear, this obsession that I have had, that, in spite of all I have tried to do, some one, somehow will defeat me. Then comes this situation, just at a time when Eugenia and I feel that we have won against fate, and she, in particular, needs all the consideration and care in the world—and—and I am defeated."

Atherton was again pacing the laboratory.

"I have my car waiting outside," he pleaded. "I wish you would go with me to see Eugenia—now."

It was impossible to resist him. Kennedy rose, and I followed.

The Atherton mansion was one of the old houses of the city, a somber, stone dwelling with a garden about it on a down-town square upon which business was already encroaching. We were admitted by a servant who seemed to walk over the polished floors with stealthy step, as if there was something sacred about even the Atherton silence. As we waited in a high-ceilinged drawing-room with exquisite old tapestries on the walls, I could not help feeling, myself, the influence of wealth and birth that seemed to cry out from every object of art in the house.

Eugenia Atherton was reclining listlessly in her room in a deep leather easy chair, when Atherton took us up at last. She did not rise to greet us, but I noted that she was attired in what Kennedy once called, as we strolled up the Avenue, "the expensive sloppiness of the present styles." In her case, the looseness with which her clothes hung was exaggerated by the lack of energy with which she wore them.

She had been a beautiful girl, I knew. In fact, one could see that she must have been. Now, however, she showed marks of change. Her eyes were large, and protruding, not with the fire of passion which is often associated with large eyes, but dully, set in a puffy face, a trifle florid. Her hands seemed,

when she moved them, to shake with involuntary tremor, and, in spite of the fact that one almost could feel that her heart and lungs were speeding with energy, she had lost weight and no longer had the full, rounded figure of health. Her manner showed severe mental disturbance, indifference, depression, a distressing deterioration. All her attractive Western breeziness was gone.

"I have asked Professor Kennedy, a specialist, to call, my dear," said Atherton gently, without mentioning what the specialty was.

"Another one?" she queried languorously.

There was a colorless indifference in the tone, which was almost tragic. She said the words slowly and deliberately, as though even her mind worked that way.

From the first, I saw that Kennedy had been observing Eugenia Atherton keenly. And in the rôle of specialist in nervous diseases, he was enabled to do what otherwise would have been difficult to accomplish.

Gradually from observing her mental condition of indifference, which made conversation extremely difficult as well as profitless, he began to consider her physical condition. I knew him well enough to gather from his manner alone, as he went on, that what had seemed at the start to be merely a curious case, because it concerned the Athertons, was looming up in his mind as unusual in itself, and was interesting him because it baffled him.

Craig had just discovered that her pulse was abnormally rapid, and that consequently she had a high temperature and was sweating profusely.

"Would you mind turning your head, Mrs. Atherton?" he asked.

She turned slowly, half way, her eyes fixed vacantly on the floor.

"No; all the way around, if you please," added Kennedy.

She offered no objection, not the slightest resistance. As she turned her head as far as she could, Kennedy quickly placed his forefinger and thumb gently on her throat, the once beautiful throat, now with skin harsh and rough. Softly he moved his fingers just a fraction of an inch over the so-called "Adam's apple" and around it for a little distance.

"Thank you," he said. "Now around to the other side."

## The Eugenic Bride

He made no other remark as he repeated the process, but I fancied I could tell that he had had an instant suspicion of something the moment he touched her throat.

He rose abstractedly, bowed, and we started to leave the room, uncertain whether she knew or cared. Quincy had fixed his eyes silently on Craig, as if imploring him to speak, but I knew how unlikely that was until he had confirmed his suspicion to the last slightest detail.

We were passing through a dressing-room in the suite when we met a tall young woman, whose face I instantly recognized, not because I had ever seen it before but because she had the aristocratic Atherton nose so prominently developed.

"My cousin Edith," introduced Quincy.

We bowed, and stood for a moment, chatting. There seemed to be no reason why we should leave the suite, since Mrs. Atherton paid little attention to us, even when we had been in the same room. Yet a slight movement in her room told me that, in spite of her lethargy, she seemed to know that we were there and to recognize who had joined us.

Edith Atherton was a noticeable woman, a woman of temperament, not beautiful exactly, but with a stateliness about her, an aloofness. The more I studied her face, with its thin, sensitive lips and commanding, almost imperious eyes, the more there seemed to be something peculiar about her. She was dressed very simply, but it was the simplicity that costs. One thing was quite evident—her pride in the family.

And, as we talked, it seemed to me that she, much more than Eugenia in her former blooming health, was a part of the somber house.

She did not linger long, but continued her stately way into the room where Eugenia sat. I could not help thinking, as I saw her pass, of the lady Madeline in "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Yet I found it impossible to account for such a thought. I looked at Atherton, but on his face I could see nothing but a sort of questioning fear that only increased my illusion, as if he, too, had only a vague, haunting premonition of something terrible impending. Almost I began to wonder whether the Atherton house might not crumble under the fierceness of a sudden whirlwind, while the two women in this case—one representing the wasted past, the

other the blasted future—dragged Atherton down, as the whole scene dissolved into some ghostly tarn. It was only for a moment, and then I saw that the more practical Kennedy had been examining some bottles on the lady's dresser.

One was a plain bottle of pellets, which might have been some homeopathic remedy.

"Whatever it is that is the matter with Eugenia," remarked Atherton, "it seems to have baffled the doctors so far."

Kennedy said nothing, but I saw that he had clumsily overturned the bottle and absently set it up again, as though his thoughts were far away. Yet, with a cleverness that would have done credit to a professor of legerdemain, he had managed to extract two or three of the pellets.

"Yes," he said, as he moved slowly toward the staircase in the wide hall, "most baffling."

Atherton was plainly disappointed. Evidently he had expected Kennedy to arrive at the truth and set matters right by some sudden piece of wizardry, and it was with difficulty that he refrained from saying so.

"I should like to meet Burroughs Atherton," Craig remarked, as we stood in the wide hall on the first floor of the big house. "Is he a frequent visitor?"

"Not frequent," hastened Quincy Atherton, in a tone that showed some satisfaction in saying it. "However, by a lucky chance he has promised to call to-night—a mere courtesy, I believe, to Edith, since she has come to town on a visit."

"Good!" exclaimed Kennedy. "Now, I leave it to you, Atherton, to make some plausible excuse for our meeting Burroughs here."


"I can do that easily."

"I shall be here early," pursued Kennedy, as we left.

Back again in the laboratory, to which Atherton insisted on accompanying us in his car, Kennedy busied himself for a few minutes, crushing up one of the tablets and trying one or two reactions with some of the powder dissolved, while I looked on curiously.

"Craig," I remarked contemplatively, after a while, "how about Atherton himself? Is he really free from the—er—stigmata, I suppose you call it, of insanity?"

"You mean, may the whole trouble lie with him?" he asked, not looking up from his work.



With a cleverness that would have done credit to a professor of legerdemain, he had managed to extract two or three of the pellets

"Yes—and the effect on her be a sort of reflex—say, perhaps, the effect of having sold herself for money and position. In other words, does she, did she ever, love him? We don't know that. Might it not prey on her mind, until, with the kind help of his precious relatives, even Nature herself could not stand the strain?"

I must admit that I felt the utmost sympathy for the poor girl whom we had just seen such a pitiable wreck.

Kennedy closed his eyes tightly until they wrinkled at the corners.

"I think I have found out the immediate cause of her trouble," he said simply, ignoring my suggestion.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"I can't imagine how they could have failed to guess it, except that they never would have suspected to look for anything resembling exophthalmic goiter in a person

of her stamina," he answered, pronouncing the word slowly.

"You have heard of the thyroid gland in the neck?"

"Yes?" I queried, for it was a mere name to me.

"It is a vascular organ lying under the chin, with a sort of little isthmus joining the two parts on either side of the windpipe," he explained. "Well, when there is any deterioration of those glands through any cause, all sorts of complications may arise. The thyroid is one of the so-called ductless glands, like the adrenals above the kidneys, the pineal gland, and the pituitary body. In normal activity, they discharge into the blood substances which are carried to other organs and are now known to be absolutely essential.

"The substances which they secrete are

called hormones—those chemical messengers, as it were, by which many of the processes of the body are regulated. In fact, no field of experimental physiology is richer in interest than this. It seems that few ordinary drugs approach, in their effects on metabolism, the hormones of the thyroid. In excess they produce such diseases as exophthalmic goiter, and goiter is concerned with the enlargement of the glands and surrounding tissues beyond anything like natural size. Then, too, a defect in the glands causes the disease known as myxedema in adults and cretinism in children. Most of all, the gland seems to tell on the germ-plasm of the body, especially in women."

I listened in amazement, hardly knowing what to think. Did his discovery portend something diabolical, or was it purely a defect in nature which Doctor Crafts, of the eugenics bureau, had overlooked?

"One thing at a time, Walter," cautioned Kennedy, when I put the question to him, scarcely expecting an answer yet.

That night, in the old Atherton mansion, while we waited for Burroughs to arrive, Kennedy, whose fertile mind had contrived to kill at least two birds with one stone, busied himself by cutting in on the regular telephone line and placing an extension of his own in a closet in the library. To it he attached an ordinary telephone receiver fastened to an arrangement which was strange to me. As nearly as I can describe it, between the diaphragm of the regular receiver and a brownish cylinder, like that of a phonograph and with a needle attached, was fitted an air chamber of small size, open to the outer air by a small hole to prevent compression.

The work was completed expeditiously, but we had plenty of time to wait, for Burroughs Atherton evidently did not consider that an evening had fairly begun until nine o'clock.

He arrived at last, however, rather tall, slight of figure, narrow shouldered, designed for the latest models of imported fabrics. It was evident, merely by shaking hands with Burroughs, that he thought both the Athertons and the Burroughses just the right combination. He was one of those few men against whom I conceive an instinctive prejudice, and in this case I felt positive that, whatever faults the Atherton germ-plasm might contain, he had combined others from the determiners of that of the

other ancestors he boasted. I could not help feeling that Eugenia Atherton was in about as unpleasant an atmosphere of social miasma as could be imagined.

Burroughs asked politely after Eugenia, but it was evident that the real deference was paid to Edith Atherton, and that they got along very well together. Burroughs excused himself early, and we followed soon after.

"I think I shall go around to this eugenics bureau of Doctor Crafts," remarked Kennedy, the next day, after a night's consideration of the case.

The bureau occupied a floor in a dwelling-house up-town, which had been remodeled into an office-building. Huge cabinets were stacked up against the walls, and in them several women were engaged in filing blanks and card-records. Another part of the office consisted of an extensive library on eugenic subjects.

Doctor Crafts, in charge of the work, whom we found in a little office in front, partitioned off by ground glass, was an old man with an alert, vigorous mind on which the effects of simple living and high thinking showed plainly. He was looking over some new blanks with a young woman who seemed to be working with him, directing the force of clerks as well as the "field-workers" who were gathering the vast mass of information which was being studied. As we introduced ourselves, he introduced Doctor Maude Schofield.

"I have heard of your eugenic marriage-contests," began Kennedy, "more especially of what you have done for Mr. Quincy Atherton."

"Well—not exactly a contest in that case, at least," corrected Doctor Crafts, with an indulgent smile for a layman.

"No," put in Doctor Schofield, "the eugenics bureau isn't a human stock-farm."

"I see," commented Kennedy, who had had no such idea, anyhow. He was always lenient with anyone who had what he often referred to as the "illusion of grandeur."

"We advise people sometimes regarding the desirability or the undesirability of marriage," mollified Doctor Crafts. "This is a sort of clearing-house for scientific race investigation and improvement."

"At any rate," persisted Kennedy, "after investigation, I understand you advised in favor of the marriage with Miss Gilman."



"Yes; Eugenia Gilman seemed to measure well up to the requirements in such a match. Her branch of the Gilmans has always been of the vigorous, pioneering type, as well as intellectual. Her father was one of the foremost thinkers in the West; in fact, he had long held ideas on the betterment of the race. You see that in the choice of a name for his daughter—Eugenia."

"Then there were no recessive traits in her family," asked Kennedy quickly, "of the same sort that you find in the Athertons?"

"None that we could discover."

"No epilepsy, no insanity of any form?"

"No. Of course you understand that almost no one is what might be called eugenically perfect. Strictly speaking, perhaps not over two or three per cent. of the population even approximates that standard. But it seemed to me that, in everything essential in this case, weakness latent in Atherton was mating strength in Eugenia, and the same way on her part for an entirely different set of traits."

"Still," considered Kennedy, "there might have been something latent in her family germ-plasm back of the time through which you could trace it?"

Doctor Crafts shrugged his shoulders. "There often is, I must admit, something we can't discover, because it lies too far back in the past."

"And likely to crop out after skipping generations," put in Maude Schofield.

She evidently did not take the same liberal view in the practical application of the matter expressed by her chief. I set it down to the ardor of youth in a new cause, which often becomes the saner conservatism of maturity.

"Of course, you found it much easier than usual to get at the true family history of the Athertons," pursued Kennedy. "It has been prominent for generations."

"Naturally," assented Doctor Crafts.

"You know Burroughs Atherton on both lines of descent?" asked Kennedy, changing the subject abruptly.

"Yes, fairly well," answered Crafts.

"Now, for example," went on Craig, "how would you advise him to marry?"

I saw at once that he was taking this subterfuge as a way of securing information which might otherwise have been withheld if asked for directly. Maude Schofield also saw it, I fancied, but this time said nothing.

"They had a grandfather on the Atherton side who was a manic depressive," said Crafts slowly. "Now, no attempt has ever been made to breed that defect out of the family. In the case of Burroughs, it is perhaps a little worse, for the other side of his ancestry is not free from the taint of alcoholism."

"And Edith Atherton?"

"The same way. They both carry it. I won't go into the Mendelian law on the subject. We are clearing up much that is obscure. But as to Burroughs, he should marry, if at all, some one without that particular taint. I believe that in a few generations, by proper mating, most taints might be bred out of families."

Maude Schofield evidently did not agree with Doctor Crafts on some point, and, noticing it, he seemed to be in the position both of explaining his contention to us and of defending it before his fair assistant.

"It is my opinion, as far as I have gone with the data," he added, "that there is hope for many of those whose family histories show certain nervous taints. A sweeping prohibition of such marriages would be futile, perhaps injurious. It is necessary that the mating be carefully made, however, to prevent intensifying the taint. You see, though I am a eugenis, I am not an extremist."

He paused, then resumed argumentatively: "Then, there are other questions, too, like that of genius with its close relation to manic-depressive insanity. Also, there is decrease enough in the birth-rate, without adding an excuse for it. No; that a young man like Atherton should take the subject seriously, instead of spending his time in wild dissipation, like his father, is certainly creditable, argues, in itself, some strength in his stock."

"And, of course," he continued warmly, "when I say that weakness in a trait—not in all traits, by any means—should marry strength, and that strength may marry weakness, I don't mean that all matches should be like that. But if we are too strict, we may prohibit practically all marriages. In Atherton's case, as in many another, I felt that I should interpret the rule as sanely as possible."

"Strength should marry strength, and weakness should never marry," persisted Maude Schofield. "Nothing short of that will satisfy the true eugenist."

"Theoretically," objected Crafts. "But Atherton was going to marry, anyhow. The only thing for me to do was to lay down a rule which he might follow safely. Besides, any other rule meant sure disaster."

"It was the only rule with half a chance of being followed, and, at any rate," drawled Kennedy, as the eugenists wrangled, "what difference does it make in this case? As nearly as I can make out, it is Mrs. Atherton herself, not Atherton, who is ill."

Maude Schofield had risen to return to supervising a clerk who needed help.

"That is a very clever girl," remarked Kennedy, as she shut the door, and he scanned Doctor Crafts' face closely.

"Very," assented the doctor.

"The Schofields come of good stock?" hazarded Kennedy.

Evidently he did not care to talk about individual cases, and I felt that the rule was a safe one—to prevent eugenics from becoming gossip. Kennedy thanked him for his courtesy, and we left, apparently on the best of terms both with Crafts and his assistant.

I did not see Kennedy again that day until late in the afternoon, when he came into the laboratory carrying a small package.

"Theory is one thing; practise is another," he remarked.

"Which means—in this case?" I prompted.

"Why, I have just seen Atherton. Of course I didn't repeat our conversation of this morning, and I'm glad I didn't. He almost makes me think you are right, Walter. He's obsessed by the fear of Burroughs. Why, he even told me that Burroughs had gone so far as to take a leaf out of his book, so to speak, get in touch with the eugenics bureau, as if to follow his footsteps but really to pump them about Atherton himself. Atherton says it's all part of Burroughs' plan to break his will, and that the fellow has even gone so far as to cultivate the acquaintance of Maude Schofield, knowing that he will get no sympathy from Crafts."

"First it was Edith Atherton, now it is Maude Schofield that he hitches up with Burroughs," I commented. "Seems to me that I have heard that one of the first signs of insanity is belief that everyone about the victim is conspiring against him."

"Well," said Kennedy, unwrapping the package, "there is this much to it. Atherton

says Burroughs and Maude Schofield have been seen together more than once—and not at intellectual gatherings, either. Burroughs is a fascinating fellow to a woman, if he wants to be, and the Schofields are at least the social equals of the Burroughs. Besides," he added, "in spite of eugenics, feminism, and all the rest, sex, like murder, will out. There's no use having any false ideas about *that*. Atherton may see red—but, then, he was quite excited."

"Over what?" I asked.

"He called me up, in the first place. 'Can't you do something?' he implored. 'Eugenia is getting worse all the time.' She is, too. I saw her for a moment, and she was even more vacant than yesterday."

The thought of the poor girl in the big house somehow brought over me again my impression of Poe's story.

Kennedy had unwrapped the package which proved to be the instrument he had left in the closet at Atherton's. It was, as I had observed, like an ordinary wax-cylinder phonograph record.

"You see," explained Kennedy, "it is nothing more than a successful application, at last, of, say, one of those phonographs you have seen in offices for taking dictation, placed so that the feebler vibrations of the telephone affect it. Let us see what we have here."

He had attached the cylinder to an ordinary phonograph, and after a number of routine calls had been run off, he came to this, in voices which we could only guess at but not recognize, for no names were used:

"How is she to-day?"

"Not much changed—perhaps not so well."

"It's all right, though. That is natural. It is working well. I think you might increase the dose one tablet."

"You're sure it is all right?" (with anxiety)

"Oh, positively; it has been done in Europe."

"I hope so. It must be a boy—and an Atherton."

"Never fear."

That was all. Who was it? The voices were unfamiliar to me, especially when repeated mechanically. At any rate, we had learned something. Some one was trying to control the sex of the expected Atherton heir. Who it was, we knew no better, apparently, than before.

Kennedy did not seem to care much, however. Quickly he got Quincy Atherton on the wire and arranged for Atherton to

have Doctor Crafts meet us at the house at eight o'clock that night, with Maude Schofield. Then he asked that Burroughs Atherton be there, and, of course, Edith and Eugenia.

We arrived almost as the clock was striking, Kennedy carrying the phonograph record and another blank record, and a boy tugging along the machine itself. Doctor Crafts was the next to appear, expressing surprise at meeting us, and, I thought, a bit annoyed, for he mentioned that it had been

with reluctance that he had had to give up some work he had planned for the evening. Maude Schofield, who came with him, looked bored. Knowing that she disapproved of the match with Eugenia, I was not surprised. Burroughs arrived, not as late as I had expected, but almost insultingly supercilious at finding so many strangers at what Atherton had told him was to be a family conference, in order to get him to come. Last of all, Edith Atherton descended the staircase, the personification of dignity, bowing to each with a studied graciousness, as if distributing largess, but greeting Burroughs with an air that plainly showed how much thicker was blood than water. Eugenia remained up-stairs, lethargic, almost cataleptic, as Atherton told us.

"I trust you are not going to keep us long, Quincy," yawned Burroughs, looking ostentatiously at his watch.

"Only long enough for Professor Kennedy to say a few words about



Doctor Crafts was looking over some new blanks with a young woman who seemed to be working with him

Eugenia," replied Atherton nervously, bowing to Kennedy.

Kennedy cleared his throat slowly.

"I don't know that I have much to say," began Kennedy, still seated. "I suppose Mr. Atherton has told you I have been much interested in Mrs. Atherton's peculiar state of health."

No one spoke, and he went on easily. "There is something I might say, however, about the—er—what I call the chemistry of insanity. Among the present wonders of science, as you doubtless know, none stirs the imagination so powerfully as the doctrine that at least some forms of insanity are the result of chemical changes in the blood. For instance, ill-temper, intoxication—many things are due to chemical changes in the blood acting on the brain.

"Go further back. Take typhoid fever with its delirium, influenza with its suicide mania. All due to toxins—poisons. Chemistry—chemistry—all of them chemistry."

Craig had begun carefully so as to win their attention. He had it as he went on. "Do we not brew within ourselves poisons which enter the circulation and pervade the system? A sudden emotion upsets the chemistry of the body. Or poisonous food. Or a drug. It affects many things. But we could never have had this chemical theory unless we had had physiological chemistry—and some carry it so far as to say that the brain secretes thought, just as the liver secretes bile—that thoughts are the results of molecular changes."

"You are, then, a materialist of the most pronounced type," asserted Doctor Crafts.

Kennedy had been reaching over to a table, toying with the phonograph. As Crafts spoke he moved a key, and I suspected that it was in order to catch the words.

"Not entirely," he said. "No more than some eugenists."

"In our field," put in Maude Schofield, "I might express the thought this way—the sociologist has had his day; now it is the biologist, the eugenist."

"That expresses it," commented Kennedy, still tinkering with the record. "Yet it does not mean that because we have new ideas, the old are abolished. Often they only explain, supplement. For instance," he said, looking up at Edith, "take heredity. Our knowledge seems new, but is it?

Marriages have always been dictated by a sort of eugenics. Society is founded on that."

"Precisely," Miss Atherton answered, "the best families have always married into the best families. These modern notions simply recognize what the best people have always thought—except that it seems to me," she added, with a sarcastic flourish, "people of no ancestry are trying to force themselves in among their betters."

"Very true, Edith," drawled Burroughs, "but we did not have to be brought here by Quincy to learn that."

Quincy Atherton had risen during the discussion and had approached Kennedy. Craig continued to finger the phonograph abstractedly, as he looked up.

"About this—this insanity theory?" he whispered eagerly. "You think that the suspicions I had have been justified?"

I had been watching Kennedy's hand. As soon as Atherton had started to speak, I saw that Craig, as before, had moved the key, evidently registering what he said, as he had in the case of the others during the discussion.

"One moment, Atherton," he whispered, in reply; "I'm coming to that. Now," he resumed aloud, "there is a disease or a number of diseases to which my remarks about insanity a while ago might apply very well. They have been known for some time to arise from various affections of the thyroid glands in the neck. These glands, strange to say, if acted on in certain ways can cause degenerations of mind and body, which are well known, but, in spite of much study, are still very little understood. For example, there is a definite interrelation between them and sex—especially in woman."

Rapidly he sketched what he had already told me of the thyroid and the hormones. "These hormones," added Kennedy, "are closely related to many reactions in the body, such as even the mother's secretion of milk at the proper time, and then only. That and many other functions are due to the presence and character of these chemical secretions from the thyroid and other ductless glands. It is a fascinating study. For we know that anything that will upset—reduce or increase—the hormones is a matter intimately concerned with health. Such changes," he said earnestly, leaning

forward, "might be aimed directly at the very heart of what otherwise would be a true eugenic marriage. It is even possible that loss of sex itself might be made to follow deep changes of the thyroid."

He stopped a moment. Even if he had accomplished nothing else, he had struck a note which had caused the Athertons to forget their former superciliousness.

"If there is an oversupply of thyroid hormones," continued Craig, "that excess will produce many changes, for instance a condition very much like exophthalmic goiter. And," he said, straightening up, "I find that Eugenia Atherton has within her blood an undue proportion of these thyroid hormones. Now, is it overfunction of the glands, hypersecretion—or is it something else?"

No one moved as Kennedy skilfully led his disclosure along, step by step.

"That question," he began again slowly, shifting his position in the chair, "raises in my mind, at least, a question which has often occurred to me before. Is it possible for a person, taking advantage of the scientific knowledge we have gained, to devise and successfully execute a murder without fear of discovery? In other words, can a person be removed with that technical nicety of detail which will leave no clue and will be set down as something entirely natural, though unfortunate?"

It was a terrible idea he was framing, and he dwelt on it so that we might accept it at its full value. "As one doctor has said," he added, "although toxicologists and chemists have not always possessed infallible tests for practical use, it is at present a pretty certain observation that every poison leaves its mark. But then, on the other hand, students of criminology say that a skilled physician or surgeon is about the only person now capable of carrying out a really scientific murder.

"Which is true? It seems to me, at least in the latter case, that the very nicety of the handiwork must often serve as a clue in itself. The trained hand leaves the peculiar mark characteristic of its training. No matter how shrewdly the deed is planned, the execution of it is daily becoming a more and more difficult feat, thanks to our increasing knowledge of microbiology and pathology."

He has risen, as he finished the sentence,

every eye fixed on him as if he had been a master-hypnotist.

"Perhaps," he said, taking off the cylinder from the phonograph and placing on one which I knew was that which had lain in the library closet over night, "perhaps some of the things I have said will be explained by the record on this cylinder."

He had started the machine. So magical was the effect on the little audience, that I am tempted to repeat what I had already heard, yet had not myself yet been able to explain:

"How is she to-day?"

"Not much changed—perhaps not so well."

"It's all right, though. That is natural. It is working well. I think you might increase the dose one tablet."

"You're sure it is all right?"

"Oh, positively; it has been done in Europe."

"I hope so. It must be a boy—and an Atherton."

"Never fear."

No one moved a muscle. If there was anyone in the room guilty of playing on the feelings and the health of an unfortunate woman, that person must have had superb control of his own feelings.

"As you know," resumed Kennedy thoughtfully, "there are and have been many theories of sex-control. One of the latest, but by no means the only one, is that it can be done by use of the extracts of various glands administered to the mother. I do not know with what scientific authority it was stated, but I do know that some one has recently said that adrenalin, derived from the suprarenal glands, induces boys to develop; cholin, from the bile of the liver, girls. It makes no difference—in this case. There may have been a show of science. But it was to cover up a crime. Some one has been administering to Eugenia Atherton tablets of thyroid extract—ostensibly to aid her in fulfilling the dearest ambition of her soul—to become the mother of a new line of Athertons which might bear the same relation to the future of the country as the great family of the Edwards, mothered by Elizabeth Tuttle."

He was bending over the two phonograph cylinders now, rapidly comparing the new one which he had made and that which he had just allowed to reel off its astounding revelation.

"When a voice speaks into a phonograph," he said, half to himself, "its modu-



lations, received on the diaphragm, are written by a needle-point upon the surface of a cylinder or disk, in a series of fine waving or zigzag lines of infinitely varying depth and breadth. Doctor Marage and others have been able to distinguish vocal sounds by the naked eye on phonograph records. Mr. Edison has studied them with the microscope in his world-wide search for the perfect voice.

"In fact, now it is possible to identify voices by the records they make, to get at the precise meaning of each slightest variation of the lines with mathematical accuracy, and they can no more be falsified than handwriting can be forged so that modern science cannot detect it, or typewriting concealed and attributed to another machine. The voice is like a finger-print, a *portrait parlé*—unescapable."

He glanced up, then back again. "This microscope shows me," he said, "that the voices on that cylinder you heard are identical with two on this record which I have just made in this room. Walter," he said, motioning to me, "look!"

I glanced into the eyepiece and saw a series of lines and curves, peculiar waves lapping together and making an appearance in some spots almost like tooth-marks. Although I did not understand the details of the thing, I could readily see, by study, one might learn as much about it as about loops, whorls, and arches on finger-tips.

"The upper and lower lines," he explained, "with long regular waves on that highly magnified section of the record, are formed by the voice with no overtones. The three lines in the middle, with rhythmic ripples, show the overtones."

He paused a moment and faced us. "Many a person," he resumed, "is a biotype in whom a full complement of what are called inhibitions never develops. That is part of your eugenics. Throughout life, and in spite of the best of training, that person reacts now and then to a certain stimulus, directly. A man stands high; once a year he falls with a lethal quantity of alcohol.

"The voice that interests me most on these records," he went on, emphasizing the words with one of the cylinders which he still held, "is that of a person who has been working on the family pride of another. That person has persuaded the other to administer to Eugenia an extract,

because 'it must be a boy and an Atherton.' That person is a high-class defective, born with a criminal instinct, reacting to it in an artful way. Thank God, the love of a man whom theoretical eugenics condemned roused us in——"

A cry at the door brought us all to our feet, with hearts thumping as if they were bursting.

It was Eugenia Atherton, wild-eyed, erect, staring.

I stood aghast at the vision. Was she really to be the lady Madeline in this fall of the house of Atherton?

"Edith—I—I missed you. I heard voices. Is—is it true—what this man—says? Is my—my baby——"

Quincy Atherton leaped forward and caught her as she reeled. Quickly Craig threw open a window for air, and, as he did so, leaned far out and blew shrilly on a police whistle.

The young man looked up from Eugenia, over whom he was bending, scarcely heeding what else went on about him. Still, there was no trace of anger on his face, in spite of the great wrong that had been done him. There was room for only one great emotion—only anxiety for the poor girl who had suffered so cruelly, merely for taking his name.

Kennedy saw the unspoken question in his eyes.

"Eugenia is a pure normal, as Doctor Crafts told you," he said gently. "A few weeks, perhaps only days, of treatment—the thyroid will revert to its normal state—and Eugenia Gilman will be the mother of a new house of Atherton which may eclipse even the proud record of the founder of the old."

"Who blew the whistle?" demanded a gruff voice at the door, as a tall bluecoat puffed past the scandalized butler.

"Arrest that woman," pointed Kennedy. "She is the poisoner. Either as wife of Burroughs, whom she fascinates and controls as she does Edith, she planned to break the will of Quincy or, in the other event, to administer the fortune as head of the eugenics foundation after the death of Doctor Crafts, who would have gone after Eugenia and Quincy Atherton."

I followed the direction of Kennedy's accusing finger. Maude Schofield's face betrayed more than even her tongue could have confessed.

# Why Vivisection?

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—It is believed by many people that the growing opposition to vivisection is based solely on the love of tender-hearted people for dumb animals, and horror of the pain and discomfort inflicted upon them. But there are more important reasons, and they have no foundation in mere sentiment. In order to acquaint our readers with these, *Cosmopolitan* has asked the President of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society, who has gone deep into the subject, to present in concise form the reasons for opposing modern vivisection methods. You will find this article worthy of serious thought and study.

By Diana Belais

*President of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society*

**W**HEN the New York Anti-Vivisection Society was founded, in 1908, there were only three or four state societies existent outside of New York state; there was but slight activity in regard to the matter, and any considerable public appreciation or understanding of vivisection as a danger and detriment to the human race

was non-existent. Now, however, in six short years we can but note with satisfaction that the public not only knows

animal, and in moral and physical danger to mankind.

The wide campaign carried on since 1908, all the societies uniting and putting forth energetic effort, has resulted in a noteworthy change in public sentiment, which was clearly expressed during the recent Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protective Congress held in Washington, D. C., in December. Moral support was extended to it by public men and women of various callings, as well as by prominent people in

what vivisection is, but is beginning

to feel forcibly what it means both as to mental and physical suffering in the lower

private life. But the real test of the spread of anti-



Does this benefit human beings? If not, why should lovers of animals have their pets subjected to such treatment as shown in the illustrations to this article?

vivisection knowledge, of anti-vivisection principles, of anti-vivisection morality and influence lay in the space and sympathetic treatment given by the press to this congregation of reformers.

So anti-vivisection has come into its own, and it will not be many years before we shall see the overthrow of the claim of the vivisectors, who say that the end justifies the means—quite unwarrantably assuming that the end will be just what they assert.

What are these assertions?

The first is, that, without animal vivisection, medical science cannot progress and, consequently, that man, if vivisection is prohibited, must die "early and often."

To my mind, this favorite deception in his propaganda is the most baleful of any that the vivisector practises; because it ignores the wonderful cures that are made by methods of healing entirely dissociated from vivisection; because it sweeps aside the experience and opinions of many medical men whose positions and authority entitle them to high consideration; because it ignores the many dangers, failures, and fatalities of the cures offered by the vivisectioning school, and because it inculcates the idea of subjection to disease, subtly instilling into the human mind the expectancy of physical ills, which in itself may be provocative of a decreased disease-resisting power.

The second is, that the vivisector has never committed an act of cruelty himself or has never seen one committed by others. He refers, here, to the use of anesthetics, and attempts to gain a public sufferance to which he is not entitled. The medical records themselves tell their own story.

#### THE VIVISECTOR'S CREED

Several years ago a request was sent out to leading physicians requesting an opinion upon the question of vivisection. The principle of action, the confession of faith of the pro-vivisectioning fraternity was given out as follows:

"Vivisection, or experimentation upon living creatures, must be looked at simply as a matter of studying the phenomena of life. With morality, it has nothing to do. It should be subject neither to criticism, supervision, nor restriction of any kind. It may be used to any extent desired by any experimenter (no matter what degree of extreme or prolonged pain it may involve) for demonstration before students of the

statements contained in their text-books, and as an aid to memory, for confirmation of theories, for original research, or for any conceivable purpose of investigation into vital phenomena. We consider that sentiment has no place in the physiological laboratory, that animals have no rights which man is called upon to notice or respect, that science cannot be cruel when her sole purpose is to investigate or demonstrate. And, finally, while we claim many discoveries of value in the treatment of human ailments to have been due to experiments upon animals, yet even these we regard as of secondary importance to the freedom of unlimited research and the independence of science from all restrictions or restraint."

#### WHAT SOME MEDICAL MEN SAY

Let us quote some statements of well-known medical men.

Says Professor Halliburton in his "Hand-book of Physiology," "The sleep of anesthesia is a pathological condition due to the action of a poison, and experience of vivisection, as it is taught and as it is carried out, shows that experiments frequently require partial or perfect freedom from that condition."

Professor Brodie, in "Stimulation of the Sciatic Nerve," states that "the only completely satisfactory method of obtaining a pure pressor effect is to previously curarize the animal." Curare, be it known, was described by Tennyson as "hellish," and by Claude Bernard, the notorious vivisector, as "accompanied by the most atrocious suffering which the imagination of man can conceive." Curare paralyzes the motor nerves so that even the slightest movement is impossible; but the nerves of sensation, those which convey pain, remain in full sensitiveness. Professor Holmgren says that "this venom is the most cruel of all poisons. It changes us into a living corpse, which knows everything but is unable to move a single muscle."

Sir W. Thornley Stoker, M.D., F.R.S., before the English Royal Commission on Vivisection, stated, "I think that experiments on dogs ought to be allowed *with the greatest reserve, because these creatures feel so much.*"

"Their nervous system is higher, is that it?" he was asked.

"Yes, and the amount of terror a dog



Cat on operating-board, stretched  
The legs are clamped with looped holders.  
The gag is in the mouth. Instruments

and fastened for vivisection  
The head is held immovable by forked pieces.  
for the experiment are on the table

feels, even in being put under chloroform, is painful to witness."

"Did I understand you to say," went on the examiner, "that you object to demonstration on dogs because it is difficult to put them under complete anesthesia without their dying?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "it is."

In Pawlow's "The Work of the Digestive Glands," is described how pancreatic fistulae were established in several dogs. One morning, the experimenter found that one of the dogs had torn down part of the laboratory wall, to which it was chained, and was lying in the pulverized mortar trying to relieve the pain caused by the corrosion due to the constant trickling of the pancreatic juice. Next morning, he found that the dog, in its frenzied efforts to save itself, had torn down another part of the wall.

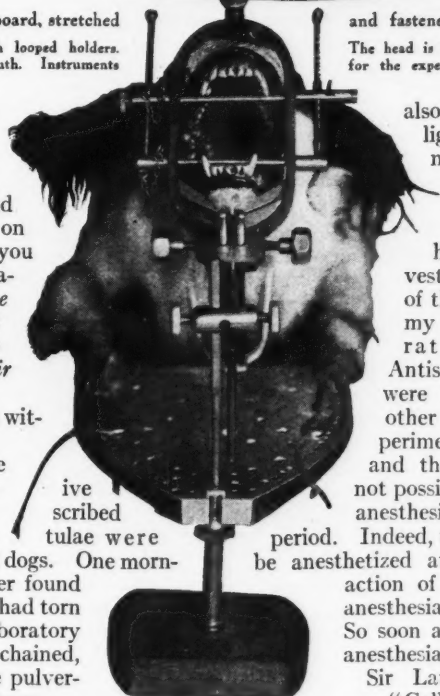
Try, my readers, to imagine the intense misery which drove this dog to tearing down the wall in order to get relief. And

also try to realize the intelligence shown by this animal in thinking out and securing its own palliative.

Dr. V. de Bonis, in his "Experimental Investigation of the Function of the Kidneys," says: "In my experiments I used rather large dogs. . . . Antiseptics or anesthetics were never used." In another vivisection—"the experiment lasted twenty hours and thirty minutes." (It is not possible to keep dogs under anesthesia for a protracted period. Indeed, they with difficulty can be anesthetized at all, since the heart action of the dog cannot resist anesthesia as can that of man. So soon as a dog is truly under anesthesia, it dies.)

Sir Lauder Brunton, in his "Collected Papers," says: "Large dog experimented on. . . . It took about two ounces of chloroform, which was applied on a thick towel, before it was anesthetized, though no doubt the greater part of this was lost in the application."

In Lautenschlager's "Catalogue of Apparatus and Appliances for Experiments with Animals," (translated into many lan-



Dog stretched on operating-board with head-holder attached, ready for vivisection experiment on throat or larynx

Note the construction of the steel gag

guages, showing the widespread hold of vivisection, and issued by the largest vivisection-instrument manufacturers in the world), it says: "Dogs suitable to this [operation] board may easily be stretched there without the use of narcotics. . . . Head-holder is made entirely of steel and thoroughly well worked, so that no accident can happen even with the strongest animals under operation, *experience having taught the necessity of having this instrument made of the strongest material.*" Imagine suffering so great as to enable a dog to break down the steel apparatus holding it.

In one of our New York city institutes, there was selected for vivisection purposes a cat which was shortly to have her kittens. This vivisector was not deterred by this fact and took out its kidneys inserting, in their place, the kidneys of another cat. This, in itself, would seem cruel enough—but no—there was one more agony reserved for the helpless victim. It was kept alive and allowed to suffer the throes of motherhood, to the natural agony of which was added *the straining and dragging of parturition upon the frightful wounds, internal and external, already inflicted.*

From one of our New York city laboratories the following is reported: "I saw Dr. M— inject a horse with nearly half a gallon of turpentine. They injected it into his chest with long syringes. After the injection they put him into a box-stall: he stood for a while, but was soon lying down and rolling with pain. The horse was injected at two P. M. and he died about 5:15 A. M. All night long the horse was rolling on the floor, because his lungs were burning with the turpentine. Other horses were experimented on in the same way."

#### THE HUMAN BEING AND ANIMAL VIVISECTION

And now we come to the human being, upon whom the vivisector declares the final experiment must always be made. Can we philosophically contemplate being ourselves the subject of experimentation? And yet the temptation to utilize us as vivisection material is overwhelming, because of the difference in the organization of animals and ourselves. This *idée fixe* is a dangerous thing when its field of activity is human life, flesh, and blood; nevertheless, the passing from animals to man as experimental material is the natural, self-

evident, and inevitable step for the vivisector to take.

Thousands of children have been experimented upon with tuberculin, with vaccines, with syphilitic cultures, and so forth.

In the Cincinnati Hospital there occurred the startling experience, reported by Dr. S. P. Kramer, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (May 3, 1913), of eight deaths of children, all under ten years of age, immediately following the administration of anti-meningitis serum. Other reports describe similar deaths.

These impressive facts need no comment. When an explanation was attempted, it was stated that, as meningitis is a highly fatal disease, there is some "small risk!"

#### PERILS OF SERA AND VACCINES

It takes something besides courage to contemplate these facts with calmness. We recoil from the thought that into the blood of tender children (yours, perchance,) the pro-vivisectioning doctor will certainly, (given the opportunity) inject some vitiating substance which may possibly cause death, or certainly an impure, devitalized life-stream. The school-child knows that upon pure blood rests health of body and mind. Shall we, then, imperil the treasures of health and life by subjecting our nearest and dearest to the vivisectioning doctor with his sera-vaccine treatment?

Take diphtheria antitoxin, for instance. The mortality percentage has never been as low for antitoxin as it has been for other remedies. Doctor Neumann, of Potsdam, found that, in his own practice, without serum there was an average of only 1.6 per cent. mortality as against 15.4 per cent. in the city infirmary where serum treatment was used. Lueddeken, using cyanide of mercury, reported a mortality of 1.2 per cent. Hulol and Goubeau, employing perchloride of mercury, report a mortality of 4.7 per cent. Kastorsky, using an alcoholic solution of menthol, treated thirty-seven successive cases without a death. The latest reports of Metropolitan Asylums Board, England, show: Without antitoxin (in 583 cases), mortality 1.88 per cent.; with antitoxin (in 4839 cases), mortality 10.18 per cent.

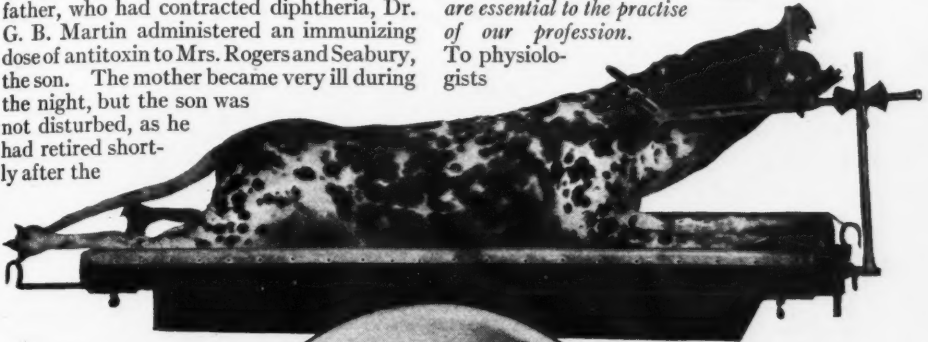
Hundreds, if not thousands, of deaths have occurred after the use of the antitoxin serum. The death of Prof. Robert Langerhaus' perfectly healthy little son, a few



minutes after the injection, is a sample of its fatal energy.

The facts of another impressive case are as follows, summarized by the Michigan City (Indiana) *News*: "At the request of the father, who had contracted diphtheria, Dr. G. B. Martin administered an immunizing dose of antitoxin to Mrs. Rogers and Seabury, the son. The mother became very ill during the night, but the son was not disturbed, as he had retired shortly after the

concerned. Their calling is not identical with ours. Their associating with us is the cause that some of our colleagues have lost the moral health, the habits of gentleness, of kindness, of compassion, which are essential to the practise of our profession. To physiologists

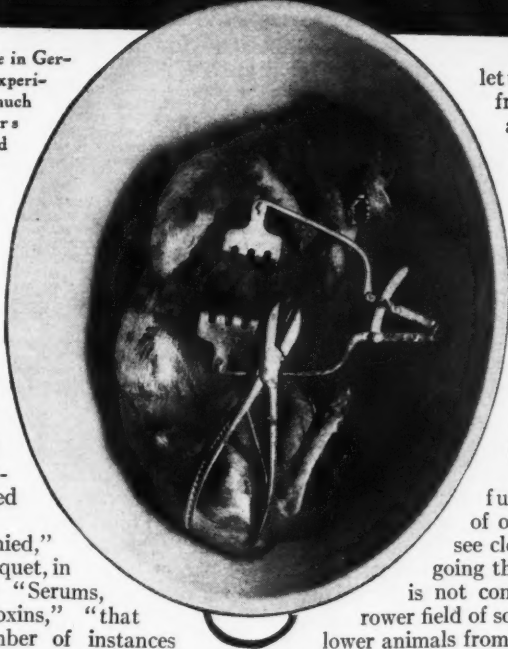


Operating-board made in Germany especially for experiments on dogs. It is much used by vivisectors throughout the world

injection, complaining of feeling very tired. The next morning his dead body was found in his room. Apparently he was preparing to go to bed and was partially undressed when the antitoxin accomplished its deadly work."

"It cannot be denied," says Doctor Bosanquet, in his text-book on "Serums, Vaccines, and Toxins," "that in a certain number of instances the injection of diphtheria antitoxin has been followed by death, directly attributed to the action of the serum."

The vivisector does not stand unimpeached by his colleagues. Read: Doctor Ph. Mareschal, in *Le Mèdecin*, (Sept. 8, 1907) says: "As to vivisectors, let them be altogether separated from the medical profession, so far as their studies are



This poor dog is here the vivisector's victim for at least the second time. A large wound in its neck from a previous experiment may be seen. Now, some of its vital organs are exposed

let us say: 'Stand apart from us and as far away as possible. Go on mangling and torturing, since the law does not actually forbid your doing so, but would that the state declined to label you as medical men, for there is deep incompatibility between your profession and ours.'

Space forbids further elaboration of our subject, but we see clearly from the foregoing that anti-vivisection is not confined to the narrower field of solely protecting the lower animals from the cruelty of the more powerful animal, man. In truth, it embraces the protection of man, in his health, life, and morals, from his mistaken or unscrupulous

brother man; from the obsessions of a cruel and selfish age, sadly given over to materialism, sadly lacking in ethical insight and comprehension, feeling, and aspiration.

# The Hidden Children

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND LOVE OF A NAMELESS WOMAN

By Robert W. Chambers

*Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.*

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

**SYNOPSIS**—The narrator is Euan Loskiel, a young ensign in Morgan's Rifles serving in central New York under General James Clinton. Loskiel, who knows nothing of his parentage, has been brought up by the wealthy tory, Guy Johnson, now a refugee in Canada. Early in 1779, General Washington determined to destroy the hostile Iroquois Confederacy, and Clinton is to assist General Sullivan in dealing the blow. A corps of scouts has been organized, which Loskiel himself is to head, and in which the chief guide is Mayaro, a Siwanois sagamore, but Mohican by adoption, who had been brought by Lieutenant Boyd and Loskiel from Westchester County for the purpose. While in Westchester, the sagamore had been approached by a beautiful young woman who asked him the way to Catharinstown, the Iroquois stronghold where rules the hag, Catharine Montour, and where also dwells the sorcerer, Anochol, and a band of Eries who serve him. Loskiel meets this girl, who is known as Lois; in fact, it is through her that he finds Mayaro, whom he is seeking.

When Boyd and Loskiel return with the Indian to regimental headquarters near Otsego Lake, Lois stealthily follows. Euan's regard for her ripens into love, but the girl, suspicious of his attention at first, finally comes to have for him a deep and tender affection—a feeling of comradeship—which she does not as yet recognize as true love. She tells him that she wishes to go to Catharinstown because she believes that her mother is there. Every year she receives a mysterious message to seek "her who bore you," in the vale Yndaia, near Catharinstown. Like Euan, she has been brought up as a founding, and is ignorant of her real parentage, but from a packet that was found on her, it is evident that her mother is the daughter of a French adventurer, Joncaire, and her father the Vicomte Louis-Jean de Contrecoeur, known as Jean Cœur, Joncaire's deputy, who died unmarried—so it is recorded in France—in the Battle of Lake George, in 1755. But Lois thinks that if her father took a wife in America, the fact may not have been known to his family. There is further evidence that Lois had, at some period of her life, been in Catharinstown and had been saved from a sacrificial rite practised by the Seneca sorcerers.

Euan sends to Albany for an outfit suitable to a young woman of high standing, and Lois becomes instantly popular in the little social circle at the fort. He also arranges that she shall be provided with money to meet her needs. He further induces the girl to abandon her project of making the dangerous journey to Catharinstown and swears that he will bring back news or bring her mother herself to her. He leaves her under the chaperonage of Mrs. Captain Blecker, whose husband's regiment is to be left behind to guard the valley, and who also has under her protection a coquettish young woman, Magdalene (Lana) Helmer, whom Euan has known since he was a boy.

Euan and five Indian scouts start out to make a path for the main expedition. The little band is composed of Mayaro—who, as a mark of loyalty, has already performed the rite of blood-brotherhood with Loskiel—two Oneidas, a Stockbridge Indian, and a Wyandotte. Of the last, Euan is at once suspicious, but he learns that the Indian has been highly recommended by Colonel Broadhead, commanding the left wing of the army, for his knowledge of the rivers which the party must follow. Nevertheless, Loskiel resolves to keep a close watch on him.

**A**BOUT eleven o'clock on the first night out, I halted my scout of six and lay so, fireless, until sun-up. We were not far from the head of Otsego Lake; and when we marched at dawn next morning, we encountered a company of Alden's men, mending roads as usual, and later came upon an entire Continental regiment, and a company of Irregular Rifles who were marching down to the lake to try out their guns. Long after we quitted them we heard their heavy firing, and could distinguish between the loud and solid "Bang!" of the muskets and the sharper, whip-lash crack of the long rifles.

The territory that now lay before us was a dense and sunless wilderness, save for the forest openings made by rivers, lakes, and streams. And it was truly the enemy's own

country, where he roamed unchecked, except for the pickets of General Sullivan's army, which was still slowly concentrating at Tioga Point, whither my scout was now addressed.

Except for a very few places on the Ouleout, and the Iroquois towns, the region was uninhabited. But the forest was beautiful after its own somewhat appalling fashion, which was stupendous, majestic, and awe-inspiring to the verge of apprehension.

There was an Indian path all the way from the lake, good in places, in others invisible. We did not use it, fearing an ambush.

The Mohican led us; I followed him; the last Oneida marked the trees for a new and better trail, and a straighter one, not following every bend in the river. And so, in silence, we moved southward over gently sloping ground which our wagons and artil-

lery might easily follow while the bateaux fell down the river and our infantry marched on either bank, using the path where it existed. Toward ten o'clock we came within sound of the Tioga again, its softly rushing roar filling the woods; and after a while, far through the forest dusk, we saw the thin streak of sunlight marking its lonely course. Treading in file, rifles at trail and knife and hatchet loosened, we moved on swiftly just within that strip of dusk that divides the forest from the river shrub; and I saw the silver water flowing deep and smooth.

The Mohican had halted; an Oneida ran down to the sandy shore and waded out into midstream; another Oneida was peeling a square of bark from a towering pine. I rubbed the white square dry, and with a wood-coal from my pouch I wrote on it, "Ford, three feet at low water."

The Stockbridge Indian, who had stepped behind a river boulder and laid his rifle in rest across the top, still stood there watching the young Oneida in midstream who, in turn, was intently examining the river bank opposite. Nothing stirred there save some butterflies whirling around each other over a bed of purple milkweed, but we all watched the crossing, rifles ready, as the youthful Oneida waded slowly out into the full sunshine.

Presently he came to a halt, nosing the farther shore like a lean and suspicious hound at gaze. Mayaro, crouching beside me, slowly nodded.

"He has seen something," I whispered.

"And I, too," returned the Mohican.

I looked in vain until the sagamore, laying his naked arm along my cheek, sighted for me a patch of sand and water close inshore—a tiny bay, where the current clutched what floated and spun it slowly around in the sunshine.

Suddenly the young Oneida in midstream shrank aside, flattening his yellow painted body against a boulder, and almost at the same instant a rifle spoke.

I heard the bullet smack against the boulder; then the Mohican leaped past me. For an instant, the ford boiled under the silent rush of the Oneidas, the Stockbridge Indian, and the Mohican; then they were across, and I saw the willows sway and toss where they were chasing something human that bounded away through the thicket. I could even mark, without seeing a living soul, where they caught it, and where it was

fighting madly, but in utter silence, while they were doing it to death—so eloquent were the feathery willow-tops of the tragedy that agitated each separate, slender stem.

Suddenly I turned and looked at the Wyandotte, squatting motionless beside me. Why he had remained when the red pack started, I could not understand, and with that confused thought in mind I rose, ran down to the water's edge, the Wyandotte following without a word.

A few yards below the ford, a giant walnut tree had fallen, spanning the stream to a gravel spit; I crossed like a squirrel on this, the burly Wyandotte at my heels, and ran up the willow gully.

They were already dragging out what they had killed, and I came up to them and looked down on the slain man who had so rashly brought destruction upon his own head. He wore no paint; he was not a warrior but a hunter.

"St. Regis," said the Mohican briefly.

"The poor fool!" I said sadly.

The young Oneida in yellow slapped the scalp against a tree-trunk carelessly, as though we could not easily see by his blazing eyes that this was his first scalp taken in war. Then he washed the blade of his knife in the river, wiped it dry and sheathed it, and squatted down to braid the dead hair into the hunter's lock.

We found his still smoldering fire and some split fish baking in green leaves—nets, hooks, spears, and a bark shoulder-basket. And he had been a king's savage truly enough, foraging, no doubt, for Brant or Butler, who had great difficulty in maintaining themselves in a territory which they had so utterly laid waste—for we found in his tobacco-pouch a few shillings and pennies, and some pewter buttons stamped "Butler's Rangers." Also I discovered a line of writing signed by old John Butler himself, recommending the St. Regis to one Captain Service, an uncle of Sir John Johnson, and a great villain who recently had been shot dead by David Elerson, one of my own riflemen, while attempting to brain Tim Murphy with an ax.

The Oneida youth sat industriously braiding his first trophy; the others had rekindled the embers of the dead man's fire, and were now parching his raw corn and dividing the baked river-trout into six portions. Mayaro and I ate apart, seated together upon a knoll whence we could look down

## The Hidden Children

upon the river and upon the fire, which I now ordered to be covered.

From where I sat I could see the burly Wyandotte, squatting with the others at his feed. Somehow, though I knew not why, there was about this Indian an indefinable something not entirely reassuring to me; yet, just what it might be, I was not able to say.

Truly enough he had a most villainous countenance, what with his native swarthinness and his broken and dented nose, so horridly embellished with a gash of red paint. He was broad and squat and fearfully powerful, being but a bulk of gristly muscle.

The Oneida youth had now braided and oiled his scalp and was stretching it on a willow hoop, very busy with the pride and importance of his work. I glanced at Mayaro and caught a gleam of faint amusement in his eyes; but his features remained expressionless enough, and it seemed to me that his covert glance rested on the Wyandotte more often than on anybody.

The Mohican, as was customary among all Indians when painted for war, had also repainted his clan ensign, and the Ghost Bear rearing on its hind quarters was now brilliantly outlined in scarlet. But he also wore what I had never seen any other Indian wear when painted for any ceremony in North America. For, just below the scarlet bear, was drawn in sapphire blue the ensign of his strange clan-nation—the Spirit Wolf, or Werwolf. And a double ensign worn by any priest, hunter, or warrior, I had never before beheld.

As I salted my parched corn and ate it, sitting cross-legged on my hillock, my eyes wandered from one Indian to another, and I saw that my Oneida youth wore the little Turtle, as did his comrade; that the Stockbridge Indian had painted a Christian cross over his tattooed clan-totem and that the squatting Wyandotte wore the Hawk in brilliant yellow.

"What is yonder fellow's name?" I asked Mayaro, dropping my voice.

"Black Snake," replied the Mohican.

"Oh! He seems to wear the Hawk."

The sagamore's face grew smooth and blank, and he made no comment.

"That clan does not exist among the Eastern nations?"

"Clans die out; clans are born; clans are altered with the years, Loskiel."

"I never heard of the Hawk Clan at Guy Park," said I.

"It exists among the Senecas."

"And apparently among the Wyandottes."

"Apparently."

I said in a low voice:

"Yonder Huron differs from any Indian I ever knew. Yet, in what he differs I cannot say. This Wyandotte may have Seneca blood in him."

The sagamore made no answer, and after a moment I said:

"Why not confess, Mayaro, that you also have been perplexed concerning this stranger from Fort Pitt? Why not admit that you have your eye on him—have been furtively studying him?"

"Mayaro has two eyes. For what are they unless to observe?"

"Very well," I said, vexed, but quite aware that no questions of mine could force the sagamore to speak unless he was entirely ready. "I suppose that there exist no real grounds on which to suspect this Wyandotte. But you know as well as do I that he crossed not the river with the others when they did to death that wretched St. Regis hunter. Also, that there are Wyandottes in our service at Fortress Pitt, I did not know before."

I waited a moment, but the Mohican said nothing.

Presently I rose, went down to the fire, to be certain no living spark remained, chatted a moment with the Oneida youth, praising him till, under all his modesty, I saw he was like to burst with pride, then gave the signal for departure.

"Nevertheless," I added, addressing them all, "this is not a scalping party; it is the six eyes of an army spying out a way through this wilderness, so that our wagons, artillery, horses, and cattle may pass in safety to Tioga Point. Let the sagamore strike each tree to be marked, as he leads forward. Let the Mole repeat the blow unless otherwise checked. Then shall the Oneida, Gray Feather, mark clearly the tree so doubly designated. The Oneida, Tahoontowhee, covers our right flank, marching abreast of the Mohican; the Wyandotte, Black Snake, covers our left flank, keeping the river bank in view. March!"

All that afternoon we moved along south and west, keeping in touch with the Sus-

quehanna, which here is called Oak Creek. We scouted the region thoroughly, routing out nothing save startled deer or a band of wild turkeys that, bewildered, ran headlong among us so that Tahoontowhee knocked over two with his rifle-butt, and, slinging them to his shoulders, went forward buried in plumage, like some monstrous feathered goblin of the forest.

Filing in perfect silence, save for the light sound of a hatchet and the slithering of sappy bark, I had noticed, or thought I noticed, that the progress of the Wyandotte was less quiet than ours.

Once or twice I thought I heard a small stone fall to the willow gully, as though accidentally dislodged by his swiftly passing moccasins. Once, at any rate, I caught the glimmer of the sun striking some bit of metal on him, where he had incautiously ranged outside the protecting shadow-belt.

That these things were purely accidental I felt sure, yet I did not care to have them repeated. And for a long while there was neither sound nor sun-glitter from him. Then, without even a glance or a word for me, the Mohican quietly dropped back from the lead, and moved swiftly on a diagonal course to the left, which brought him in the tracks of the Wyandotte.

He continued on that course for a while, I taking his place in the lead, and the Wyandotte unconscious that he was followed. Then the sagamore came gliding into our file again, and as he passed me to resume his lead, he whispered:

"Halt, and return along the bank. The Black Snake has overrun a ford where there are signs for my brother to read and consider."

I turned sharply and lifted my hand, and, as the file halted, I caught a glimpse of the Oneida, Tahoontowhee, on our right, and motioned him to cross, head the Wyandotte, and return with him. And when in a few moments he came toward us, followed by the Huron, I said, addressing them all:

"There should be a ford hereabouts, and I think we have accidentally overrun it. Did you see nothing that might indicate it, Black Snake, my brother?"

There was a furtive flicker of the Wyandotte's eyes; then he said very coolly that he had seen no rifle that might indicate shallow water, but that there was a ford not far below.

"Halt here," said I, pretending to remain

still unconvinced. "Sagamore, do you come with me a rod or so up-stream."

"There is no ford within a rod or two," said the Wyandotte stolidly.

And, after we had left the others, the Mohican murmured, as we hastened on,

"No, not within one rod or two, but the third rod marks it."

Presently, speeding under the outer fringe of trees, I caught sight of a thin line across the water, slanting from shore to shore.

"He might have overlooked that," said I.

The sagamore's visage became very smooth; and we climbed down among the willows toward the sand below, and there the Mohican dropped on his hands and knees. Directly under his eyes I saw the faint print of a moccasin. Startled, I said nothing; the Mohican studied the print for a few moments, then, crouching, crept forward among the sand-willows. I followed; and at long intervals I could make out the string of moccasin tracks.

"Could it be the St. Regis?" I whispered. "He may have been here spearing fish."

"Maybe St. Regis," he said.

We had now crept nearly to the edge of the water, the dry and scarcely discernible tracks leading us. But they were no fresher in the damp sand. However, the Mohican did not seem satisfied, so we pulled off our thigh moccasins and waded out.

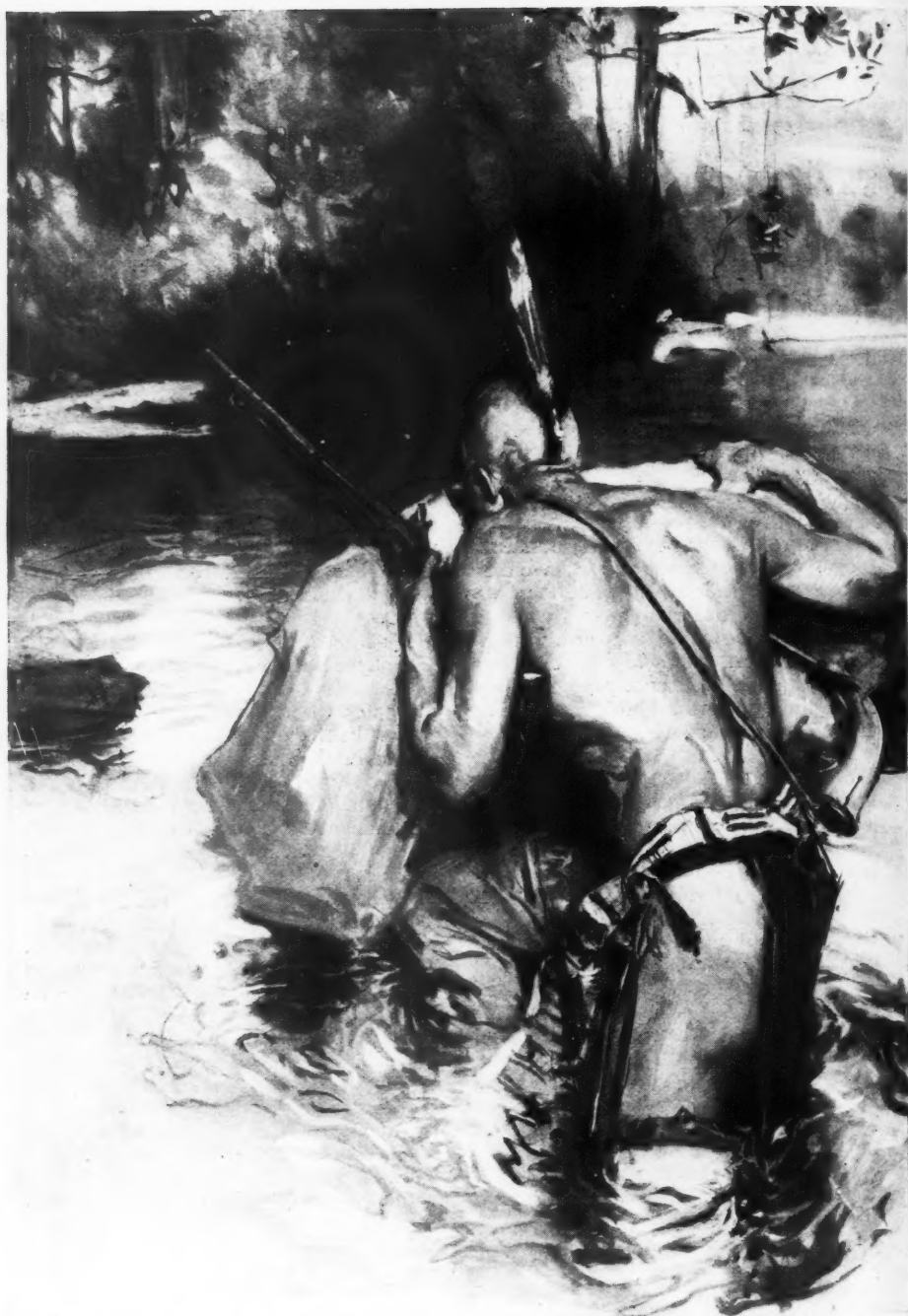
Although the water looked deep enough along the unseen reef, yet we found nowhere more than four feet, and so crossed to the other side. But before I could set foot on the shelving sand, the Mohican pulled me back into the water and pointed. There was no doubting the sign we looked upon. A canoe had landed here within an hour, and had been pushed off again with a paddle, without anybody landing.

Which way had it gone, up-stream or down? If it had gone up-stream, the Wyandotte must have seen it and passed it without reporting it. In other words, he was a traitor. But if the canoe had gone down-stream from this spot, there was nothing to prove that the Wyandotte had seen it. In fact, there was every probability that he had not seen it at all. And I said as much to the sagamore.

"Maybe," he replied calmly.

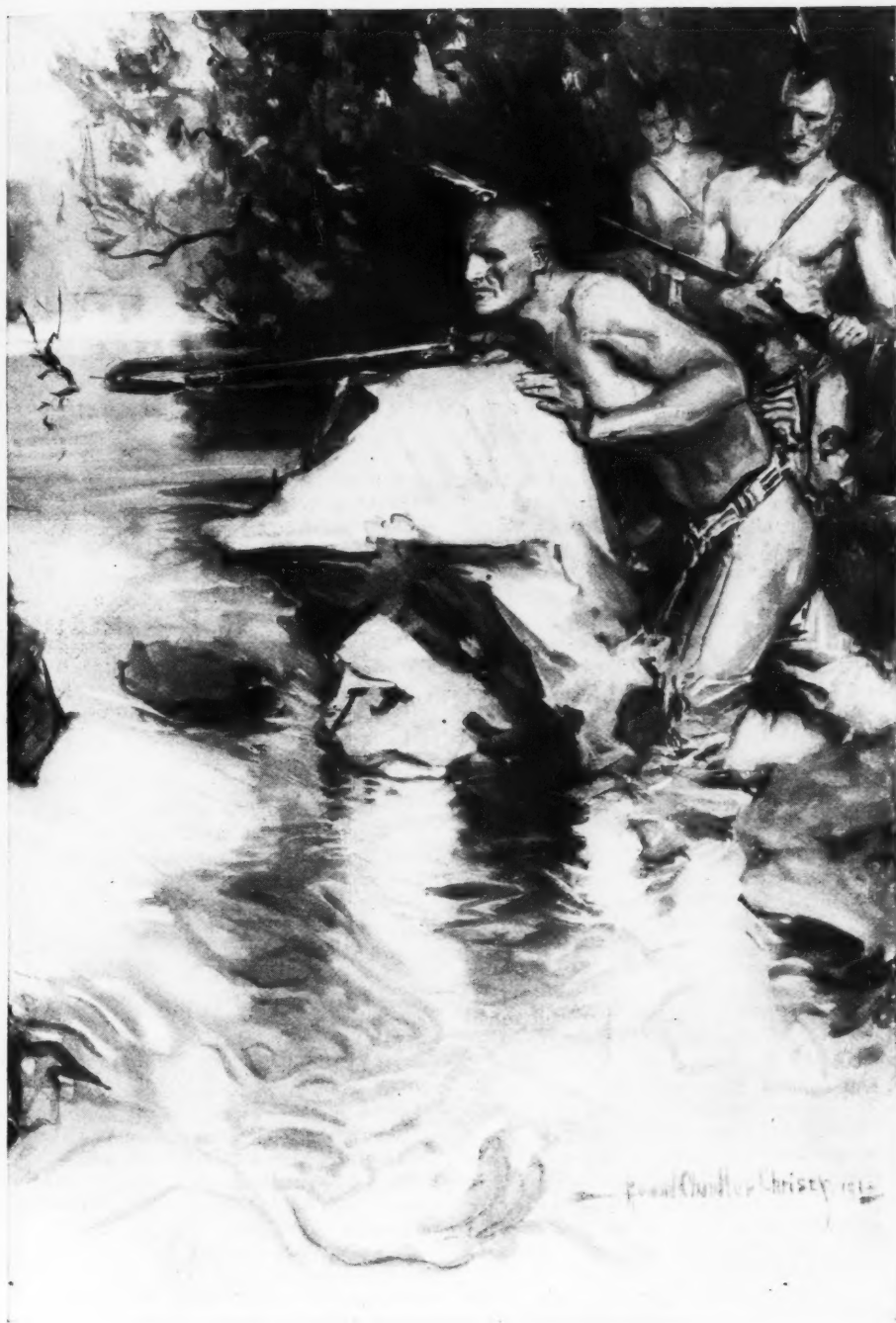
We now cautiously recrossed the stream. After we had dressed, I marked the trees from the ford across the old path, and





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Suddenly the young Oneida in midstream shrank aside, flattening his yellow



yellow  
painted body against a boulder, and almost at the same instant a rifle spoke

so through to our main, spotted trail; the Mohican peeled a square of bark; I wiped the white spot dry, and wrote with my wood-coal the depth of water at the crossing; then we moved swiftly forward to join the halted scouts.

Mayaro said to me: "We have discovered old moccasin tracks, but no ford and no canoe marks. It is not necessary for the Black Snake to know."

"Very well," said I calmly. "Do you suspect him?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. But—he *once wore his hair in a ridge.*"

"What!"

"I looked down on him while he ate fish at the St. Regis fire. He has not shaved his head since two weeks. There is a thin line dividing his head, where the hairs at their roots are *bent backward*. Much oil and brushing make hairs grow that way."

"But—what Indians wear their hair that way?"

"*The Eries!*"

I stared at him without comprehension, for I knew an Erie scalp when I saw one.

"*Not the warriors,*" he added quietly.

"What in heaven's name do you mean?" I demanded. But we were already within sight of the others, and I heeded the cautioning touch of his hand on my arm.

When we came up to them I said,

"There are no rifles to indicate a ford"—which was true enough—"and on the sand were only moccasin tracks a week old."

"The Black Snake saw them," said the Wyandotte frankly and calmly.

"Why did not the Black Snake report them?" I asked.

"They were St. Regis, and a week old, as my brother says."

"Nevertheless," said I, "we will range out on either flank as far as the ford, which should be less than a mile down-stream." And I placed the Wyandotte between both Oneidas and on the forest side. I myself led, notching the trail and keeping a lively eye to the left, wherever I caught a glimpse of water. Presently the Mohican halted in view of the river bank, making a sign for me to join him.

"A canoe has passed," said the saga-more calmly.

"What! You saw it?"

"No, Loskiel. But there was spray on a boulder in a calm pool."

"Perhaps a deer crossed."

"No; the drops were many, but they lay like the first drops of a rain, separate and distinct."

"A great fish leaping might have splattered it."

"There was no wash against the rock from any fish-swirl."

"Then you believe that there is a canoe ahead of us, going with the current?"

"An hour ahead—less, I think."

"Why an hour?"

"The sun is low; the river boulders are not hot. Water might dry on them in an hour or less. These drops were nearly dry, save one or two."

"A careless paddle-stroke did it," I said.

"*No Indian is careless.*"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, Loskiel, that the boulder was splashed purposely, or that there are white men in that canoe."

"Splashed purposely?"

"Perhaps. The Black Snake had the river-watch—until you changed our stations."

"You think it might have been a sign for him from possible confederates?"

"Maybe. Maybe clumsy white men."

"What white men? Do you mean a scalping party of Butler's men?"

"Maybe."

We had been walking swiftly while we spoke together in low and guarded tones; now I nodded my comprehension, sheered off to the right, took the trail-lead, replacing the Stockbridge Mole, and signaled the nearest Oneida, Gray Feather, to join Mayaro on the left flank. This made it necessary for me to call the Wyandotte into touch, which I did; and the other Oneida, the Night Hawk, or Tahoontowhee, closed in from the extreme outer flank.

The presence of that canoe worried me, nor could I find any explanation for it.

If it was now within an hour of us, and going with the current, it must at one time have been close to us—in fact, just ahead and within sight of the Wyandotte, if, indeed, it had not come silently down-stream from behind us and shot past us in plain view of the Black Snake.

Was the Wyandotte a traitor? For only he could have seen this. And I own that I felt more comfortable having him on our right flank in the forest and away from the river, and, as I notched my trees, I kept him in view, sideways, and pondered on the

little that I knew of him, but came to no conclusion.

Presently I saw the sagamore stop and make signs to me that the ford was in sight. Immediately I signaled the Wyandotte and the farther Oneida to close in, and a few moments later we were gathered in the forest shadow above the river.

Was there an ambush there, prepared for us? God knew!

My first and naturally cautious thought was to creep nearer and then send the Wyandotte out under cover of our clustered rifles. But if he were truly in any collusion with an unseen enemy, they would never fire on him.

"Wait for the moon," said the sagamore quietly. His low, melodious voice startled me from my thoughts, and I looked around at him inquiringly.

"I will go," said the Wyandotte, smiling.

"One man will never draw fire from an ambush," said the Gray Feather.

"Why does my younger brother of the Oneida believe that we need fear any ambush at yonder ford?" asked the Wyandotte so frankly that again I felt that I could credit no ill of him.

"Listen to the crows," returned the Oneida. "What are they saying now, Black Snake, my elder brother?"

"They have discovered an owl, perhaps," said the Wyandotte, smiling, "and are tormenting him."

"Or a mountain snake," said the sagamore blandly.

Now, what the sagamore said so innocently had two meanings. He might have meant that the cawing of the crows indicated that they were objecting to a rattle-snake sunning on some rock. Also, he might have meant to say that their short, querulous cawing betrayed the presence of Seneca Indians in ambush.

The Wyandotte turned good-humoredly to the Mohican, not pretending to misunderstand this subtle *double entendre*.

"What is the opinion of the sagamore concerning the cawing of yonder crows?" he asked lightly.

"Does my brother, the Black Snake, desire to know the sagamore's opinion?"

The Wyandotte inclined his ugly head.

"I think," said the Mohican, "that there may be a tree-cat in their vicinity."

A dead silence followed. The Wyandotte's countenance was still smiling, but I

thought the smile had stiffened and become fixed. What the Mohican had said—always with two meanings, and one quite natural and innocent—meant, if taken in its sinister sense, that not only might there be Senecas lying in ambush at the ford, but also emissaries from the red priest Amochol himself. For the forest lynx, or tree-cat, was the emblem of these people, and every Indian present knew it.

Still, also, every man there had seen crows gather around and scold a lynx lying flattened out on some arching limb.

We were gathered in a kind of natural and moss-grown rocky pulpit, some thirty feet above the stream, and with an open view down its course to the distant riffles. Beyond them the river swung southward, walling our view with its flanking palisade of living green.

"We camp here," I said quietly. "No fire, of course. Two sentinels—the Night Hawk and the Black Snake. The guard will be relieved every two hours. Wake me at the first change of watch."

I laid my watch on a rock where all could see it, and, opening my sack, fished out a bit of dried beef and a handful of parched corn. Mayaro shared with me on my motioned invitation; the others fell to in their respective and characteristic manners, the Oneidas eating like gentlemen and talking together in their low and musical voices; the Wyandotte gobbling and stuffing his cheeks like a chipmunk. The Stockbridge Mole, noiseless and mum as the occult and furry animal which gave to him his name, nibbled sparingly all alone by himself, and read in his Algonquin Testament between bites.

I said to the Mole, in a low voice,

"Brother in Christ, do you find consolation and peace in your Testament, when the whole land lies writhing under the talons and bloody beak of war?"

The Stockbridge warrior looked up.

"I read the promise of the Prince of Peace, brother, who came to the world not bearing a sword."

"He came to fulfil, not to destroy."

"So it is written, brother."

"And yet you and I, his followers, go forth armed to slay."

"To prepare a place for him—his humble instruments—lest his hands be soiled with the justice of God's wrath. What is it that we wade in blood, so that he pass with feet unsoiled?"

## The Hidden Children

"My brother has spoken."

The burning eyes of the calm fanatic were fastened on me, then they serenely reverted to the printed page on his knees.

The Gray Feather, who had been listening, said quietly:

"We Iroquois alone, among all Indians, have always acknowledged one spirit. We call him the Master of Life; you Christians call him God. And does it truly avail anything with Tharon, O my brother Loskiel, if I wear the Turtle, or if my brother the Mole paints out the Beaver on his breast with a Christian cross?"

"So that your religion be good and you live up to it, sign and symbol avail nothing with God or with Tharon," said I.

"Men wear what they love best," said the Mole, lightly touching his cross.

"But under cross and clan-ensign," said I, "lies a man's secret heart. Does the Master of Life judge any man by the color of his skin, or the paint he wears, or the clothing? Christ's friends were often beggars. Did Tharon ever ask of any man what moccasins he wore?"

The sagamore said gravely,

"Uncas went naked to the Holder of the Heavens."

It was a wonderful speech for a sagamore and an Algonquin, for he used the Iroquois term to designate the Holder of Heaven. The perfect courtesy of a Christian gentleman could go no further.

The Wyandotte wiped his powerful jaw with a handful of dead leaves, and looked coldly around at the little circle.

"Is this, then, the hour and the place to discuss such matters and irritate the Unseen?"

All eyes were instantly turned on the pagan; the Oneidas seemed troubled; the sagamore, serious. Only the Christian Indian remained placid and indifferent. But he, also, was listening.

As for me, I knew as well as did the others, what the pagan and burly Wyandotte meant.

To every Indian, air, earth, and water still remained thronged with demons. The vast and sunless wilderness was peopled with goblins and fairies. No natural phenomenon occurred except by their agency. Where the sun went after it had set, where the moon hid, the stars, the four great winds, the eight thunders—all remained mysteries to these red children of

the forest. And to these mysteries, demons held the keys.

Fur, feather, and silver scale also had souls, and slyly took council together when alone; the great trees talked to one another in forest depths; moonlit rocks conversed in secret, and peak whispered to peak above the flowing currents of the mist.

It was useless to dispute such matters with them, while every phenomenon of nature remained to them a mystery. For they had brains and a matchless imagination, and they were obliged to solve these things for themselves as best they knew how.

So, among the Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks, evil demons were few, and good fairies many; among the Cayugas, good and bad seemed fairly balanced; but among the sullen, brutal, and bestial Senecas, devils, witches, demons, and goblins were in the vast majority. And their perverted Erie priesthood was a stench in the nostrils of any orthodox sachem, and, to an ordained sagamore, an offense and sacrilege.

An owl began to hoot—one of those great, fierce cat-owls of the North. Every Indian listened.

The sagamore said pleasantly to the Wyandotte,

"It is as though he were calling the lynxes together—as Amochol the Accursed summons his Cat people to the sacrifice."

"I know nothing of Amochol and his sacrifices," said the Wyandotte carelessly.

"Yet you Wyandottes border the western gate."

The Huron shrugged.

"They say," continued the sagamore, "that the Erie priesthood learned from the Nez Percés a strange fashion."

"What fashion?" asked Gray Feather, so innocently that I could not determine whether he was playing into the sagamore's hands.

"The fashion of wearing the hair in a short, stiff ridge," said the Mohican. "Has the Black Snake ever seen it worn that way?"

"Never," said the Huron. And there was neither in his voice nor on his features the slightest tremor that we could discover.

I rose to put an end to this, for my own nerves were now on edge; and I directed the two sentinels to their posts, the Wyandotte and the Oneida, Tahoontowhee.

Then I lay down beside the Mohican.





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Yesterday Lana came to my little room in our bush house, where I sleep on a bed of balsam, and we sat there, the others being out, and she told me about Clarissa, and wept in the telling. What folly will not a woman commit for love!"

All the Indians had unrolled and put on their hunting-shirts; I spread my light blanket and pillowed my head on my pack.

I lay in my blanket and thought of Lois until, at last, I dreamed of her. But the dream was terrible, and I awoke, sweating, and found the sagamore seated upright in the darkness.

"Is it time to change the guard?" I asked.

"You have scarce yet closed your eyes, Loskiel."

"Why are you seated upright, wide awake, my brother?"

"There is evil in the wind."

"That is foolishness," said I. "Our sentinels watch. Sleep, Mayaro."

The sagamore set his mouth close to my ear. "The Wyandotte is not posted where you placed him."

"What! How do you know?"

"I went out to see. He sits on a rock, close to the water."

"Damn him!" I muttered angrily. "I'll teach him——"

"No."

The Mohican's iron grip held me.

"The Night Hawk understands. Let the Wyandotte remain unrebuked and undisturbed while I creep down to yonder ford."

"I do not intend to reconnoiter the ford until dawn," I whispered.

"Let me go, Loskiel. The Siwanois is a magic clan. Their sagamores see and hear where others perceive nothing."

"Then I go, also."

"No."

"What of our blood-brotherhood, then?"

There was a silence; then the Mohican rose, and taking my hand in his, drew me noiselessly to my feet beside him.

By sense of touch alone we lifted our rifles from our blankets, blew the powder from the pans, reprimed. Then, laying my left arm lightly on his shoulder, I followed his silent figure over the moss and down among the huge and phantom trees.

## XII

WHEN, at length, from the forest's edge, we saw starbeams splintering over broken water, cutting the flat, translucent darkness of the river with necklaces of light, we halted; for this was the ford foaming there in obscurity, with its silvery, mellow voice, unheeded in the wilderness.

Now, from where we stood the faint line

of sparkles seemed to run a little way into the darkness and vanish. But the indications were sufficient to mark the spot where we should enter the water, and, stepping with infinite precaution, we descended to the gravel. Here we stripped to the clout and laid our rifles on our moccasins, covering the pans with our hunting-shirts. Then we strapped on our war-belts, loosening knife and hatchet, and pulled over our feet our ankle-moccasins of oiled moose-hide.

Feeling my way over bed stones and bottom gravel with my feet, I moved forward with infinite caution, balancing as best I might against the current. Ankle-deep, shin-deep, knee-deep, we waded out. Presently the icy current chilled my thighs, rising to my waist-line.

Yet, here so swift was the current that I scarcely dared move, and was peering around to find the sagamore, when a shape loomed up on my left. And I reached out and rested my hand on the shadowy shoulder.

Suddenly a voice said, in the Seneca dialect, "Is it thou, Butler?"

And every drop of blood froze in my body.

God knows how I found voice to answer "yes," and how I found courage to let my hand remain upon my enemy's shoulder.

"It is I, Hiokatoo," said the low voice.

"Move forward," I said, and dropped my hand from his shoulder.

Somehow, although I could see nothing, all around me in the water, I felt the presence of living creatures. At the same moment somebody came close to me from behind, and the sagamore breathed his name in my ear. I managed to retain my presence of mind, and, laying my mouth against his ear in the darkness, I whispered:

"The Seneca, Hiokatoo, and his warriors—all around us in the water. He mistakes me for Walter Butler. They have been reconnoitering our camp."

I felt the body of the Mohican stiffen under my grasp. Then he said quietly,

"Stand still till all have passed us."

"Yes; but let no Seneca hear your Algonquin speech. If any speak, I will answer for you."

Presently a dark form took shape in the gloom and passed us without speaking; then another and another and another, all wading forward with scarce a ripple sounding against their painted bodies. Then one came up who spoke also in Seneca

dialect, saying to the Mohican that the canoe was to be sent up-stream, and asking the whereabouts of McDonald.

So they were all there, the bloody crew! But once more I found voice to order the Seneca across, saying that I would attend to the canoe. And he went on, muttering.

Two more passed. We waited in nervous silence, and as no more came, I whispered to the sagamore:

"Let us go back. If more are to come, and if there be among them Butler or McDonald or any white man, he will never mistake me for any of his fellows after he hears me speak."

The sagamore turned, the water swirling to his waist. I followed. We encountered nobody until the water began to shoal. Then, in midstream, a dark figure loomed out of the night, confronting us, and I heard him say in the Seneca language:

"Halt and turn. You travel the wrong way!"

"Go forward and mind your business!" I said, in English.

The shadowy figure seemed astounded, remaining motionless there in the ford. Suddenly he bent forward as though to see my features, and at the same instant the sagamore seized him and jerked his head under water.

But he could not hold him, for the fellow was oiled, and floundered up in the same instant. No doubt the water he had swallowed kept the yell safe in his throat, but his hatchet was out and high-swung as the sagamore grasped his wrist, holding his arm in the air. Then, holding him so, the Mohican passed his knife through the man's heart again and again; and as his victim collapsed, he eased him down into the water, turned him over, and took his shoulders between his knees.

"God!" I whispered. "Don't wait for that!" But the Siwanois warrior was not to be denied, and in a second or two the wet scalp flapped at his belt.

Rolling over and over with the current, the limp body slipped down stream and disappeared into deeper shadows. We waded swiftly toward our own shore, crawled across the gravel, drew on our clothing, and stole up into the woods above.

"They'll know it by sunrise," I said. "How many did you count?"

"Thirteen in that war-party, Loskiel. And if Butler and McDonald be with them,

that makes fifteen—and doubtless other renegades besides."

"Then we had best pull foot," said I. And I drew my knife and blazed the ford.

I heard the Mohican's low laughter.

"The Senecas will see that and destroy it. But it will drive them frantic," he said.

"Whatever they do to this tree will but mark the ford more plainly," said I.

And the Mohican laughed and laughed and patted my shoulder, as we moved fast on our back trail.

Save for the vague forms of the trees dimly discerned against the water, the darkness was impenetrable; and except for these guides, even an Indian could scarcely have moved at all.

Presently the Siwanois checked me and whispered, "Yonder squats your Wyandotte sentinel."

"Where? I cannot see him."

"On that flat rock by the deep water."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, Loskiel."

"Mayaro," said I, "what do you make of this Wyandotte?"

"He has quitted his post without orders for a spot by the deep water. A canoe could come there, and he could speak to those within it."

"That might damn a white soldier, but an Indian is different."

"He is a Wyandotte—or says he is."

"Yes; but he came with credentials from Fortress Pitt."

"Once," said the sagamore, "he wore his hair in a ridge."

"If the Eries learned that from the Nez Percés, why might not the Wyandottes also learn it?"

"He wears the Hawk."

"Yes, I know it."

"He saw the moccasin tracks in the sand at the other ford, Loskiel, and remained silent. And I believe, also, that he saw the canoe."

"Then," said I, "you mean that this Wyandotte is a traitor."

"If he be a Wyandotte at all."

"What!"

"He may be Huron; he may be a Seneca-Huron."

"What do you think?"

The Mohican's voice became quietly ferocious. "If a war-arrow ever struck this

Wyandotte between the shoulders, I think every tree-cat in the Long House would squall at the condoling council."

"You think this Wyandotte an Erie in disguise?" I asked incredulously.

"We Indians of different nations are asking that question of each other."

"What is the mind of the Gray Feather concerning this?" I asked, horrified.

"Oneida and Stockbridge begin to believe as I believe."

"That this creature is a spy engaged to lead us to our deaths? Do they believe that this self-styled Wyandotte is an infamous Erie?"

"We so believe, Loskiel. We are not yet certain."

"But you, who have taken Erie scalps, should know——"

"We know an Erie by his paint and lock, by his arms and moccasins. This man dresses and paints and conducts like no Erie I have ever seen. And yet I believe him one, and a sachem at that."

"Then, by God," said I, in a cold fury, "I will go down to the stream and put him under arrest until such time as his true colors may be properly determined!"

"Loskiel, if yonder Indian once saw in your eye that you meant to take him, he would slip between your hands like a spotted trout and be off to his comrades."

"What would you have me do?"

"Nothing, yet. My brother may remain tranquil. The Gray Feather and I are watching him. The praying Indian and Tahoontowhee understand, also. When we once are certain, the Erie dies."

"When you are certain," said I, in a fury, "I will have him properly tried by military court and hung as high as Amherst hung two of his fellow devils. I wish to God he had executed the entire nation while he was about it. For once, Sir William Johnson was wrong to interfere."

The sagamore laughed.

"Is it a custom for an ensign to pass judgment on a major-general, O Loskiel, my dear but *much younger* brother?"

I blushed hot with annoyance and shame. Of all things on earth, self-control was the most necessary quality to any officer commanding Indians.

"The sagamore is right," I said, in a mortified voice.

"The sagamore has lived longer than his younger brother," he rejoined gently. "Does

my brother desire that Mayaro shall bring in the Wyandotte?"

"Bring him," I said, and walked forward toward our camp.

Tahoontowhee stopped me with his challenge, then sprang forward at the sound of my voice.

"Men in the woods," he whispered, "creeping up from the south."

"Senecas," I said briefly. "We make a night march of it. Remain on guard here. The Gray Feather will bring your pack."

As I ascended the rocky pulpit, both the Gray Feather and the Stockbridge were standing erect and wide awake, packs strapped and slung, rifles in hand.

"Senecas," I said. "Too many for us."

"Are we not to strike?" asked the Oneida wistfully, as the Mohican came swiftly up the rock followed by the Wyandotte.

"Why did you quit your post?" I asked him bluntly.

"There was a better post and more to see on the rock," he said simply.

"You made a mistake. Your business is to obey your commanding officer. Do you understand?"

"The Black Snake understands."

"Did you discover nothing from your rock?"

"Nothing. Deer moved in the woods."

"Red deer," I said coolly.

"A July deer is in the red coat always."

"The deer you heard are red the whole year round."

"Eho! The Black Snake understands."

"Very well. Tie your pack, sling it, and shoulder your rifle. We march immediately." He seemed to be willing enough, and tied his points with alacrity. Nor could I, watching him as well as I might in so dark a spot, see anything suspicious in any movement he made.

"The sagamore leads," I said; "the Black Snake follows; I follow him; after me the Mole, and the Oneidas close the rear. Attention! Trail arms! File!"

And as we climbed out of our pulpit and descended over the moss to the soundless carpet of moist leaves,

"Silence," I said. "A sound may mean the death of us all. No matter what happens, no man is to fire without orders——"

I stopped abruptly and laid my hand on the Black Snake's hatchet-sheath, feeling it all over with my finger-tips in the dark.

"Damnation!" I said. "There are tin



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I know not how to close my letter—how to say farewell—how to let you know how truly my heart is yours. And becomes more so every hour. Women are of a multitude of kinds—until they love. Then they are of but two kinds. Of one of these kinds shall I be when I love. Not that I doubt myself, yet who can say what I shall be?"



points on the fringe. You might better wear a cow-bell. Where did you get it?"

"It was in my pack."

"You have not worn it before. Why do you wear it now?"

"It is looser in time of need."

"Very well. Stand still." I whipped out my knife and, bunching the faintly tinkling thrums in my fingers, severed the tin points and tossed them from me.

The sagamore led us in a wide arc north, then west; and there was no hope of concealing or covering our trail, for in the darkness no man could see exactly where the man in front of him set foot, nor hope to avoid the wet sand of rivulets or the soft moss which took the imprint of every moccasin as warm wax yields to the seal.

That there was in the primeval woods no underbrush, save along streams or where the windfall had crashed earthward, made traveling in silence possible.

The slope toward the river valley became steeper; we traveled along a heavily wooded hillside at an angle that steadily increased. After an hour of this, we began to feel rock under foot, and our moccasins crushed patches of reindeer-moss, dry as powder.

It was in such a place as this, or by wading through running water, that there could be any hope of hiding our trail, and as we began to traverse a vast, flat shoulder of naked rock, I saw that the Mohican meant to check and perplex any pursuit.

What was my disgust, then, to observe that the Wyandotte's moccasins were soaking wet, and that he left at every step his mark for the morning sun to dry at leisure.

Stooping stealthily, I laid my hand flat in his wet tracks, and felt the grit of sand. Accidentally or otherwise, he had stepped into some spring brook which we had crossed in the darkness. Clearly the man was a fool, or something else.

And I was obliged to halt the file and wait until the Wyandotte had changed to spare moccasins; which I am bound to say he seemed to do willingly enough. And my belief in his crass stupidity grew, relieving me of fiercer sentiments which I had begun to harbor.

So it was forward once more across the naked, starlit rock, where blueberry bushes grew from crevices, and here and there some tall evergreen.

Rattlesnakes were unpleasantly numerous here—this country being notorious for

them, especially where rocks abound. But so that they sprang their goblin rattles in the dark to warn us, we had less fear of them than of that slyer and no less deadly cousin of theirs, which moved abroad at night as they did, but was often too lazy or too vicious to warn us.

The Mohican sprang aside for one, and ere I could prevent him, the Wyandotte had crushed it. And how to rebuke him I scarcely knew, for what he had done seemed natural enough. Yet, though the Mohican seized the twisting thing and flung it far into the blueberry scrub, the marks of a bloody heel were now somewhere on the rocks for the rising sun to dry but not to obliterate. God alone knew whether such repeated evidence of stupidity meant anything worse. But now I was resolved to have done with this Indian at the first opportunity, and risk the chance of clearing myself of any charge concerning disobedience of orders.

The traveling now, save for the dread of snakes, was pleasant and open. We had been gradually ascending during the last two hours, and now we found ourselves traversing the lengthening crest of a rocky and treeless ridge.

I think we all were weary enough to drop in our tracks and sleep as we fell. But I gave no order to halt. It was promising to give me a ruder schooling than my regiment could offer me—this traveling with men who could outrun and outmarch the vast majority of white men.

It was the rock running that tired us, and I for one was grateful when we left the starlit obscurity of the ridge and began to swing downward, first through berry scrub and ground-hemlock, then into the dense blackness of the towering forest.

Presently the ground under our feet became level. A low, murmuring sound stole out of the darkness. A moment later the Mohican halted, and we caught a faint gleam in the darkness.

It was the Susquehanna.

The river was so low we could cross up to our armpits.

Wearily we picked our way down to the willows, stripped, hoisted rifles and packs, and went into the icy water. It seemed almost impossible for me to find courage and energy to dress, even after that chilling and invigorating plunge, but at last I was into my moccasins and shirt again. The

sagamore strode lightly to the lead; the Wyandotte started for the rear, but I shoved him next to the Mohican and in front of me, hating him suddenly, so abrupt and profound was my conviction that his stupidity was a studied treachery.

"That is your place," I said sharply.

"You gave no orders."

"Nor did I rescind my last order, which was that you march behind the sagamore."

"Is that to be the order of march?" he asked.

"What do you mean by questioning your officer?" I demanded.

"I am no soldier, but an Indian."

"You are employed and paid as a guide by General Sullivan, are you not? Very well. Then obey my orders to the letter, or I'll put you under arrest."

That was not the way to talk to any Indian; but such a great loathing and contempt for this Wyandotte had seized me, that I could scarce control my desire to take him by that thick, bull-throat of his and kick him into the river.

For every stupid act or omission of his—or any single one of them—might yet send us all to our deaths. And their aggregate now incensed me; for I could not see how we were entirely to escape their consequences. Again and again I was on the point of ordering a halt and having the fellow tried; but I dreaded the effect of such summary proceedings on the Oneidas and the Stockbridge, whose sense of justice was keen, and who might view with alarm such punishment meted out to mere stupidity.

It was very evident that neither they nor my Mohican had come to any definite conclusion concerning the Wyandotte. And until they did so, and until I had the unerring authority of my Indians' opinions, I did not care to go on record as either a brutal or a hasty officer.

And I was well aware that with these Indians the success of any enterprise depended entirely upon their opinion of me, and upon my personal influence with them.

Dawn was breaking before the sagamore turned his head toward me. I gave the signal to halt.

"The Ouleout," whispered Tahoontowhee, in my ear. "Here is its confluence with the Susquehanna."

The Mohican nodded, saying that we now stood on a peninsula.

I tried to make out the character of the

hillock where we stood, but it was not yet light enough to see whether the place was capable of defense.

"Sagamore," said I, "you and I will stand guard for the first two hours. Sleep, you others."

One after another unrolled his blanket and dropped where he stood. The Mohican came quietly toward me and sat down to watch the Susquehanna, his rifle across his knees. As for me, I dared not sit, much less lie flat, for fear sleep would overpower me. So I leaned against a rock, resting heavily on my rifle, and strained my sleepy eyes toward the invisible Ouleout.

Toward sunrise I caught the first glimmer of water; in fact, so near was I that I could hear the feeding trout splashing along the reaches.

Grayer, grayer grew the woods; louder sang the birds; suddenly a dazzling shaft of pink struck the forest; the first shred of mist curled, detached itself, and floated slowly upward. The sun had risen.

I shook the sleeping Oneidas, and, as they sprang to their feet, I pointed out their posts to them, laid my rifle on my sack, and dropped where I stood like a lump of lead.

I was aroused toward nine by the Mohican, and sat up as wide awake as a disturbed tree-cat, instantly ready for trouble.

"An Oneida on the Ouleout," he said.

"Where?"

"Yonder—just across."

"Friendly?"

"He has made the sign."

"An ambassador?"

"A runner, not a belt-bearer."

"Bring him to me."

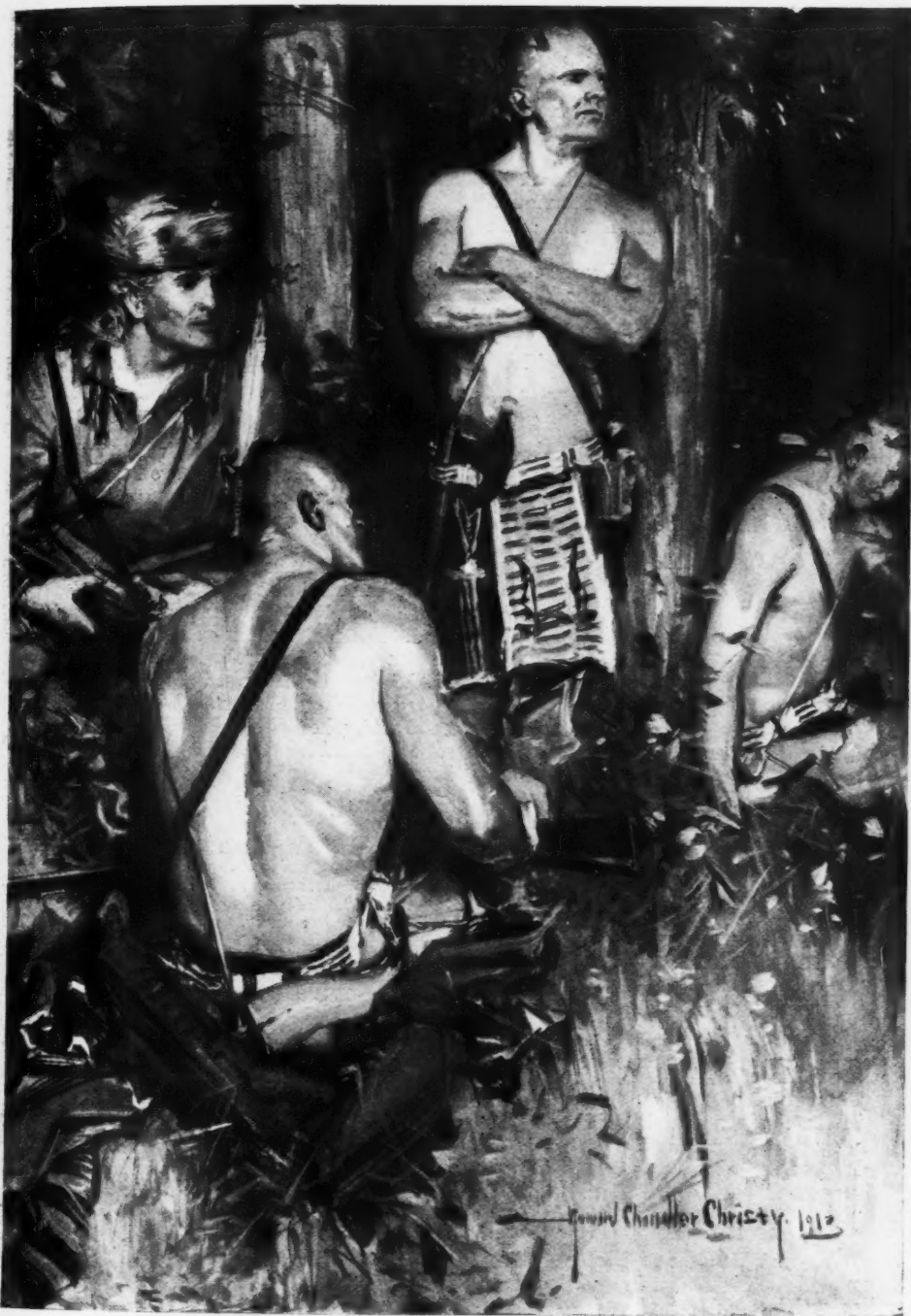
Strung along the banks of the Ouleout, each behind a tree, I saw my Indians crouching, rifles ready. Then, on the farther bank, at the water's shallow edge, I saw the strange Indian—a tall, spare, young fellow, absolutely naked except clout, ankle-moccasins, hatchet-girdle, and pouch, and wearing no paint except a white disk on his forehead the size of a shilling. A single ragged frond hung from his scalp-lock.

Answering the signal of the Mohican, he sprang lightly into the stream and crossed the shallow water. My Oneidas seemed to know him, for they accosted him smilingly, and Tahoontowhee turned and accompanied him back toward the spot where I was standing.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

We had halted to rest, and I was looking at the Stockbridge who so quietly had confessed which we could not see, and then pointed in silence.



his Master, when, of a sudden, the Wyandotte straightened up, stared intently at something  
So naturally was it done that we all turned, also

## The Hidden Children

I held out my hand, saying quietly,

"Welcome, brother."

"I thank my brother for his welcome," he said, taking my offered hand.

"My brother is hungry," I said. "He shall eat. He is weary, because he has come a long distance. He shall rest unquestioned." I seated myself and motioned him to follow my example.

The tall, lank fellow looked earnestly at me; Tahoontowhee lighted a pipe, drew a deep, full inhalation from it, passed it to me. I drew twice, passed it to the runner. Then Tahoontowhee laid a square of bark on the stranger's knees; I poured on it from my sack a little parched corn, well salted, and laid beside it a bit of dry and twisted meat. Tahoontowhee did the same. Then, very gravely and in silence, we ate our morning meal with this stranger.

The brief meal ended, Tahoontowhee laid his sack for a pillow; the strange Oneida stretched out on the ground, laid his dusty head on it, and closed his eyes. The next moment he opened them and rose to his feet. The ceremony and hospitality devolving upon me had been formally and perfectly accomplished.

As I rose, free now to question him without losing dignity in his eyes, he slipped the pouch he wore around in front, and drew from it some letters. Holding these unopened in my hand, I asked him who he was and from whom and whence he came.

"I am Red Wings, a Thaowethon Oneida, runner for General Clinton—and my credentials are this wampum string, so that you shall know that I speak the truth!" And he whipped a string of red-and-black wampum from his pouch and handed it to me.

"By what path did you come?"

"By no path. I left Otsego as you left, crossed the river where you had crossed, recrossed where you did not recross, but where a canoe had landed."

"And then?"

"I saw the Mengwe," he said politely, as the sagamore came up beside him.

Mayaro smiled his appreciation of the Algonquin term; then he spat, saying:

"The Mengwe were Sinako and Mowawak. One has joined the Eel Clan."

"The Red Wings saw him. The Cat people of the Sinako sat in a circle around that scalpless thing and sang like catamounts over their dead."

It is impossible to convey the scorn, con-

tempt, insult, and loathing expressed by the Mohican and the Oneida, unless one truly understand the subtlety of the words they used in speaking of their enemies.

"The Red Wings came by the Charlotte River?" I asked.

"By the Cherry, Quenevas, and Charlotte to the Ouleout. The Mengwe fired on me."

"Did they follow you?"

"Can my brother Loskiel trail feathered wings through the high air paths? A little way I let them follow, then took wing, leaving them to whine and squall on the Susquehanna."

"And Butler and McDonald?" I demanded, smiling.

"I do not know. I saw white men's tracks on the Charlotte, not two hours old. They pointed toward the Delaware."

I nodded. "Now let the Red Wings fold his feathers and go to rest," I said, "until I have read my letters and considered them."

The Oneida immediately threw himself on the ground and drew his pouch under his head. Before I could open my first letter, he was asleep, and breathing quietly as a child. And, on his naked shoulder, I saw a smear of balsam plastered over with a hazel leaf, where a bullet had left its furrow. He had not even mentioned he had been hit.

The first letter was from my General Clinton. He wrote:

Have a care that your Indians prove faithful. The Wyandotte I assigned to your command made a poor impression among our Oneida guides. This I hear from Major Parr, who came to tell me so after you had left. Remember, too, that you and your Mohican are most necessary to General Sullivan. Interpreters trained by Guy Johnson are anything but plenty, and another Mohican who knows the truest route to Catharinestown is not to be had for whistling.

This letter decided me to rid myself of the Wyandotte. I cast a cold glance at him, where he stood in the distance, leaning against a huge walnut tree and apparently keeping watch across the Ouleout. The Gray Feather was watching there, too, and I had no doubt that his wary eyes were fixed as often on the Wyandotte as on the wooded shore across the stream.

A second letter was from Major Parr, and said:

An Oneida girl called Drooping Wings, of whom you bought some trumpery or other, came to the fort after you had left, and told me that among the



party in their camp was an adopted Seneca who had seen and recognized your Wyandotte as a Seneca and not as a Huron.

Not that this information necessarily means that the Indian called Black Snake is a traitor. He brought proper credentials from the officer commanding at Pitt. But it is best that you know of this, and that you feel free to use your judgment accordingly.

"Yes," said I to myself, "I'll use it."

I took another long look at the suspect, then opened my third and last letter. It was from Lois.

Euan Loskiel, my comrade, and my dear friend: Since you have gone, news has come that our General Wayne, with twelve hundred light infantry, stormed and took Stony Point on the Hudson on the 15th of this past month. All the stores, arms, ammunition, and guns are ours, with more than five hundred prisoners. The joy at this post is wonderful to behold; our soldiers are mad with delight.

Lieutenant Beatty tells me that we have taken fourteen pieces of good ordnance, seven hundred stand of arms, tents, rum, cheese, wine, and a number of other articles most agreeable to recount.

On Wednesday morning last a sad affair: At troop-beating three men were brought out to be shot, all found guilty of desertion, one from the Fourth Pennsylvania, one from the Sixth Massachusetts, and one from the Third New York. The troops were drawn up on the grand parade. Two of the men were reprieved by the general; the third was shot. It meant more to me, kneeling in my room with both hands over my ears to shut out the volley, than it meant to those who witnessed the awful scene. Marching back, the fifes and drums played "Soldiers' Joy." I had forgotten to stop my ears, and heard them.

On Tuesday rain fell. News came at noon that Indians had surprised and killed thirty-six haymakers near Fort Schuyler, and that other Indians had taken fifteen or seventeen of our men who were gathering blueberries at Sabbath Day Point. Whereupon Colonel Gansevoort immediately marched for Canajoharie with his regiment, which had but just arrived; and in consequence Betty Blecker and Angelina are desolate.

As you see from this letter, we have left Croghan's new house, and are living at Otsego in a fine bush house, and near to the place where Croghan's old house stood before it was destroyed.

This, Euan, is all the general news I have to offer, save that the army expects its marching orders at any moment, now.

Euan, I am troubled in my heart. First, I must acquaint you that Lana Helmer and I have become friends. The night you left I was sitting in my room, thinking, and Lana came in and drew my head on her shoulder. We said nothing to each other all that night, but slept together in my room. And since then we have come to know each other very well in the way women understand each other. I love her dearly.

Euan, she will not admit it, but she is mad about Lieutenant Boyd—and it is as though she had never before loved and knows not how to conduct. Which is strange, as she has been so courted and is deeply versed in experience, and has lived more free of re-

straint than most women I ever heard of. Yet, it has taken her like a pernicious fever; and I do neither like nor trust that man, for all his good looks, and his wit and manners, and the exceedingly great courage and military sagacity which none denies him.

Yesterday Lana came to my little room in our bush house, where I sleep on a bed of balsam, and we sat there, the others being out, and she told me about Clarissa, and wept in the telling. What folly will not a woman commit for love! And Sir John riding the wilderness with his murdering crew! May the Lord protect and aid all women from such birds o' passage and of prey! And I thought I had seen the pin-feathers of some such plumage on this man Boyd. But he may molt to a prettier color. I hope so—but in my heart I dare not believe it. For he is of that tribe of men who would have their will of every pretty petticoat they notice. Some are less unscrupulous than others—that is the only difference. And he seems still to harbor a few scruples, judging from what I see of him and her, and what I know of her.

Yet, if a man bear not his good intention plainly written on his face, and yet protests he dies unless you love him, what scruples he may entertain will wither to ashes in the fiercer flame. And how, after all, does he really differ from the others?

Euan, I am sick of dread and worry, what with you out in the West with your painted scouts, and Mr. Boyd telling me that he has his doubts concerning the reliability of one o' them. And what with Lana so white and unhappy, and coming into my bed to cry against my breast at night—

Here the letter ended abruptly, and underneath in hurried writing:

Major Parr calls to say that an Oneida runner is ordered to try to find you with despatches from headquarters. I had expected to send this letter by some one in your regiment when it marched. But now I shall entrust it to the runner.

I know not how to close my letter—how to say farewell—how to let you know how truly my heart is yours. And becomes more so every hour. Nor can you understand how humbly I thank God for you—that you are what you are—and not like Sir John and—other men.

Women are of a multitude of kinds—until they love. Then they are of but two kinds. Of one of these kinds shall I be when I love. Not that I doubt myself, yet who can say what I shall be? Only three, Euan—God, the man who loves me, and myself.

The runner is here! Euan—Euan! Come back to me!

LOIS DE CONTRECŒUR.

My eyes fell from the letter to the sleeping runner stretched out at my feet, then shifted vaguely toward the river.

After a while I drew my tablets, quill, and inkhorn from my pouch, and setting it on my knees wrote to her with a heart on fire, yet perfectly controlled.

And after I had ended, I sealed the sheet with balsam, picking the globule from the

tree behind me, and setting over it a leaf of partridgeberry. Also I wrote letters to General Clinton and to Major Parr, sealed them as I had sealed the other, and set a tiny, shining leaf on each.

Then, very gently, I bent forward and aroused the Oncida runner. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, then got to his feet, smiling. And I consigned to him my letters.

The Mohican, on guard by the Susquehanna, was watching me, and as soon as the Red Wings had started on his return and was well across the Ouleout, I signaled the sagamore to come to me, leaving the Mole and Tahoontowhee by the Susquehanna.

"Blood-brother of mine," I said, as he came up, "I ask counsel of a wiser head and a broader experience than my own. What is to be done with this Wyandotte?"

"Must that be decided now, Loskiel?"

"Now. Because the Unadilla lies below, not far away, and beyond that the Tioga. And I am charged to get myself thither in company with you as soon as may be. Now, what is a sagamore's opinion of this Wyandotte?"

"Erie," he said quietly.

"You believe it?"

"I know it, Loskiel."

"Good God! Then why have you not told me this before, Mayaro?"

"Is there haste?"

"Haste? We march immediately. And you would have let me give my order and include that villain in it?"

"Why not? It is an easier and safer way to take a prisoner to Tioga Point than to drag him thither tied."

"But he may escape——"

The sagamore gave me an ironic glance.

"Is it likely," he said softly, "when we are watching?"

"But he may manage to do us a harm."

"He has done us what harm he is able," said the sagamore coolly.

I hesitated; then asked him what he meant.

"Why," he said, "their scouts *have* followed us. There are two of them now across the Susquehanna."

Thunderstruck, I stared at the river.

"Do the others know this?" I asked.

"Surely, Loskiel."

I looked at my Indians where they lay flat behind their trees, rifles poised, eyes intent on the territory in front of them.

"If my brother does not desire to bring

the Wyandotte to General Sullivan, I will go to him now and kill him," said the Mohican carelessly.

"He ought to hang," I said, between my teeth.

"Yes. It is the most dreadful death a Seneca can die. He would prefer the stake and two days' torture. Loskiel is right. The Erie has been a priest of Amochol. Let him die by the rope he dreads more than the stake."

I nodded, looking uneasily toward the river where lurked the two Seneca spies.

"Let the men sling their packs," I said.

"They have done so, Loskiel."

"Very well. Our order of march will be the same as yesterday. We keep the Wyandotte between us."

"That is wisdom."

"Is it to be a running fight, Mayaro?"

"Perhaps, if their main body comes up."

"Then we had best start across the Ouleout, unless you mean to ford the Susquehanna."

The sagamore shook his head with a grimace, saying that it would be easier to swim the Susquehanna at Tioga than to ford it here.

Very quietly we drew in or picked up our pickets, and, filing as we had filed the night before, we crossed the Ouleout and entered the forest.

Two hours later, the Oneida in the rear, Tahoontowhee reported that the Seneca scouts were on our heels, and asked permission to try for a scalp.

By noon he had taken his second scalp, and had received his first wound, a mere scratch from a half-ounce ball below the knee.

"Some day," said the sagamore in my ear, "Tahoontowhee will accept the antlers and the quiver."

"He would be greater yet if he accepted Christ," said the Stockbridge quietly.

We had halted to rest, and I was looking at the Stockbridge who so quietly had confessed his Master, when, of a sudden, the Wyandotte straightened up, stared intently at something which we could not see, and then pointed in silence.

So naturally was it done that we all turned, also. Then, like a thunderbolt, his hatchet flew, shearing the raccoon's tail from my cap, and struck the Stockbridge Indian full between the eyes, dashing his soul into eternity.

The next instalment of *The Hidden Children* will appear in the May issue.

# The Just Man's Wife

According to divorce statistics, money is the one big cause of marital mix-ups. How is it in your home? Who pays the bills? What part of your income goes to make up your wife's allowance? How well does she know the details—even the general results—of your business? In this story, Mrs. Van de Water takes a situation in which money plays a disastrous part in the lives of two happily married people. The man thinks he is acting in good faith; so does the wife. Which is right? It is a common, every-day situation which, in this case, needlessly ends in a smash-up.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

*Author of "Why I Left My Husband," "The Shears of Delilah," etc.*

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

"BUT why," asked the wife, "do you insist that the premium be paid precisely on the date named? It says right here in this notice that one may have thirty days' grace, if desired."

The man answered gravely. "But it is not desired," he said.

She looked interestedly at the paper she held. "You never have told me much about this kind of thing, you know," she mused.

He smiled patronizingly. "Why should I have done so? You know that I carry insurance in your favor, and that the premium has to be paid on it. I may never have mentioned to you that the policy is for ten thousand dollars or that I make semi-annual payments—but what difference does that make to you?"

"None, of course—only I know so little about your business," she replied.

"Why should a woman know about her husband's business affairs, when he provides for her as well as—perhaps better than—his income warrants?"

The words were spoken calmly, but the wife flushed.

"Yet I am not such a fool in money matters, Dwight," she insisted. "You know I have that N. L. & I. stock that grandfather gave me when I married, and that I do not squander the cash that comes from that. After all, that is really the only money which I can call my own."

Her tone showed that she felt that the money which her husband gave her was not

as much hers as that which came in from an investment of her own. She was under the spell of the ancient delusion that a woman who is housekeeper, wife, and, perhaps, mother, is still a beneficiary of the man whose name she bears. Her husband, belonging to the old school, believed that all he earned was rightfully his, and his only, and he had a sensation of generosity, even of magnanimity, when he handed out to her, at the beginning of each month, the housekeeping allowance, for every cent of which she must render an account at the end of thirty days. He also gave her a small allowance for personal needs—car-fares and the like. All other expenses were paid by check when the bills came in. His wife's clothes came under this head. Florence Reynolds was painfully conscious of this fact, and the only time when she really enjoyed shopping was when she took the sum she received from her railroad stock and bought with it some of the things she wanted, yet which she was ashamed to mention to her husband. For they would seem silly to him. He would wonder why she cared for more than two evening gowns a winter, why the fact that other women were wearing a certain kind of scarf made her long for one, why she should take a friend out to luncheon or tea in a fashionable restaurant, when she had a pleasant and attractive apartment to which to invite her and a competent servant to wait upon her. Several times he asked her reasons for such fancies.

"I don't understand your attitude," he

said once. "I can appreciate that you like to appear well and to entertain as nicely as you can afford to do, but why should you try to look as if your husband were a millionaire, when he isn't, and want to live like a woman of fashion, when you can't keep up with the game?"

She did not try or want to do anything of the kind, she protested. Nor did she mean to be extravagant—only, when Mrs. Birch and Nell Hilton and others of the set to which she belonged had certain articles of dress, she did not like to seem old-fashioned, and when they took her out to teas or luncheons—as they often did—she liked to return the courtesy in kind. Her husband sighed in despair of persuading her to regard matters from his sane standpoint.

"It is just as I said," he declared. "The average woman does not understand the value of money. Therefore, the man must hold the purse-strings."

Now that he was going away, she recalled this conversation of many months ago and wondered at his trusting her with the money with which to pay his life-insurance premium. Important business was taking him out to Los Angeles for six weeks. She remembered, with a little throb of anticipation, that the dividend on her stock in the N. L. & I. Railroad fell due on the eleventh of the following month. As Dwight would not be here, she might have some harmless pleasures with that money, without having to account to him for her time. To do him justice, he seldom asked her how she spent the dollars that came to her twice a year. She knew that Dwight Reynolds was a just man who did not actually dispute her right to do as she wished with her own. But he had a way of asking her each evening where she had been and how she had been occupying her time that day, and when she acknowledged that she had been to a matinee or taken a friend to tea, although he might say nothing, she knew that he was thinking her foolish. She had never learned to lie to him. That she could not do. Had she been able to tell falsehoods, she knew she could have made up some plausible excuse and he need never know of her extravagance.

All these thoughts ran through her mind as she looked at the letter her husband handed her on the evening prior to his departure for the Pacific Coast. It was simply a notification from the company which

carried his life insurance, informing him that in a month his premium would fall due. Then followed the item about the "thirty days" which the company would allow for payment. Again she mentioned this.

"And you never take advantage of this extra time?" she asked. "I should think it would be a convenience to do so sometimes."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "One of the principles that my father ground into me when I was a mere lad was to pay as I go. I pay my rent on the first of the month, and nobody in my employ has ever had to wait for any money due him from me. As soon as I get a bill I settle it. My father did so before me. If I am a success in business—even in a small way—it is because I undertake no obligations that I cannot meet. Now, as I am to be gone over a month, I am going to leave with you money for your maid's wages, due next week, and for my life-insurance premium."

"You never did anything like that before," she reminded him half reproachfully.

"No," he returned, "and you have called my attention to that fact several times. Now, circumstances make it convenient for me to allow you to prove that you can attend to such things properly, and I shall leave this insurance matter in your hands. Any bills that your housekeeping allowance, which you will receive by check from me the first of the month, does not cover, mail direct to me. Of course I will mail you regularly the usual amount for your personal running expenses."

"Car-fares and soda-water?" asked the wife, with a note of bitterness in her voice. Her husband heard it.

"There is no need of being petty about the matter, Florence," he said. "If I could conscientiously let you have more money than I now give you, you would have it."

"I know it!" she said quickly, ashamed of her resentment and of the fact that his tone of superiority had piqued her. It was natural for a man to consider his wife lacking in business sense, she supposed—and Dwight was so deadly strict about money matters! She forced herself to smile as she folded up the insurance notification.

"I'll pay this and do as you say about the maid's wages," she said quietly. "You know I would never forget Mary's pay-day. Working people should get their money promptly."

"All payments should be made promptly," he corrected her. "Remember, my dear, that it is on the first of the month that you are to take this money to the address at the head of that sheet. Don't let anything prevent."

"Of course not!" His insistence fanned the flame of temper which she had almost quenched. "You talk as if I were a fool—or a baby!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose I am not capable of remembering to take the subway down-town and of handing in the money you have given me for that purpose without being warned and schooled—even if I am a woman?"

"That you cannot talk over any business matter sanely is proved by your present excitement," he replied sternly.

Then he began to talk indifferently of other matters. Dwight Reynolds was a man who did not allow himself to become unduly agitated over trifles—in which characteristic he differed from his emotional wife.

Florence Reynolds was conscious of a sensation of unaccustomed freedom for the first few days of her husband's absence. He had never before been away from home for more than two days at a time, but now she knew that a month and a half lay before her in which she could be her own mistress. Of course she missed Dwight, and the place was strangely silent that first evening without him. She had telephoned to several of her friends and told them of her solitary state, but it appeared that all of them were engaged for that night, although they were eager to promise to amuse her during the term of her grass-widowhood. She

had a sense of pleased expectancy when the ring of the front-door bell broke in upon the silence that surrounded her, and a moment later the maid announced, "Mr. Langhorne." Florence greeted him cordially.

"Your maid tells me that Reynolds is away," said the visitor, as he shook hands with his hostess, "but I took the liberty of coming in just the same. My call was intended for you both, and if the better half receives it I do not mind."

Florence smiled her pleasure at seeing him. "I am so glad you have come," she said. "I feel like having a nice chat with an old friend, and as providence has sent you my way, I am duly grateful. You are one of the people who are always welcome here, you know."

Frank Langhorne believed that his hostess meant just what she said. He was not conceited, but he was aware that he was a good talker and, as an unattached bachelor, was welcome in many a home. He liked

Dwight Reynolds, although he found him at times too heavy and pedantic for an agreeable companion. His wife was of a different type—bright, vivacious, and charming.

He acknowledged to himself that it was good to chat with her and listen to her enthusiasms, unchecked by the knowledge of her judicial husband's presence. Yes, Dwight was a good fellow—almost too good—but his wife was certainly more delightful without him than with him. Could it be that she was



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afraid of her husband? Her next remark seemed almost like an answer to his unspoken thought.

"How fast I have been talking!" she exclaimed, laughing at her own volubility. "Dwight always says that he is my balance-wheel, and I fancy he is right, for when he is not here to interpose an occasional sensible remark, I fly off at a conversational tangent. And yet"—sobering suddenly—"I do miss him very much."

"Of course you do," her companion agreed. He eyed her keenly, noticing how the delicate color came and went in her cheeks, how blue her eyes were, and how her soft hair fluffed about her face. He had always thought her attractive, but to-night she was almost handsome. While he was thus looking at her, she, in her turn, was discovering that the man on whom her gaze rested was decidedly good-looking. His deep-set, gray eyes had a way, she thought, of looking right through one. Suddenly each became aware of the other's scrutiny, and both laughed aloud.

"A penny for your thoughts!" the man challenged, but she only blushed and declared merrily that they were not worth the price. "And what were you thinking about?" she asked.

"Two things," he replied bluntly. "First, that you were a very pleasant person to look at, and, second, that I hoped that, during your husband's absence, if you need anything you will not hesitate to call upon me. It would give me real happiness to be of service to you."

It was almost like her girlhood days to have a popular man put himself at her disposal, and it was kind of him to be willing to look after a stupid married woman. She appreciated that some giddy and frivolous young wives received attentions from bachelors and married men, but she had never been one of that type. Moreover, she was no longer young—for was she not past thirty? Therefore, this man was nice to her just because he was kind-hearted, a good friend of hers and Dwight's, and liked her.

"Will you promise?" he was asking.

"Indeed I will!" she agreed.

"Shake on it, then," he said, and without hesitation she put her hand in his. As he was her friend, it would have been silly to resent the fact that he pressed her hand to his lips before releasing it and telling her good-night.

A fortnight later, Florence Reynolds wrote to her husband:

It seems as if all our friends were in league to give me a good time and to keep me from being lonely while you are away. Mildred Blanton and her husband took me for a heavenly motor ride on Sunday, and—just think of this—Nell Hilton is giving me a regular swell dinner week after next. She and Tom have been so good to me, for they were afraid I would be lonely here, all by myself. Of course I miss you, but I am having a good time, nevertheless, and I know you are glad I am not lonely. By the way, you remember that I wrote you that Mr. Langhorne told me to call on him if I needed anything during your absence. Well, I haven't needed a thing, but he has been here twice to see if I did.

Rereading her finished letter, she paused at that sentence. Why had she bothered to tell Dwight that? She supposed it was because she had made a habit of perfect truth-telling. Sometimes she wished she had not. It would be simpler to live with a man if one did not feel bound to tell him the truth about everything. Even now her conscience smote her and made her add a hasty postscript to her letter:

Mr. Langhorne has asked me to lunch with him some day at the Brevoort, but I have not decided whether to do so or not.

Somehow, she felt better after writing that sentence, as if she had made a confession and thus eased her conscience. Then she dated the letter at the bottom of the sheet, as was her custom. It was the twenty-sixth of February, she noted. Next Monday, the first, the life-insurance premium would fall due. Remembering this, she opened her letter and added:

P. S. No. 2. N. B. I have not forgotten and will not forget that on next Monday, the first, I am to take the money you gave me, and which is at present locked away in my desk drawer, down-town and pay the life-insurance premium. *So don't worry!*

"Poor Dwight," she mused, "he does take life and things so seriously! I am glad I thought to add that line of reassurance, just to show him that I have remembered his orders—even though the old payment could wait for thirty days and nobody be a bit the worse. Still, I shall do as he says, for he is so fussy about money matters. Thank goodness my dividend money will be here in ten days! It was more last time than ever before. I hope that they will keep on going up, for I have lots I want to do with that cash."



She stopped, and he replied, at once and reassuringly, "I am sorry you have any worry, but you know if I can chase it away, it is what I am here for"

After that fervent ejaculation, she donned her prettiest street dress and went down-town with Mrs. Blanton and Mrs. Birch, with whom she was to lunch at the Vanderbilt and go shopping. She was still so far from being *blasé* that she experienced actual joy at the prospect of such an outing. She loved to be borne through the streets in a friend's automobile, to enter the thronged dining-rooms of hotels, to lunch and dine with people who were able to have the luxuries for which she had always longed. These things were not the bread and butter of existence, her husband had reminded her often, but she felt that they were the fancy cakes and ices of life—and she liked cakes and ices.

In a recent novel, Ellen Glasgow writes of "the return of youth" to a middle-aged person, and how such a one "felt the awakening of infinite possibilities of feeling, of the ancient and ineradicable belief that happiness lies in possession." I believe that to many an obedient wife past her first youth, whose enthusiasms and love of life have been checked by a cold and perfectly practical husband, the dangerous age must come. When it does, her head may be turned by trifles light as air—trifles which fail to arouse the interest of a modern woman of twenty-five. Yet there are some women who never outlive their enthusiasms. Florence Reynolds was naturally such a one—and her inability to gratify many of her desires made them assume a fictitious importance in her eyes.

The luncheon at the Vanderbilt was a merry affair, and her hostesses persuaded Florence to take a Clover Club cocktail.

"Just to fortify you, dear," said Mildred Blanton, "for we have a lot of shopping to do."

"I haven't," regretted Florence. "In fact, just at present I am a bit strapped. But for that"—flushing prettily—"I might try to return some of the nice things you dear people are doing for me. Perhaps some day I may have the money to do this kind of thing."

Mrs. Birch, a kind-hearted matron older than either of her companions, laid an affectionate hand on Florence's arm.

"Dear child," she said, "don't talk like that. If I happen to be able to take you out in my car occasionally, and if Mildred and I like to have you at luncheon with us, it is because we love you and enjoy your society. Just by being your sweet self, you do much for your friends. And, by the way, what are you going to wear at the dinner that Mrs. Hilton is giving you?"

Florence hesitated, then spoke embarrassedly. "One of the only two evening gowns I have," she said. "The worst of it is that they are both shabby—it is so near the end of the season now."

"Oh, well," remarked her companion easily, "perhaps we may see some bit of fuss-and-feathers that you can add to one of your dresses and furbish it up a little for the occasion."

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With this suggestion, Florence tried to repress her chagrin at the knowledge that, at a dinner given in her honor, she would have to wear one of the costumes that had figured at every function she had attended for months. She also remembered that she had not had an entirely fresh dinner gown this year. Both of her evening *toilettes* had been made over from last winter's gowns.

This thought had had time to fret into her soul when, following her friends through a Fifth Avenue shop, she and they came to a sudden standstill before a lay figure clothed in a "creation" that drew a gasp of admiration from the trio.

"My dear," said Mildred Blanton, seizing Florence's hand, "you would be a dream in that! And will you just see the price—only two hundred dollars!"

"Only!" repeated Florence sarcastically. "It might as well be a thousand just now for me."

"But, child," argued Mrs. Birch, "it really *is* a bargain. Why, earlier in the season this dress would have sold for twice as much. To tell the truth, my new evening gown cost three hundred and fifty and is not nearly so handsome. You could wear this next year, too, for the real lace on it is wonderful. My dear, do not let such an opportunity slip through your fingers."

Florence thought fast and hard. The exquisite combination of clinging, shimmering satin and frosty lace swam before her eyes. She had never had such a handsome costume as this in all her life. Might she not buy it with her own money—her dividend that would fall due next month? But she had no charge-account anywhere—Dwight had never allowed her to have one—and he would think her insanely extravagant if she were to put this gown on his bill. If she only had the ready cash that some women have!

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Mrs. Birch. "Don't you like it, dear? That color would make you look like a blue-eyed angel!"

Florence laughed. "I think it is beautiful," she replied, "but I don't know—"

"Why does not *madame* try it on, at least?" suggested the saleswoman. "Then she can make her decision."

Florence was very quiet during the trying-on process, but her companions' praises and exclamations supplied all the speech that was needed. As she looked at herself in the

glass, she was aware that she had never been so nearly beautiful as in this costume. How good-looking she might be every day, if she could always dress becomingly! The dress fitted her well—only a few alterations were necessary—and next month she would have the money to pay for it. She did not like to acknowledge that she did not have it now. Had she been in the habit of handling money, she would not have hesitated to say frankly that she could not pay for the costume for a couple of weeks. In her ignorance she was ashamed to tell this. Dwight had always impressed upon her that it was a disgrace to buy anything for which one had not the money to pay immediately.

Then she remembered the insurance money. It was due on Monday. The dinner was to be on Wednesday, the tenth, and her dividends would come on the eleventh. The last payment had been two hundred and fifty dollars. Surely she might take two hundred of that money of Dwight's and put it back ten days later. Of course he had commanded her to make that payment on the first of the month, and her heart failed her as she thought of this; then she recalled the thirty days' clause, and she breathed more freely. She looked once more at her image in the full-length mirror. Frank Langhorne was to be at the Hilton dinner. With a thrill of vanity she recalled a certain gleam of admiration in his eyes. She knew that all the other women present would be better dressed than she if she wore her last-year's made-over gown.

"I will take this dress," she heard herself saying. "But"—hesitatingly—"I will have to have it sent home C. O. D. Naturally"—with an assumed air of indifference—"I have not the price of it with me at the present moment. Do you wish a deposit paid on it now?"

"Only a small deposit," said the saleswoman, and, as Florence drew out a ten-dollar bill; "that is quite enough. The gown will be delivered on Monday, *madame*."

The wife tried not to remember that Monday would be the first of the month, when she was to have paid her husband's insurance premium.

On the morning after the Hilton dinner Florence Reynolds lay abed later than usual. She was tired, for the evening had been such a success that it was nearly midnight when

Frank Langhorne's car left her at the door of her apartment-house.

"It is so late that I will not come in," he said, shaking hands with her while the hall-boy held the door open for her to enter. "My regards to Dwight when you write." From his manner, nobody would have suspected the pretty and graceful things he had said to her during the evening, or how evident was his happiness in her company. Of course, mused the woman, as she dressed in a leisurely manner this morning, other women were accustomed to this kind of thing—that is, attractive society women were. She supposed that it all meant nothing, but it certainly was agreeable. And what a beautiful dinner it had been, and what a good time she had had! And to-day she was to lunch at the Brevoort with Frank Langhorne.

Seating herself at the breakfast-table, she glanced at the letters by her plate. One bore the stamp of the N. L. & I. Railroad offices. She caught her breath with joy. Here was her dividend right on time, as usual. She would now replace Dwight's money and go down-town this morning and pay that insurance, meeting Langhorne afterward at the restaurant. The thought of that insurance matter had been the one bitter drop in her cup of happiness for the past ten days. Then she opened the letter:

DEAR MADAM:

Enclosed please find our check for one hundred dollars for semiannual dividend on stock held by you in our company.

In stories, women reel and faint when they are confronted by such news as greeted Florence Reynolds on this otherwise satisfactory morning. She, however, did what most normal women do under such circumstances—simply held the letter and read and reread it. Her hand did not shake. Indeed, she found, after the third reading, that her fingers were quite stiff from grasping the paper so tightly. Then she laid it down on the table. "My God!" she whispered softly. "My God! What *shall* I do! How shall I put back Dwight's money?"

Her maid entering at this point, she said quietly: "Good-morning, Mary! You may bring my coffee in now."

Later, seated in the library, she thought out her problem. There must be some mistake—there must be! Surely the earnings of the company could not have decreased as

much as this in six months. If Dwight were here and she had not borrowed his money, she could ask him about it. As it was, there was nobody. Ah, yes! There was Frank Langhorne. She would ask him if there might not be some mistake. He had told her to turn to him if she were in need of anything. Perhaps he could tell her if she should write to the N. L. & I. people and demand an explanation. And, if not, what could she do? She dared not think of that, just now. There was one thing to be done, first of all, and that was to ask advice. Unused to acting alone, she clung to the thought of seeking counsel from some person wiser than herself. She had not been in the habit of facing crises and meeting them by herself.

It was over the coffee at luncheon that she asked her question of Langhorne. He had noticed all through the repast that she had eaten little and had seemed preoccupied. He was sure that she would speak out what was on her mind when ready to do so, and he was not surprised when she said, at last, with timidity,

"There is something that I am worried about."

She stopped, and he replied, at once and reassuringly, "I am sorry you have any worry, but you know if I can chase it away, it is what I am here for."

She looked at him gratefully. "Oh, how good you are!" she said. "I was frightened at first, but your very tone gives me courage."

Then she told him about this morning's letter, that she had counted on that money "to meet a certain obligation," and that the sum she had needed was more than that which she had received.

"I don't understand why the dividend is so small, just now," she continued, "and I thought that perhaps you would look into the matter and tell me."

"Surely I will," he assented cordially. "I will come up some evening soon and give you the result of my investigation. What about next Monday? I would come sooner, but I have every night engaged until then."

Florence's heart throbbed with a sudden fear. Monday—and this was Thursday!

"What day of the month will that be?" she asked faintly.

"Let's see—why the fifteenth, of course. Will that be soon enough?"

"I think so," she said. Dwight would

not be back until the twenty-sixth. Yet she wished that she might know about the matter that week. Her face showed her anxiety, and Langhorne spoke more earnestly, leaning across the table that he might not be heard by the waiters standing near.

"See here, Mrs. Reynolds—if you are in a hurry for that money and do not want to wait to write to your husband for it, please let me lend it to you. Really, I mean it. Now don't look so uncomfortable—for truly I have more money than I know what to do with."

She tried to smile. "What a delightful condition to be in," she said, with feigned lightness.

"But it is true," he went on, "for, you see, I have nobody dependent upon me, nobody for whom to do anything. And, as you have probably heard, I have been making money pretty steadily for a good many years."

"Oh, yes, I know," she said hastily, "and you are very kind; but of course I could not think of borrowing money from you. It would but be changing debts, you see."

She liked him all the better for saying no more of the matter then, yet that he had not forgotten it was proved by his remark as he left her.

"Until Monday night," he said, "and meantime try to put that money matter out of your mind. Everything's going to be all right."

She tried to forget it for the next few days, and, by spending as much time as possible with her friends, was able to fight off fear during the days and evenings. But when she awoke in the night or the early morning, she remembered, with a sinking heart, that the money she owed must be put back. The woman who has not a husband who is just to the point of severity may fail to understand this woman's terrors—but they were very real.

On Monday, the noon mail brought for Dwight Reynolds a letter bearing the imprint of the company in which he was insured. In the ten years of her married life Florence Reynolds had never opened one of her husband's letters, but to-day fear made her thrust aside her usual scruples and pry open deftly the flap of the envelope. Do insurance companies ever dun people, she wondered. If so, this letter must not be forwarded to Dwight. But it was only a notice to the effect that the company ob-

served that he was taking advantage of the thirty-days' allowance, and that they would expect to receive his remittance by the first day of April. Swiftly, that her heart should not fail her, the frightened woman tore the letter into tiny fragments. Although she had never found it possible to tell a lie to her husband, she could act a deception. Some women's sense of honor has a peculiar slant, as some persons' eyes have a cast in them. It is not their fault, but the result of congenital weakness, or improper care during childhood and youth.

"I have nothing encouraging to tell you," said Langhorne, that evening, as soon as he had exchanged greetings with his anxious hostess. "The N. L. & I. Railroad has had a hard crack. But perhaps by next year the dividends will be larger."

"Next year!" repeated Florence. For the moment, her pride forsook her. "Oh, what shall I do!" she gasped, more to herself than to her companion. "And Dwight comes home in ten days!"

Woman's extremity may be man's opportunity, and this man of the world saw his advantage and grasped it. Yet he spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It is a pity," he said, "that women will not be as honest and frank with men as men are with each other. Now if you were one of my men friends, you would trust me."

She looked at him wide-eyed. "Trust you!" she exclaimed. "You know that I trust you."

But he shook his head, then drew a chair close to hers. "Now, see here," he said gently, "do you know that only last week I lent a friend—not nearly as close and dear as you—a thousand dollars? And as he is a man, he regards it as an ordinary business transaction. Now if I am not mistaken, the money you need is only——"

He paused. "A hundred dollars," she murmured.

"Yes, a hundred dollars—a mere trifle to me. Yet you will not prove your friendship for me by letting me lend you that paltry sum."

"But," she said, and he saw by her eyes that she was beginning to yield, "how would I ever pay you back?"

He flushed, started to speak impetuously, then resumed his businesslike manner. "If you insist on paying it back," he said, "you can do so when you get your next dividend."





DRAWN BY M. LEON BRACKER

For a wild moment, it seemed that, after all, nothing mattered now

## The Just Man's Wife

"Oh, but what a long time that is to wait!" she protested.

"Not for me," he argued, "nor for you, for that matter."

She pressed her hands to her eyes, trying to think clearly. And, as she did so, she had a vivid vision of Dwight's stern face when he had said, "Remember to pay this on the first of the month." It was now the fifteenth, and he would be back in a little over ten days. In a sudden panic, she turned to the man at her side and stretched her hands out towards him.

"I *must* take it," she said. "There is no other way! I shall never forget your goodness!"

Even then he did not take advantage of her grateful mood. He was too wise to do so, but, with a friendly smile, counted out the money she needed from a roll of bills which he drew from his pocket, and laid the hundred dollars on the table.

"You must let me pay interest on that loan, you know," she said when, an hour later, he arose to go.

"Don't talk like that, dear child," he chided. The average woman of thirty-five enjoys being called "dear child" by a man whom she likes. It gives her a comfortable conviction that he, at least, considers her young, certainly much younger than himself. "All the interest that I will ask will be the privilege of seeing you sometimes," he continued.

Again he raised her hand to his lips. And he had done it so often of late that she took the action almost as a matter of course. She would have been surprised if, when they two were alone, he had failed to kiss her hand at parting.

The next morning Florence Reynolds paid her husband's life insurance, and, bringing home the receipt, laid it safely away in his desk. Such was the weight that had been lifted from her heart and soul that she told herself that she was perfectly happy. She did not acknowledge, even to herself, that she was glad she still had ten days of perfect freedom ahead of her.

It was the night before her husband's return that Frank Langhorne gave a little dinner in his apartment with Florence Reynolds as one of the guests. There were also present the Hiltons and Birches, and when, toward the end of the evening, they made the move to go and Florence followed their example, her host reminded her that his car

was down-stairs to convey her home as it had brought her there. He would dispense with his chauffeur to-night and drive his own machine. The gay party separated at Langhorne's door, Mr. and Mrs. Birch taking the Hiltons home in their automobile, while Langhorne assisted Florence into his. He had insisted upon her putting on over her own wraps his fur motor-coat—for the night was chilly—and there had been much merriment among his guests as she wrapped the huge garment about her slender figure.

Driving slowly up Fifth Avenue and through the park, the man chatted confidentially of himself, seeming to take it for granted that what was of interest to him was also of interest to his companion. Leaning back in the wide seat as they rolled along the park roads, Florence watched the gleam of the lights in the lake and the rows of lamps curving off in the distance. She was glad that Langhorne made several rounds of the park, and she sighed as they turned, at last, into Eighth Avenue. Langhorne looked down at her inquiringly.

"Are you tired?" he asked, but she shook her head. "I am afraid," he said apologetically, "that I may have bored you by all this talk of myself. Forgive me!"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "you never bore me. I was just sighing a wee bit because our drive is so nearly over."

"I am sorry, too," he said briefly.

When they reached her home, he insisted that he must go up to her apartment to get his motor-coat, and when she said that she could take it off down-stairs he reminded her that she might catch cold if she removed it in the drafty hall.

"It is not late, anyway," he said, glancing at his watch as they reached her apartment. "It is not yet eleven o'clock."

"Come in then, won't you?" she said. She felt strangely happy at being with him to-night, and yet there was a consciousness that this was the last time that she and this man would be alone together as they had been so often lately. She wondered if he thought of this, and, glancing at him when he helped divest her of his heavy coat, she caught her breath as she saw the expression on his face.

"You look like a lovely butterfly coming out of an ugly brown chrysalis," he said, in a low voice. He dropped the coat and held out both hands to her, looking straight into her eyes as he did so, and, as if drawn

irresistibly to him, she laid her hands in his. For a long moment they stood thus, then he drew her to him, putting his arms about her and holding her close. Somewhere back in her mind she knew she should repulse him, should tear herself away from him, but her heart was beating fiercely, and, for a wild moment, it seemed that, after all, nothing mattered now. He was going away in a minute, and this was the last time they would be together. Then she heard him speaking softly, yet with a triumphant ring in his voice, and she started and tried to draw herself from his embrace, but he still held her close.

"Ah," he was saying, "so you, too, have learned to care, have you? I love you, dearest, and you know that I do, and have known it for all these blessed weeks, haven't you?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed. His voice had recalled her to her senses. "Oh, I should not have let you say this! I have been wrong and wicked."

"Yes," he said, "wrong to have held out as long as you have. The idea"—with a tender laugh—"of your having been afraid to borrow money of me—of *me* who am willing to give you anything in this world you want—"

But she looked up into his face with an agony that shocked him.

"Do you mean," he asked slowly, as he stepped back from her, "that you have not known that there was but one way for all this to end? Why, you love me, child—don't you know that?"

He was a selfish man, yet he closed his lips on the words that were trembling to be spoken. For, added to the anguish in the woman's eyes, he now saw a pitiful look—an expression of fear, almost of terror—was it of him or of herself? Suddenly, as if to hide from him that which she would give her life to conceal, she covered her face with her hands, and turned from him. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Do you mean that, I must go?" he asked hoarsely.

She nodded, without uncovering her face.

"Think what that means, Florence," he said. "If I go now, I shall never come back here again."

Still she did not move. "Please go," she whispered, and the fear he had seen in her eyes trembled in her voice. "Please go—for my sake!"

And without another word he went away.

Dwight Reynolds had been at home for two days before he looked over the receipted bills in the file in his desk. It was late in the evening, and his wife had gone to her room. She was not sleeping, and his rapid step in the hall startled her to a sitting posture. A moment later he entered the room, switched on the lights in the chandelier, then came quickly toward her, a sheet of paper in his hand.



She shrank back, crouching down in the bed as he towered above her

## The Just Man's Wife

"What does this mean?" he queried sternly.

"What?" she asked tremulously.

"This insurance receipt dated March sixteenth, when it was due on the first! Why didn't you pay it when I told you to?"

"I couldn't," she faltered, but she did not take her eyes from his pallid face.

"Why?"

Oh, if she could only make up a story as some women could do—but she must speak the truth.

"Because I had used some of the money."

"What for?"

"A new dress," she murmured.

He laughed aloud—a coarse, harsh laugh. "For a dress," he exclaimed, "just as any common woman would sell her decency for something to trick out her body in! You as good as *stole* my money for a new dress, eh?"

She tried to speak. "Dwight," she began, "I am sorry! I wish——"

"Where did you get the money to pay this, at last?" he interrupted, holding out the paper to her.

Once more she wished she could lie. "My dividend came in," she began, "and—" but she could not say it.

"How much was it?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Then where did you get the rest of the money from?" he accused. "Tell me quickly, do you hear?"

"Mr. Langhorne lent it to me," she stammered.

Dwight Reynolds was a man of cold temperament and had always prided himself on a lack of passion. For him, the grosser temptations of the flesh did not exist. It has been said that when normal passions are absent, abnormal ones may suddenly assert themselves. As she stammered her confes-

sion, Florence Reynolds saw sweep across her husband's face an expression she had never seen before on a human countenance. As she gazed in horror, words she had once read—"the lust of cruelty"—flashed into her mind. She shrank back, crouching down in the bed as he towered above her.

"Lent it to you!" he mocked. "Gave it to you, you mean! Only to-day I met a man who told me as a cursedly funny joke to look out for Langhorne. So *that* is what he meant, is it? And what did you give him in return—what, I say?"

"Nothing!" she gasped.

He caught her by her arms, dragging her to her knees, and shook her brutally.

"Do you declare before God," he burst forth, "that he asked for nothing more—that he expected nothing more?"

She did not answer, and, with a sudden fling, he threw her back on the bed.

"Damn you!" he panted, his voice high and quavering. "Damn you! Why, if you were going to ruin my honor, didn't you ruin yourself, too? Why did you botch the job?"

Her face buried in the pillows, she lay quivering until she heard him go into his own room and turn the key in his lock. Then, slowly and with difficulty—for her hands were numb and her knees trembled under her—she put on her clothes and, wrapping a dark cloak around her, crept out into the hall. Softly, that she might not arouse the dozing elevator-boy, she stole down-stairs and from the house. It was raining heavily, and, for a moment, she wavered as the cold drops dashed into her face and the keen wind whipped her skirts about her ankles. Then, with a stifled sob, she turned and went swiftly down the dark street toward the river.



## Is Your Cosmopolitan Late?

*Cosmopolitan* is forwarded so as to be in the hands of subscribers and newsdealers all over the country on the 10th of each month. In certain sections, on account of postal regulations, magazines do not receive the same handling as other classes of mail. They go by freight, which makes for slowness and irregularity of delivery.

If your copy does not reach you by the 10th, it is as annoying to us as to you. We do our part to have your *Cosmopolitan* delivered on time. Should it not be in your hands on the 10th, we suggest that you keep in mind that it is probably due to postal or freight delays, and wait two or three days before writing us.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

# Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Have you ever noticed how boys have a way of coming out with things just at the 'wrong moment? Or perhaps you have had experience with this sort of thing. If so, you will have heartfelt sympathy for J. Rufus when he realizes the possible effect of Toad Jessup's indiscretion on one of the finest schemes he has yet planned. The adventures of the two youngsters are certainly putting Wallingford's wits to a supreme test. He is worried to beat the band. But the advent of the two youngsters brings a new touch—adds a fresh, new interest to these absorbing stories.

By George Randolph Chester

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

DOCTOR MULLET looked up in astonishment as a tall, thin, black-mustached stranger pranced into the consulting-room and plumped himself on a chair.

"Knobs in the nose!" explained the patient, resting his knuckles on his knees. "Take 'em out!"

Doctor Mullet, a flat-nosed man, who should have been a merchant but had chosen his profession because of the social rise it gave him, drew forward a pad of blanks.

"Your name, please."

"Daw, Horace G. Age, forty-two. Married to a blonde. Occupation, psychological financier. Terms, cash."

Doctor Mullet had started to write, but now he laid down his pen and looked his patient critically in the eyeballs.

"Wait just a minute," he requested, and reached for a queer electric-light arrangement. "Come with me."

He had Blackie into a dark room, put him in an operating-chair, pushed back his head, and made a brief examination.

"Clear as a crystal," he announced, with satisfaction. "I thought so from your voice."

"You don't say!" observed Mr. Daw, in much surprise. "I felt sure there was something the matter with me. Suppose you spray it, anyhow."

Again Doctor Mullet, whose facial muscles had never bent in any line of humor, looked critically into the black eyes of Mr. Daw, and was reassured.

"I think we shall make use of a mild aseptic spray," he decided. "There may be a slight irritation of the membrane," and forthwith he sprayed.

"Good work!" approved Mr. Daw, and, returning to the doctor's desk, he produced a long, plump-looking pocketbook. "The wonders of medical science are marvelous. How much?"

"Ten dollars."

"And well worth it." Mr. Daw separated the amount in question from a thick pad of bills. "I wish, furthermore, to add this, as a slight mark of my gratitude for your pleasant discovery that I have no bulbs in the beak." At the side of the ten-dollar bill he gravely laid a small, crispy, folded green parchment-paper document, and went out, leaving the astounded and perplexed Doctor Mullet to unfold and examine a one-share certificate, fully paid and non-assessable, of the face value of one dollar, in the Whizzer Oil-well Company.

"How did he take it?" asked the large man in the automobile down-stairs.

"Thinks I'm a nut," grinned Blackie. "You ought to go up and be sprayed, Jim. It's good for the intellect."

"You'll overdo this nut specialty some day, and they'll put you in the shell," seriously warned J. Rufus Wallingford. "You've come so close to crabbing half a dozen good enterprises with your correct imitations of an almond, that I'm beginning to have my own suspicions. Which certificate did you give him?"



"The green one," and Blackie patted his pocket. "Did you find out any more about the Mullet?"

"He's the only wapus in town with inherited money," reported Wallingford. "That's the kind I like to do business with. A man who made his own coin knows how he got it. Blackie, I saw a Tarryville neighbor hump through here. I don't like to do business so close home."

"That's unpatriotic," chided Blackie. "Step on the gas, and let's get back."

The next day, Doctor Mullet looked up from his lonely self-admiration, to find his tall, thin patient back again.

"They're in my ears, Doc," he reported, plumping down in the consultation-chair and resting his knuckles on his knees.

Doctor Mullet reached out, and drew down Blackie's lower eyelid. He tried Blackie's pulse. He tested the reaction of his knee.

"It is possible," he admitted, "but doubtful."

"All right, Doc; examine 'em."

"Very well," agreed the doctor, with total disbelief written on his countenance, and he subjected Blackie to his severest tests.

"Nothing whatever the matter," he reported. Blackie shook hands with him very heartily.

"You can't imagine how much pleasure it gives me to know that my ears are perfect," he stated. "I have some friends whom I'm going to bring up. I think every man should be tested once in a while for blobs. How much?"

"Ten dollars."

The amount was produced immediately.

"Moreover, as a testimonial of my esteem, I wish to add this," and the grateful patient laid on the doctor's desk a yellow certificate, calling for one one-dollar share of stock in the Fountain Oil-well Company.

Next day he was back. His throat, this time; and Doctor Mullet gave him a serious talk. "There is nothing of any nature the matter with you," he declared. "You want to get such foolish ideas out of your head. You're as sound as a dollar."

"I win," laughed Blackie; and the sound of his laugh brought to Doctor Mullet's impassive countenance the first sign of relief he had known in the presence of Blackie Daw. "I made a bet that I was all right from the neck up. Do you prefer a pink one or a deep red to-day?" and he offered

the doctor his choice of certificates in the two shades he had mentioned.

"What are these things?" asked the doctor, much puzzled, and he opened the certificates. The red one was a one-dollar share in the Syrup Oil-well Company, and the pink one a similar interest in the Stormy Petrol Oil-well Company.

"They're on the level," remarked Blackie; "that is, as far as they go. Each one of those represents a regular oil-well, and they'll be productive if any oil is ever found in them."

"Are you a fancier in oil-well stock?" inquired Doctor Mullet. "I never bother with these wildcat schemes myself."

"Neither do I," grinned Blackie. "The fellow I made the bet with sells these shares by the bale, at a nickel apiece. He gave me some samples, and I've been passing them out in place of cigars. Would you like a blue one?"

"If you don't want cash for it," smiled the doctor, looking, in that process, remarkably like a fish. "I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Daw. I'm glad to have your sanity proved, and to be able to certify that you are Class A, from the neck up."

## II

TOMMY WISBUN was the sort of cigar-store dealer who wears his hat on the back of his head indoors and out. Other than that, he was florid of face and hearty of manner, neat with a plump man's neatness, and beyond the possibility of shock or surprise. Nevertheless, he dropped his ashes when there suddenly appeared, on the show-case in front of him, five tightly bound bales of parchment paper—green, yellow, pink, red, and blue.

"Quick delivery," said the large, broad-chested man who had dumped them down. "You haven't even ordered these, and they're here already."

Tommy Wisbun folded his arms on the edge of the show-case, and, with a grin, inspected the broad-chested man. The latter's expensive clothes were surmounted by a huge, round, pink face, which radiated good humor, good living, and, above all, immaculate self-confidence.

"I'm right back with that quick stuff," Tommy calmly stated. "You've already been paid. What is this junk?"

The big man chuckled.

"I thought you'd get me on a sporting proposition like this. Here are ten thousand one-dollar certificates in five bona-fide oil-wells, and you get them for a nickel apiece."

Tommy Wisbun took his cigar from his mouth. He slammed open the drawer of the cash-register just behind him and produced a five-dollar bill.

"Bet you that, I don't."

"You're on," and the large chuckler covered the money, from a pocketbook which contained so generous an assortment of all denominations of bills that even Tommy Wisbun took a second look, which was against his code. "Now we'll talk business. You're the president of the local cigar-dealers' association, which was formed for protection against the Amalgamated Cigar Stores Company." Tommy Wisbun nodded. "In your association there are twenty of the best stores." Another nod. "The Amalgamated Cigar Stores Company is giving away coupons worth about two per cent. of the purchase price, and since you've organized they're giving double coupons. Well, here's your comeback," and he jerked open the string of the pink bale.

"A nickel apiece," grinned Tommy Wisbun, pushing aside the sample certificate which was laid before him. "I can get them printed for less than a cent."

"You're not that kind of a sport," was the confident return. "You wouldn't print certificates like this unless you had oil-wells to back them. These are hope-to-die oil-wells, in a territory where oil has been found. You can telegraph, for fifty cents, and find out, and I'll put up the fifty. Here's a photograph of them digging."

For the first time, Tommy Wisbun consented to take an active interest in the proceedings. He slowly picked up the photograph and examined it, front and back.

"You don't claim to have struck oil, then?"

"Not for a minute!" and a hearty laugh went with this. "If we had, I wouldn't be offering you these shares at such a price that you can afford to pass one out with every purchase of a dollar or more. We may strike oil there, and we may not; but you're offering your customers a nice little gamble which will make them forget the Amalgamated Company's coupons."

Tommy Wisbun picked up one of the pink certificates and read it placidly

through. He looked again at the photograph of the five oil-wells being dug.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Jim Wallingford."

"For how much are these companies capitalized?"

"All they'll stand," and Jim Wallingford's big pink face wreathed itself in joviality.

Tommy Wisbun shoved the two five-dollar bills across to Mr. Wallingford.

"We don't have to count these things," he decided. "We can deal out five hundred and stack them."

### III

A TOURING CAR stopped in front of Tommy Wisbun's cigar store. The chauffeur, a pleasant-eyed young man, jumped out and went into the store, followed by two boys, one straight and good-looking and rather inclined to plumpness, the other so freckled that his countenance was mere background.

"Pack o' these," said the chauffeur, pointing out his favorite brand of cigarettes, and he dropped a quarter on the show-case.

"Buy a dollar's worth and be an investor," suggested the clerk, sorting out five oil-well certificates from a large box on the counter shelf. "They usually take 'em to match their ties."

"What's the game?" inquired the chauffeur, picking up the green one.

"It's a dollar share in a regular oil-well," replied the clerk. "Here's the photograph to show them digging, and I can point out the place on the map to prove it."

"I get you," smiled the chauffeur, parting with a dollar. "I can't get stung on the cigarettes, and if the green well ever strikes oil, I get dividends of eight cents a year."

"Say, I've been there!" suddenly yelled the freckled boy, in great excitement. "Remember, Jimmy? They were getting oil out of this one—barrels and barrels of it!"

"Un-hunh," drawled Jimmy, who had a natural hesitation about giving out information of any sort.

A heavy-set man with his hat on the back of his head came bustling up behind the counter, and grabbed for the photograph.

"Which well?" he demanded.

"This one," came the clear voice of Toad Jessup, and he swung his hand at his side to knock off Jimmy Wallingford's clutch. Jimmy was tugging at his coat.



Doctor Mullet tried Blackie's pulse. "It is possible," he admitted, "but doubtful"

"You're sure?" Tommy Wisbun leaned over eagerly, and held the photograph so they could both see it. "Point it out."

"That's the one!" said the eager Toad, jerking impatiently away from Jimmy. "We were down there two weeks ago with Daddy Jim and Daddy Blackie. They were going to cork up the well that night, because Daddy Jim told Mr. Blasker——"

"Here, you!" interrupted the chauffeur, stowing cigarettes in most of his pockets. "Don't talk so much."

"That's what I say," approved Jimmy. "Come on, Toad."

"I didn't say anything!" growled Toad, as they went out. "The well was there, and they were getting oil out of it, and I saw it. Is that anything to tell?"

Tommy Wisbun held the photograph in both hands and grinned at it.

"That's the Whizzer well!" he exulted, and, with great promptness, he grabbed every green certificate out of the box and popped them into the safe.

Ten minutes later, Toad Jessup, still quarreling with Jimmy over the propriety of indiscriminate conversation, spied Blackie Daw turning in at the doorway of a frame office-building, and, with a yell, he tore

across the street and up the stairs, with Jimmy at his heels. When they clattered into the room which Blackie had entered, Blackie was just closing the door of Doctor Mullet's consultation-office; but Toad bulged straight through.

"What do you think of this, Daddy Blackie?" demanded Toad, paying no attention to Doctor Mullet. "I told the cigar-store man that we saw one of those oil-wells, down at Crudeton, spouting oil, and Jimmy says I'm a chump! Now, which is?"

"Jimmy wins," declared Blackie, in profound disgust. "What are you kids doing here?"

"Well, Daddy Jim said that we could take the car any place we liked on Saturdays, and we brought our lunch with us, and we don't expect to be home for dinner. I'm going to ask Daddy Jim which one's the chump!"

"I'd advise you not," warned Blackie. "Daddy Jim's answer is likely to be made with a strap. Get out; and here's a couple of dollars to buy yourselves the tummy-ache."

When the boys had gone, Blackie Daw and Doctor Mullet looked at each other soberly for a moment.

"So they've already struck oil at Crude-ton," charged the doctor. "That lets me out, Mr. Daw. A holding company for these various oil corporations does not interest me in the least, in view of the fact that there is a lie out somewhere. You told me, not an hour ago, that you expected to strike oil within a day or two. Now, how do you reconcile these misstatements? Did the boys lie?"

"No," admitted Blackie. "I did."

"And you still expect me to consider a business transaction with you?"

"No," returned Blackie, rising. "I expect you to go the devil," and he left the office.

Wallingford, quite unaware that there had been any change in the groundwork of his plans, walked into Tommy Wisbun's, with the same beamingly cordial smile which had proved so welcome there.

"Well, how's she going, Tommy?" he inquired.

"Oh, how's she going?" mocked Tommy, lighting a fresh cigar for himself, and offering none. "Answer me one question: How did you come to pick me for a boob?"

"Somebody's been stringing you," smiled Wallingford, immediately on the alert. "What makes you suspect yourself?"

"Now, there's no use in stalling!" sharply argued Mr. Wisbun. "Your kids gave you away."

"My kids!" repeated Wallingford.

"I suppose they're yours. One of 'em's so freckled that he looks like a South Carolina Havana, and the other one looks like you. They showed me the well that's spouting the oil. About the quickest thing for you to do's to put me wise. What's the answer?"

"I can give you the answer all right; but, first of all, I'd like to remark that I don't see where you get your permit to holler. Can you see where you're stung?"

"Am I blind?" yelled Tommy. "You didn't tip me the word that there was any difference in those certificates. You let me pass out the right ones along with the others, and it's only luck that we opened that bundle last."

"So you've been holding them out," and a trace of genuine distress came on Wallingford's brow. There was no smile in him now. "How many did you put in circulation?"

"Two hundred and six. I called 'em back from the other shops on the jump, and I've got seventeen hundred and ninety-four shares in my safe."

"You have, eh!" snapped Wallingford.

"Well, that's why I didn't tip you off, you shoe-string operator! Now I'll tell you the graft. If

I'd come into this town and said I had an oil-well in active operation, I couldn't sell enough of the stock to wrap



"Yes, you fat stiff," vigorously returned Tommy, who held it a cardinal principle to outyell anybody

up a whisper. If I get two thousand shares of that stock, in one-share lots, floating around this town, and then spring the news that the well is a gusher, I'll have two thousand people bug-eyed to get some more of it. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes, you fat stiff!" vigorously returned Tommy, who held it a cardinal principle to outyell anybody. "If you had let me in on it, I'd have played your game off the boards, but now I'm looking for mine."

"Seems to me you have it," grumbled Wallingford. "Those shares in your safe are worth mighty near par value. If you had let them on the street, we'd have the town in good shape to clean up; and I had it all fixed to give you a good commission on the stock we sold. On the strength of the boom, the other four wells should sell up to twenty-five and thirty cents, because they're right near the real one. There was ten thousand in it for you."

"There'll be ten thousand in it for me, or I'll brand the whole thing as a fake!" declared Tommy Wisbun, pushing his face forward. "I'll handle your other shares, but I'll take out my commission in these nice green certificates."

For just an instant, J. Rufus Wallingford seemed to gulp, and the tips of his ears turned red; then he sobered and thought.

"Tell you what we'll do," he suggested. "When we give out the news of the spouter, we'll call it some other well; say the Stormy Petrol. The price on that should go up eighty-five or ninety cents, and on the others to not less than thirty. Your commission will be twenty-five per cent."

"In Whizzer shares," insisted Tommy Wisbun, laying his fist on the edge of the show-case. "Every five bales you give me I'll keep the green ones and pass you the coin for the others. If I don't have it that way, I'll knock the whole game. And, more than that, I'm going down to Crudeton to-night and see for myself."

"Oh, very well," gave in Wallingford, with a sigh. "I suppose you'll have your way about it. I want eighty for that green Whizzer stock, but if I get eighty for the pink ones I'm just as well satisfied. I'll wire my people at Crudeton to tell all comers that the spouter is the Stormy Petrol, and to make it strong."

Wallingford passed Blackie Daw in the street without a sign of recognition, but,

five miles out of town, Blackie, in his favorite racing runabout, overtook him.

"Got some news for you, Jim," hailed Blackie, climbing in Wallingford's touring car and sending the chauffeur back in the runabout. "The kids were in town to-day, and——"

"Yes, I know," laughed Wallingford. "Open her up, Blackie. I want to hit the next telegraph station."

#### IV

THERE was no fake about the Stormy Petrol oil-well! No, sir! That Stormy Petrol oil-well was right there in Crudeton spouting away—regular oil! You know how John D. Rockefeller made his money, don't you? Oil! That's the answer! Well?

And what a soft snap! At first, Stormy Petrol shares, like so many other good things, were worth nothing at all. Why, Tommy Wisbun gave them away with cigars! Nearly two thousand dollars' worth, at the present prices! That shows you how much money there is in oil!

Say! Do you want to trade oil shares? I'll give four of any other color for a pink one. No, not five; four. It was five yesterday, but not to-day. You know those oil-wells are all close to old Stormy Petrol, and they're liable to gush any minute. Did you hear that they'd had indications in the Fountain well? Yes. That's the yellow certificates. The green ones are the Whizzer well, but you don't see much of that stock. I guess it's no good. It's right next to the Stormy Petrol, right smack behind it; so I guess it's too near. What are they getting for the pink shares over at Tommy Wisbun's? Ninety! Gee, that Stormy Petrol stock's going up! I think I'll buy a little more before it goes above par. Why, that stock's liable to go any place! You know what Standard Oil stock's worth? Over five hundred! Shows you the money there is in oil.

There's no fake about the Stormy Petrol you know. Doctor Mullet was down to see it, and Hink Thompson, and Fordham D. Lester; but Tommy Wisbun beat them all to it. He's a smart party, that Tommy! Sneaked down there at night before anybody knew about it, and put this town onto the richest snap it ever had. Oil just pouring out of the Stormy Petrol by the million gallons!



It was like that all over the town. People who formerly talked baseball and suffragettism, now talked nothing but oil. People who formerly had room in their pockets for memorandum- and check-books and occasional letters, now had room only for oil shares—pink, red, yellow, and blue. Oil shares had almost taken the place of currency. One could buy a steak for a pink share, and a few lengths of sausage for a red or a blue one, since the butcher was also becoming rich in oil. Yellow shares were in the chops' class, for the Fountain well had given an indication—at least, it was so rumored.

Meantime, Tommy Wisbun went around with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets and his florid countenance, in placid content. Every time he got in a fresh bale of shares to sell, he chucked the green ones in the safe, and happily gave Wallingford the money for the pink, the red, the yellow, and the blue.

V



"Exactly," agreed the eminent attorney, blinking

"Well, Doc, I'm back again," announced Blackie Daw, striding briskly into Doctor Mullet's office and plumping himself in the consultation-chair, with his knuckles on his knees. "I think I have seeds in my Adam's apple."

Doctor Mullet did not look at the eyeballs of his patient, or feel his pulse, or reach for his apparatus. With deep wisdom and penetration, he observed:

"You have a scheme in your head. What is it—that holding company again?"

"Too late, Doc," returned Blackie. "If you had not been so everlastingly hasty, when I was lying my complexion away to keep the public from finding out that we had a regular oil-well, we might have formed that holding company, and I'd have had money, in place of being the pauper I am. Now, all I can do is to point out a better scheme and demand a commission."

"Why can't we organize a holding company?" inquired the doctor quite pleasantly. He had seen, in a flash, why Mr. Daw had been so secretive about the

Stormy Petrol. Or, at least, he thought he had.

"Because the companies are all over-capitalized," promptly replied Mr. Daw, and he grinned with keen enjoyment. "You know, these boobs never stopped to figure how many people would have to divide the profits from the Stormy Petrol. There's been half a million shares sold in the five companies, at an average of thirty-five cents. How many barrels of oil a day do you suppose it will take to pay legitimate profits on a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, let alone half a million?"

The change which had spread itself over the flat plane of Doctor Mullet's features was painful to look upon. His fishlike mouth had half opened; his fishlike eyes had widened.

"The infernal scoundrels!" he exclaimed. "Why, Daw, I've invested over seven thousand dollars in these various stocks! Only yesterday I bought two thousand shares of

Stormy Petrol at a dollar five! I'll go right out and sell it."

"Fine, Doc," approved Blackie, twirling his pointed mustache complacently. "If you had listened to me, you wouldn't have been loaded. You know, I never encouraged you to buy any stock. I told you that the only way to make money out of an oil-well was to go behind the stock. The owner of the ground is the boy who gets the easy money—only he's a spendthrift and can't wait."

Doctor Mullet stopped twiddling his pencil. "Don't the corporations own the land?" he asked, in surprise.

"Certainly not," laughed Blackie. "They seldom do. They only have the ground leased, at the paltry sum of a thousand dollars a year and some of that good oil."

"I see. How much of the oil?"

"Oh, hardly any," replied Blackie most airily. "Just one-fourth, and the oil companies have to barrel or tank the landowner's oil, ship it to market, be responsible for the collections, and turn him over the money. You couldn't hand him any stock."

"I should say not!" enthusiastically agreed the doctor. "One-fourth! Who is the man?"

"That's where we get in!" and Blackie jumped up. "Now, I have this fellow saved for you, Doc. Get your hat and come right along!"

"Where?" asked the doctor, beginning to share in the excitement.

"To the boob," replied Blackie, grabbing his own hat and thumping a tune on the crown. "First, though, we go to Fordham D. Lester and sign a contract. Hurry!"

"But I don't understand! What contract?" The doctor's eyes had begun to widen again, but not with disappointment.

"For my commission." Blackie was dancing with impatience. "Where's your hat? Oh, here it is! Now, Doc, I have this property owner bottled up. I'm his selling agent, and he can't get to Broadway quick enough with your money. You're to give me half of all you make, after you've gotten back the amount of your original investment."

"Half!" The doctor stood with his hat in his hand, glaring into Blackie's eyes. "I'll never do it."

"Hurry!" ordered Blackie. "Hurry, or this fellow will get away! If I don't find a buyer for him to-day, he's gone! If half's

too much for you, call it three-sevenths. I'm a sport. Come on!" and, taking Doctor Mullet by the arm, he began to lead him away.

"Wait a minute!" protested Mullet, dragging. "How will I know this fellow has any title to the property? I never do business as fast as this."

"I've had Fordham D. Lester look up the title," explained Blackie, slamming the door after them and starting down the steps. "You trust Fordham D. Lester, don't you—your own attorney? I have the promoter of the wells over there to confirm the lease. You trust the promoter of the wells, don't you? You saw the Stormy Petrol spouting oil. You trust your own eyes, don't you? Very well. Opportunity knocks at every man's door but once! Am I walking too fast for you?"

"A little," gasped the doctor.

## VI

THERE sat in Fordham D. Lester's office, besides that wedgelike lawyer and J. Rufus Wallingford, a sulky-looking man who was nine-tenths despondency and the balance chiefly red mustache. Him, Blackie crisply introduced as Henry Blasker, and then turned cheerfully to the attorney, who was so thin-faced that he seemed twice as big in profile as in full view.

"We're all ready, Mr. Lester," he announced. "We're in a hurry."

"Exactly," agreed the eminent attorney, blinking, for, above all things, he was not used to rapid movement. He pushed some papers around on the desk in front of him. "I may say, Doctor Mullet, that I have looked into Mr. Blasker's title and the leases upon his property, and find them flawless, so far as I can judge. It is my understanding, Doctor Mullet, that you propose to purchase Mr. Blasker's herein-described oil-land, upon which are situate the Whizzer," he consulted his papers, "the Fountain, the Syrup, the Million Gallon, and the Stormy Petrol oil-wells, and the leases of their respective corporations, the aforesaid purchase to be outright, through Horace G. Daw, agent, and for the cash sum of fifty thousand dollars."

"Well, I don't know," hesitated Doctor Mullet, turning his hat between his hands. He seemed confused. "Why, Daw, we didn't mention the price!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES G. CHAMBERS

Henry Blasker projected his red mustache over the edge of the door. "My opinion is that you're a couple of crooks!" he savagely stated

"Nonsense," laughed Horace G. Daw, agent. "I spoke of that in the first place, but we spoke so rapidly that I suppose you forgot. Here's the check ready for your signature, Doc," and he picked it up from in front of Mr. Lester. "Here's the deed; here's the transfer; here's your copy of the lease; here's your agreement on my commission. Mr. Lester, you may change the figures in that commission to three-sevenths, in place of one-half."

Doctor Mullet made his last stand right there. "It's too much! I won't pay it!" he stoutly protested.

"Then make it two-sevenths," ordered Blackie, to the stunned Lester. "Sit right here, Doc," and jerking a chair to the left of Lester's desk, he had Doctor Mullet seated in it before that gentleman knew what he was about.

In a daze Mullet signed, and in surly discontent Blasker signed, and in blinking confusion Fordham D. Lester signed, sealed, and delivered; then Blackie Daw excused himself for a few minutes. He had to run over to the bank to have Doctor Mullet's check certified.

The haze lifted from the doctor's brain.

"You know, I believe this to be a very fair investment, Lester," he smilingly observed. "Now that it is all over, what do you think of it, Mr. Blasker?"

Mr. Blasker sat on the other side of the desk, where his feet could not be seen, and, before he could answer, Wallingford kicked his ankle. "It's fine!" he husked.

"It's probable that I would have been in this proposition from a different angle had it not been for two little boys of Mr. Daw," went on Doctor Mullet, rubbing his hands slowly together. He was one of those people who never do anything until they are pushed into it, and then congratulate themselves on decisiveness. "They rushed in on Mr. Daw, in my office, and betrayed a harmless secret of his. One of the boys was highly interesting from a medical standpoint. He had the most perfect type of lobeless ear which I have ever seen."

J. Rufus Wallingford bent forward eagerly. "What does that mean as an indication of character?" he asked, and he waited for the answer with an anxiety which he could scarcely conceal.

"I'd like to know myself," pondered the doctor. "It's a much disputed point.

This boy was quiet, and, from the conversation, was far more secretive, cautious, and probably cunning than the other; but so much depends on heredity."

"Oh," observed J. Rufus Wallingford, and became profoundly silent.

## VII

HENRY BLASKER stood out by the touring car and projected his red mustache over the edge of the door.

"My opinion is that you're a couple of crooks!" he savagely stated. "You handed me the lime-drops on this deal!"

"Welcher!" retorted Wallingford.

"You stung everybody!" went on the ex-oil-land owner. "This fat-head doctor, and the people, and Wisbun! I know how you stung Wisbun. He wouldn't believe the Stormy Petrol wasn't the Whizzer well when he came down and looked at it; and when I showed him your telegram, that cinched it with him. He's got his safe so stuffed with that green stock he has to keep his money in his wife's name."

Both Wallingford and Blackie Daw laughed until their sides ached, and then Wallingford turned on the complainer.

"You go choke!" he snarled. "You couldn't sell your well to the Consolidated Company for more than ten thousand dollars. They told you to go right on and dig oil, and pay no attention to them until you got big enough to be worth killing. You tried to float an operating company, and you just escaped being pinched every time you offered any stock for sale. You were so broke that we had to take your other shirt out of hock. And when we guaranteed to sell your oil-land, and give you two-fifths of what we got for it, you were so tickled you almost cried on our necks. You got your twenty thousand, and five thousand extra for keeping your mouth shut. Now, what are you beefing about?"

"I want my two-fifths on what you got out of those five oil companies," demanded Henry Blasker, his mustache puffing like a red awning. "You cleaned up not less than a hundred and fifty thousand. Sixty thousand, that's my share! I want it!" and he tried to climb into the car.

"Read your contract, you hick," chuckled Wallingford, his broad shoulders heaving, as he looked down on the man. "You can show it in any court. It says 'land'!"

The next adventure of *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* will appear in the May issue.

# The New Ethel Barrymore

By Alan Dale

I FEEL like a father confessor in the case of Ethel Barrymore, for I don't think there's a phase of her charming personality with which I am unacquainted. I've chatted with her so often that she has no secrets from me, but she is a delightful talker, and always seems to have something new to say. Now that her art has matured and she has "found herself," there is less need of asking her about her ambitions, for, by her work in "Tante," Miss Barrymore has placed herself eternally in the ranks of comedians.

"I feel that comedy is my line, much as it was my mother's," she said to me, on one expansive occasion, but just then that wasn't her ambition. She had an indefinite yearning for "strong" rôles and emotional business. And so we saw her in this style of part, and admired the sincerity of her



PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. J. C. PATRICK

Miss Barrymore in her own home

endeavors and the strenuousness of her attack. The only part I ever missed seeing her play was Nora, in "A Doll's House," and I watched her in various weepy rôles,



(C)  
CHAR.  
FROEMAN

Her work in "Tante" has placed her eternally in the ranks of comedians

and I am bound to say that if she had wished to continue in the emotional, she would have won out. But Miss Barrymore has at last found her footing, and after

"Tante" we can look for a series of delicious comedy parts of the caliber that Mrs. Kendal once made so famous. The splendid maternity that has come to the little star has widened her scope of action, and we now have a fine actress where formerly we had but a personality.

"I can't help thinking," said Miss Barry-



## The New Ethel Barrymore



After Madame Okraska, we can look for a series of delicious comedy rôles

more, in one of her confessions, "that my engagement with Henry Irving, in London, did me a lot of good. The first night, I played a small part in 'The Bells'—just a silly little part, in which I had to call him 'dear father' and sit on his lap. He

Bernhardt, anyway, and I suppose I shall take Ellen Terry's place, later on.' London did me good, and I'm grateful to it."

Then Miss Barrymore played London as a star in a foolish little play called "Cynthia," and even there she couldn't escape me. There I was, like a haunting shadow—the father confessor, as usual, and this time it was rather sad.

"They were cold—glacial—for two acts," she said, "and I—I—was miserable. Even in New York, I hate a first night. It is agony. I wonder why we act at all, for it is scarcely worth while undergoing such torture. In London, it was worse. They didn't know me. Perhaps some of them remembered that I was once with Irving, but that would have prejudiced them against me, for when I was with Irving I was sixteen and very bad—and convinced that I was very good. In the third act, they warmed up, but next morning the play was roasted to cinders, and it took two weeks to overcome that. You

know that, in London, the play's the thing. And they hated 'Cynthia.'

My part was an impossible one. It was that of a young wife who had to behave like an idiot.

The age of discretion is, I believe,



(C) CHAS. FROMMAN

In "Tante," a play that wasn't a play, but that her art made. (In oval) As Madame Trentoni, in "Captain Jinks"

patted my head and said I had done well. How elated I was! I said to myself, 'Well, I'm surely greater than



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
MR. J. C. FAIRCHILD

seven years. Well, a child of seven years would have known more than Cynthia."

Do you remember when they were always marrying Ethel Barrymore to impossible people? Now that she is Mrs. Colt, with three delightful little Colts to mother and to study, Ethel Barrymore can afford to laugh at all the "press-agent" nonsense. But she didn't like it at the time. It got on her nerves.

Then she went into "society," or the newspapers reported her as in that woeful plight. She was always hobnobbing with titles and all that sort of thing. Another sorrowful experience!

"It is killing to realize that the press insists upon my being taken up by society. Certainly it makes good reading. It is as good reading for me as for you. But I know nothing of society. Once, in Chicago, they asked me to write an article on 'Society and the Stage.' I know little of the former, and not very much of the latter. Therefore I wrote the article. It was when I was younger, don't you know. Just as though I care a hang about society! Remember that I come from a family of actors. The stage is in my blood. I love it; I

have been brought up to it. How could I bother about society? If you want the unvarnished truth, it is that I have absolutely no use for society—no more than society has for me."

And the result of all this is her exquisite work in "Tante," a play that wasn't a play, but that her art made. Only a writer that has known Ethel Barrymore as I have done—in all the phases of her career—can thoroughly appreciate the vicissitudes that have led up to this climax.

In the title-rôle of "Carrots"



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
MR. J. C. FAIRCHILD

The splendid maternity that has come to the little star has widened her scope of action, and we now have a fine actress where formerly we had but a personality. (Above) Room in Miss Barrymore's home, Mamaronck



Miss Carlisle is markedly beautiful and accomplished in many directions

## A Versatile Everywoman

"EVERYWOMAN" (in the London production) was in more ways than one an appropriate rôle for the actress who assumed it with distinguished success—Alexandra Carlisle. She has played so many different parts, both professionally and in private life, that one is puzzled oftentimes whether to be interested in her as English or American, as a serious actress or a

*comédienne*, as a wearer of "emotional" gowns on the stage or as a worldly business woman of remarkable executive capacity.

One important fact is that Miss Carlisle is markedly beautiful. She is not a professional beauty, but a beauty whose qualifications in quite other directions have given her rank in the theatrical profession.

"I am an Englishwoman, and Yorkshire English at that," she declared, during her recent New York term as Mrs. Oliver in a comedy entitled, "The Marriage Game." "Don't you notice it in my accent?"

In truth, the most noticeable thing about Miss Carlisle's "accent" is that she hasn't any. She speaks the language correctly, clearly, and musically, according to the best usage on either side of the ocean.

"And it is a good deal the same way about acting, audiences, and plays," she goes on to say. "The mutual hands-across-the-sea sentiment and interchange in these matters are now accomplished facts—so much so, that I, for one, am unconscious of any discrimination

She has learned stenography, typewriting, and telegraphy, as well as the art of acting

between 'English' and 'American' in either my workaday or everyday existence."

Besides "The Marriage Game," she has been seen here in only one other play—"The Mollusc," done at the Garrick Theater, New York, five or six years ago. And this was an exotic sort of affair, although written by an American, Hubert Henry Davies. Yet she is more identified with American plays than some of our native actresses, because, since her first pronounced hit in "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville Theater, London, in 1905, she has been "featured" in the English productions of some of our best known Broadway successes.

When Miss Carlisle herself begins to talk, she is as likely as not to tell you all about how she studied Euclid and learned stenography, typewriting, and telegraphy, and omit mention that she was the Portia in Beerbohm Tree's revival of "The Merchant of Venice," and the Olivia in the same eminent actor-manager's "Twelfth Night."

"When Arthur Bourchier gave me my first chance," she relates, "it was to go on the road with a touring company, and play any old part they told me to. I did that, and more. We hadn't been out long before they talked of hiring a typist for the press-agent work and as general secretary. I applied for the job,

got it, and earned extra pay that amounted to more than I received for my 'acting.' In addition to this work, they gradually put other things on me, so that before the season closed I knew every detail about stage business, contracts, and percentages, and was looking after the booking and railway transportation of the company.

"It was what you might call practical, all-round training; but, like the pantomime work in which I next engaged at a salary of about six dollars for twelve performances a week, I doubt if such experiences have any real value in the development of budding genius.

It was not until I got into Mr. Benson's repertory company that my training as an actress began."

This versatile woman is never "resting." In off seasons she rests from playing by doing or learning something in a new direction. At present she is organizing secretary of an important Anglo-American commercial enterprise.



As Mrs. Oliver, in "The Marriage Game." This is the second rôle Miss Carlisle has played in this country

# Gertrude of the Silent Drama

"ACTING for the motion-picture camera isn't all truffles and Tokay," says vivacious Gertrude McCoy, in telling how she jumped from vaudeville into motion pictures.

"It is one thing to see a motion-picture play as it is projected on the screen, and quite another to see the actors and actresses at the studio, 'acting it out' before the conscienceless eye of the camera. Our work is as unromantic as washing dishes. We sometimes rehearse a scene as many as five times. After each rehearsal the director speaks pointedly concerning

our shortcomings—then the gong is sounded, and absolute quiet prevails; the flaming arcs begin to sputter and buzz; the director gives a sharp command, and the camera whizzes monotonously; the director watches our every



Miss McCoy has played more than a hundred moving-picture parts

As a bashful country maiden



Scene from "The Usurer's Grip." The work is very trying, but she is in love with it

move and makes remarks that are as swift and sharp as arrows, keeping his eye on a stop-watch as the forty seconds are being usurped by the players."

She smiled as she talked, and I believe intuition told her I was going to ask a question.

"Just come out to the studio and see for yourself," was the way she put the invitation.



The big, glass-domed Edison studio is away up in the Bronx. Upon being ushered into the main-studio room, I immediately observed Miss McCoy as one of a group gathered around a man evidently of great importance. His vivid language is worth recording, for he was the director and spoke as follows:

"Now get that! Peg tells Steve she has secured employment with a picture company. He is not pleased—tells her she shall not become an actress. Peg pleads, then insists. Steve protests—says, 'If you go you sacrifice everything'—wants her decision. Peg tells Steve he doesn't understand. Steve exits angrily. Peg looks after, goes toward door, then falls to table, weeps."

Thirty minutes later she was doing another scene in an entirely different



"It has been two years since I made my debut as a picture actress," she told me, "and during that time I have played more than a hundred parts. On the legitimate stage I appeared in 'Mlle. Mischief,' was with Eddie Foy one season, then turned to vaudeville. Pictures came next."

"And how old?" I ventured to ask.

"Nearly old enough to vote," she quickly replied, then added: "but I haven't made up my mind regarding woman suffrage. You see, I



"Peg o' the Movies," one of the most popular of Miss McCoy's picture plays

story for a different director.

Though she refers to her work as very trying, Miss McCoy is in love with picture acting, and states her ambition is to reach the top.

Nearly old enough to vote, but has no views on woman suffrage

was born down South—in Rome, Georgia."

Aside from her work as an actress, Miss McCoy finds time to write picture scenarios—her "Circumstances Make Heroes" was a "knockout."



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"I am abjectly and humbly sorry"—his eyes were laughing—"but I won't promise.  
I love you, and I can't help myself"

*(The Ways of Love)*

# The Ways of Love

Here is a story of "love at first sight," but on one side only. The situation is a difficult one. The man, an idealist by nature and resolved to be faithful to a lost love, finds himself swept away by a sudden infatuation for a high-bred girl, who, on her part, is sincerely dismayed by the ardor of a lover who is a complete stranger. The situation leads to an interesting and unconventional experiment. Both are willing to undergo a thorough test. Can one rightly question Beville's sincerity, or sympathize with Mary Bannerman's attitude? But—let Mr. Hamilton tell the story. He is a keen searcher of hearts, and his knowledge of human nature is deep and wide.

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

HE had been unable to take his eyes away from her.

The first sight of her among all those people at the dinner at which he was guest of honor and the first speaker, had sent a thrill through him, had filled him with a sort of impatient irrepressible desire to sit near her, to touch her hand, to kiss her.

He was English and a gentleman. He was almost, perhaps curiously, fastidious in his tastes and habits. He had been brought up to play the game of cricket, both actually and in its metaphorical sense, according to the rules. There was, however, Latin blood in his veins, and he had been born with an unself-consciousness that was utterly unsular. He possessed a feeling for beauty, an appreciation of form, and a desire to possess that made him what he was—an artist, a collector.

He was, too, at that time, a lonely man in a strange country, a man who had just come out of the dark to look with almost blinking eyes at humanity and the pageant of life. He had been, like others of similar sensitiveness and deep feeling, surprised to find that he had retained sanity after the profound grief of an irreparable loss. He was also humiliated and startled to discover that, although his heart had gone down into the grave of the gracious woman whom he had worshiped and served, the Adam in him was as alive as ever.

Hitherto, during his almost meteoric tour through some of the cities of the United States, he had escaped from all-too-easy entanglements with mere dents upon his

armor. He had always been made aware of the renunciatory sword in time. He had drawn it upon Adam and held its point toward Eve.

He hoped that, above all things, he might go through his days a faithful man. To be faithful was the great task that he had set himself, because, if he believed anything, it was that the dead do not die. His loss had given him faith, but—he was lonely, very lonely, and he was not old, and he was an artist, and he had acquired the gift of collecting. He faced a problem, then? There is no need to answer you. Nature has never yet played second fiddle to idealism.

And it was at this unimportant, unnecessary dinner, the invitation to which he had had two minds to refuse, that nature no longer was content to follow at his heels, but closed up quickly, unexpectedly, and relentlessly and laid a hand upon his arm. The first sight of this girl with the big gray eyes and abundant warm-brown hair, who met his gaze so fearlessly and held it against his will, fired him, disturbed him. Before he could decamp, struggle, contest, or argue, the sword had fallen from his side, and he was armorless. It was not pitiful. It had, sooner or later, to occur. He was alive and he was human, and only the angels die young.

It goes without saying that the party with which he went back into the heart of New York—the dinner had been held in a building on the corner of a street which was numbered something well over a hundred—included this girl. These things do not happen. They are arranged. He rode—

one of four—in a taxicab through the switchback street that was to him the most vulgar of any city that he knew. He was delighted with the imposing portico and the pretentious wrought-iron gate of the apartment building in Fifth Avenue at which they alighted. He had been introduced to the girl before entering the cab, but had already forgotten her name. He took her hand to help her out and held it for longer than was either necessary or conventional, but his insolence was deferential. He seemed, boyishly, to have forgotten to return it. The touch of her made him tingle.

The rooms were charming and belonged to a man who liked people to recognize that he was widely traveled. He sat as near the girl as he could, and talked too much and looked at her too often. He was in absurdly high spirits. Two o'clock struck, and the other girl, of the flamboyant, Titian-headed, plump type, began to droop like a tea-rose after a hot day, and grow tired-eyed and silent. Then, instinctively, everyone got up and hunted for wraps and coats. He was the only one to talk as the elevator went down. Without invitation, he joined the man who had volunteered to drive the girls home. Fifth Avenue was nearly deserted, and the cab, to him, had too clear a road. He sprang out when it stopped and escorted the girl to the elevator of her apartment-house. There he bent over her hand, looked full into her eyes, and said, "I love you." "Oh, please," she said, and took her hand away and hurried into the elevator. Her dignity and indignation would have killed any other man. They only irritated him. "How wasteful!" he thought as he returned to the cab. "How uncivilized!"

He lived in a bachelor suite on a corner of the Avenue near the Cathedral, and to this he took the other man for a final cigarette when the Titian had been deposited. He intended to discover not only the name but the telephone number of the girl. And when the man left him at three o'clock, he went at once, without a second thought, to the telephone and asked for her number. It was some little time before anyone spoke, and then came an alarmed and agitated voice. "Who is it?"

"I," he replied. "I love you."

"But it's three o'clock."

"But it's never too late to love."

"But no one has ever called me up at such an hour before. I thought my brother

was ill. You have given me a dreadful shock."

"Would to heaven I could see you!"

There was a gasp of incoherent indignation, and his apology was cut short.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when this man, who had not been to bed, swung up to the girl's apartment-house in a street of the utmost height of selectness, walking on air. His eyes were clear and eager. In a kind light he could easily have passed for twenty-five. "My name to Miss Bannerman," he said to the colored boy with head close shaved and gleaming teeth and a glimpse of brilliant socks showing beneath his too short uniform trousers who sat at the telephone.

"What name?"

"Aubrey Beville. You're very slow, aren't you?"

"Mr. Beville tar see Miss Bannerman. Eh? Yep. Arl right."

The boy loped across the tessellated hall to the elevator, which he manipulated flashily.

A sturdy, fresh-faced maid with bright-black hair opened the door. Beville gave her his hat, stick, and gloves and followed along a print-hung passage.

Mary Bannerman was standing in the middle of a very pleasant, feminine room, in which there was a sense of culture and good taste, of warmly-covered books and nice reproductions of old masters. Here and there were notes of Orientalism—in the cover of the divan and its cushions, and an oil painting of a nude, voluptuous figure against a purple sky. They were oddly incongruous. She stood very straight. Her chin was tilted high, and there was antagonism in all her beautiful, young, slim lines. A glint of sunlight set her hair ablaze.

Aubrey Beville went up to her quietly. He did not offer his hand. He remained silent. He took her in as a man who knows the work of the great artists takes in a newly discovered picture of overwhelming merit.

The girl's eyelids fluttered, and her hands twisted nervously. She said, "Did—did you know how late it was when you called me up?"

"No; what is time when life's so short?"

"But I am not accustomed to be called up at such an hour. It was very disrespectful. Please never do it again."



Mary Bannerman went on looking at the water-colors without seeing them. She was listening to his voice. It was very true and sympathetic, and had some of the emotional appeal of a cello

"I am abjectly and humbly sorry"—his eyes were laughing—"but I won't promise. I love you, and I can't help myself."

The girl flushed. She was uncharacteristically angry, so angry that her hair should have been black, not fair, and her eyes brown, not gray. She felt that she would have given up everything that she possessed to hit this confident man in the face. She took herself as far away from him as the smallish room permitted and stood, like a young queen, with nostrils distended and a quick intake of breath. She told herself that she hated this man, and liked him better than any man she knew. She hated him for his unhidden assumption that she was a woman of the world. She liked him for his clean-cut face and air of breeding. She hated him for his lack of respect for what

she proudly called her idealism, her true femininity, her unwavering rectitude. She liked him for his boyish daring and all that he had done.

"You're trying to make a fool of me," she said, and there was just the suggestion of tears in her voice.

In an instant Beville was at her side.

"What!" he said. "Where have you lived? In what sort of a cage have you been shut up? Don't you know me? Is my kind utterly foreign to you?"

Good God"—he

said this as a

Frenchman says

"*Mon dieu*," al-

together without

blasphemy—"do

you suppose that

it's possible for us

to be ships that

pass in the night?

I tell you I love

you, I adore you, I

need you, and if

you will only step

out of that case in

which you've shut

yourself up, you

will, you *must* re-

spond to me. I

say you must.

What's it matter

that we only met

a few hours ago?

Convention and

all that rot doesn't

come in to such a coming-together as this. You captured me as soon as I saw you."

Miss Bannerman listened to this rapidly spoken, amazing tirade as a child listens to the wash of the sea, never having been on the coast before. To be loved, and to be loved by a man whose name was on everybody's lips, exhilarated and delighted her. She confessed as much to herself. She was essentially honest. She had heard other men say that they loved her, often; but to be told that she was loved in this audacious, overwhelming, unrestrained manner, by a man to whom she had hardly spoken two words, and who had, even on the first night of their acquaintance, deeply offended her, filled her with resentment. According to her code, it was humiliating to have to listen to these things said in this swift,



compelling way. It was unbelievable, unconventional, altogether unbearable. What did he take her for?

"I—I am expecting callers," she said, and moved away.

He followed. "No, you're not. Be honest with me."

His eyes were on hers. They seemed to be able to read her mind. "Well, then, I am not," she said resentfully. "But I don't understand why you should talk like this to me. What right have I given you? What have I ever done or implied that you should—"

"Look at me," he said, as she paused to find words. "I'm saying just precisely the things that I feel and think at this moment."

"Ah, yes; at this moment. Perhaps to-morrow you will think something utterly different."

"No, not to-morrow, or the next day, or the next. Of the next still, I can't speak. But what I feel at the moment I always say. It's appalling. I know that, and I apologize. But that's me, and you must take me as you find me. It's for you to decide whether you consider me worth your while to take. Do you? If so, don't let's waste time. Life's so short, and we none of us know where we shall be to-morrow. If you don't, say so, and I'll go and never trouble you again." He waited for an answer.

She found him more attractive in his well-cut English clothes than in evening dress. She found him very tall and charmingly slight. He annoyed and puzzled and fascinated and frightened. He also awoke all the feminine curiosity that was in her. And so she said, "Won't you sit down?"

He burst into a laugh. She was a humorist, then. She was taken by surprise. She intended no humor. What else could she say? She did not want him to go. She sat down, rather stiffly, on the divan.

He sat, too. He sat near enough to her to gather the fragrance of her presence. He put out his hand and touched one of the beads that hung from her neck with the tip of a finger.

"I'm an awful brute," he said. "What lovely little ears you've got! But I'm half-French and a fearful individualist, and I come from a set in which men and women lose no time, no opportunity. An effete set, if you like, a supercivilized set which grasps at happiness and joy and thinks only

of to-day, of the moment, and never gives a thought to consequences. There is no other woman on earth with such beautiful hair as yours." He moved a little nearer and looked up into her face.

She had thought out what she was going to say. She did not believe it, or at any rate, she did not want to believe it, but she knew that it would bring about another extraordinary outburst.

"You seem to have made a fine art of insincerity," she said coldly.

She was right. He was off again immediately. "Insincere!" he cried. "Me! Why, I'm so sincere, so downright, so apparently insolent in my frankness that you've been half wondering whether I'm altogether sane. I know you have. You needn't deny it. Who but a sincere man would dare to say what I have said to you already? I say I love you. I do, however much you raise your eyebrows. I can love you if I like. There's no law to prevent a man from loving, you know, and a cat may look at a king. I'm not asking you to love me—yet. I *do* love you. I love you to the extent of risking your showing me to the door, by saying so five minutes more or less after seeing you for the first time. I love you to the extent of forgetting my work, which comes before everything, of letting everything go just to sit near you and look at you and watch your lips and feast on your loveliness. I love you to the extent of making a fool of myself and a weak fool, of slipping off my self-erected pedestal and doing what I hoped I never should do again. I don't want to love. I want to go through the remainder of my life alone, faithful to a cause, a memory, an obligation, a trust. But I see you, and your sweetness draws me off and holds me, and I want to kiss you frightfully and hold your hands and hear you say you love me.

"No, no! Don't become mid-Victorian. Don't look icy and outraged. What's the use? You know me, and I know you better already than if we'd met in society here twice a week for ten years. It was intended that we should meet. It was all mapped out. It was all a part of the scheme of us. Well, then, don't let's, for the sake of some idiotic convention, waste each other. Don't let's spoil what should be an unforgettable idyl, something—a delicious oasis in a desert of blank days—that will remain stored in our memories,

to draw upon when it's dark and cold. I'm an artist, and you ought to be. I'm a lover, a complete lover, and you must learn how to be one, too. Please!"

To her own astonishment she was not offended at what he said, although his point of view was all against her ideas of right and wrong. She was bitterly annoyed at being called mid-Victorian, for she considered herself to be, if possible, beyond the century in which she lived. She said so, and he laughed again and caught up her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers before she drew it quickly away—but not too quickly.

And then the bell rang, and a friend of hers came in to return a book, and the spell was broken.

And then Beville left New York for a week.

He did not go impelled by any Machiavelian whisperings, saying to himself that absence makes the heart grow fonder, that a woman's curiosity, once aroused, grows greater when it has nothing to feed upon. There was nothing of cunning or subterfuge in the man's mind. He went to stay in the country with his American publisher, who was ill and unable to leave his room. It

was vitally necessary that these two should talk and arrange. But all the days and many of the nights that he was away, the face and figure of the beautiful girl was before his eyes. He wrote letters to her, but was unable to post them because he had utterly forgotten her address. Her name was not in the telephone-book. It was maddening.

And she, left suddenly in her hitherto righteous and pretty room with all his rush of pagan words echoing in her ears, expecting every moment to be called up and hear his clear English voice and amazing words that were so contradictory to his appearance, waited at home, day after day, strangely, annoyingly, on the *qui vive*. Suppose he had already forgotten? Suppose he had merely been playing with her? Suppose he was one of those writers who experimented upon people in order to analyze their characters? She had moments of anger, of disappointment, of irritation, of overwhelming curiosity. Again and again she assured herself that he had had no effect upon her heart. Again and again she stoutly maintained that he had merely attracted her mentally. Again and again, nevertheless, she longed to hear his voice at the door, and found that her heart missed a beat every time the bell rang.

Often she sat down on the divan and imagined him to be within a few inches of her and argued with him as to her mid-Victorianism. She was not mid-Victorian. She was not a prude, or a prim, hypocritical person. She had been educated abroad; she knew other countries. She had read widely



He lay at her feet and watched her as she babbled, without listening to what she said. It was her day, she felt

## The Ways of Love

and knew the poets. She was not a child. She was a woman.

She went nowhere. She gave up her engagements. She slept restlessly. She did not take her usual walks in the park and along Riverside Drive. She was vague and *distracted* when her friends came to see her. She was an altogether different Mary Bannerman.

And yet she was not in love. She was just a woman piqued, a woman of romantic tendencies whose life had been hedged round by convention, through whose hedge this ultracivilized, pagan man had broken in so suddenly and disappeared so oddly. That was all.

And then one afternoon he came again and stood in front of her as he had stood before, radiantly well and strong and masterful, and "I love you," he said.

She watched and listened that afternoon and several others. He appeared at four o'clock almost to the moment, without having attempted to make an appointment or ask permission. Still not loving him, she put everything aside, whatever it was, to be at home at four o'clock. He just came in and sat down very near to her and babbled boyishly, laughing frequently, speaking sometimes with deep and unexpected earnestness and once or twice with ill-concealed emotion on subjects that she never conceived it possible for him to have considered. He did not lay himself out before her as a merchant exposes his wares. Without any trace of self-consciousness or intention or purpose, he showed her many of the curious inconsistent facets of his character—his close power of observation, his gift—because it amounted to that—of psychology, his subtle sarcasm, his horror of ugliness, his physical courage, his infinite capacity for taking pains, his intolerance of vacillation, his refusal to be bothered with people who did not instantly shape themselves to his immediate wish, his fastidious distaste for all vulgarity, his idealism, his spirituality, and his proud materialism.

"Let us pray God to keep us normal," he said once. "A man who loses the sense of beauty and the desire to hold a woman against his heart is a suspect."

One afternoon, some weeks later, having said good-by three times, he caught her in his arms and held her so tight that she could hardly breathe. His eyes blazed, and

she could feel him shaking, but when his lips were within an inch of hers, she forced her arm free and put her hand over her mouth.

"The man who kisses my lips must be engaged to marry me," she said.

Instantly he set her free and bowed with a peculiar touch of formality. "Pray forgive me. Good-by," he said.

Intuitively she knew that he meant good-by, that it was the last time that they would have these afternoons. She seized upon the first excuse to stop him from leaving the house. "You're forgetting your cigarette-case!" she said. It was a pleasant piece of silver work, with a girl's name engraved upon it. It was by now a familiar thing, but, for the first time, a queer rankle of jealousy shot through her at the thought of how much that girl might have been to him. And yet she did not love the man.

She gave a little laugh. "You take yourself very seriously," she said.

"Not so seriously as you take me."

"How do you mean?"

He gripped her by the elbows, almost hurting her. "You baby-girl; you funny, frightened baby! Why can't you step free from all the stucco of false philosophy and let yourself be human? I could make you love me if I liked, in spite of yourself. But I'm not going to play upon your feelings and turn what can only be a mad, sweet interlude into something that will hurt you forever."

"What do you want then?"

"You," he said. "To take you away for a week."

"A week—away!"

"Yes, a week, away. Be your lover only in so far as to kiss you and hold you and never wound your self-respect."

"It couldn't be done!"

"It can be done, and I dare you to try me to do it. You don't believe in men. You suspect all men of being beasts. Very well. I'll show you. You deserve to be shown. Have you the pluck to go through with it? No; of course you haven't. Mid-Victorianism is in your blood." There was half a sneer on his face as he let her go.

"Is it?" Her voice rang out like a bell. "We'll see. You think that I don't possess pluck, do you? Meet me wherever you like then, and I'll go with you for this precious week of yours."

"You will?"

"Of course I will. Why not? You

know the bargain. You kiss me and that's all. And the moment you ask for more I throw 'I told you so' into the face of all men and go back to my mid-Victorianism. But——"

"But what?"

"We must play out this test in a house where there is a woman, a hostess, a chaperon."

"Oh, but no! That's all against——"

"And——" she added.

"What! You make another condition?"

"Yes. I make another." She looked at him squarely. "I must be engaged to you. I must go as your *fiancée*."

He threw up his hands. The gesture was absurdly Latin. "But that will spoil the whole idea, the whole challenge, the very spirit and meaning of the thing!"

"Oh, no, it won't," she said. "It will protect my good name, and in all fairness you owe me that. Oh, don't be scared! It will only be a nominal engagement, lasting a week. It will make no difference to you or to me. Let me tell you something to explain why I make these two absolute conditions. May I?"

"Go on," he said. There was a curious gleam of laughter in his eyes.

"The American girl enjoys that sort of proud independence of freedom which you Englishmen, apparently, find it hard to understand. We are ready to be men's



She turned as he stumbled forward, crying out her name, and smiled as she had so often smiled when he had come to a moment when he felt that he must fail and she believed in him

friends and companions if we like them and trust them, but we are, for all that, very jealous of our reputation. I am very jealous of mine. Do you see?"

"Very well," he said; "I agree. Will you do me the honor to be engaged to me for a week?"

"Yes," she answered.

## II

WHEN she came down from the charming bedroom with its simple country furniture and bright chintz, Beville was leaning against the open French window, listening to the silence. A full moon hung softly in a transparent sky, all surrounded with her court of stars. The woodwork of the bungalow's veranda was as white as though snow had fallen. In the air that came into the room there was only the faintest suggestion of September keenness.

The room was lighted by candles. Eight, in a pair of fours, stood in delightful brass stands upon the round, oak dining-table with its game legs. The two oak chairs with slatted backs and rush seats were opposite to each other. They seemed to be waiting for husband and wife. The walls were wainscoted with fumed oak, and the polished oak floor glistened. The fireplace was Dutch—all red bricks and deep, with a hood of gleaming copper, and over it hung a very lightly touched-in water-color sketch of the view of the Hudson River from the veranda of the bungalow. It was a beautiful specimen of the work of the artist who had lent his house to Beville. The hostess, Mrs. Emerson—the artist's wife—a romantic and kindly little woman, had gone to bed with a sick headache. Her father was a sportsman.

A Japanese man-servant, wearing a black-alpaca suit, padded softly in with the first course. His thick, black hair shone like a crow's back.

Beville turned. A smile of intense appreciation came into his eyes when they took in Mary Bannerman, as she stood at the foot of the staircase. The gray of her frock seemed to be even more delicate and harmonious than it was against the backing of dark wood. She wore her chestnut hair wound in a great plait round her little head. Her oval face was pale, and her large gray eyes were larger than ever. Her frock was cut into a small prim V, and round her lovely neck there hung a string of virgin pearls.

Beville spoke without looking at the Japanese. "When I want you, I'll ring," he said. Once they were alone—Mary Bannerman never moved—Beville went forward and pulled out her chair and bowed slightly. Then he met her and took her in his arms hungrily and strongly, and kissed her on the lips.

"Oh," she said, and breathed deeply. He seemed to have taken her breath away. There was a great blush on her face as she sat down in the circle of light. Beville saw it and was touched. He knew at that moment that his watch upon himself must be momentary, stern, and unrelenting.

It was a curious dinner. Both merely played with the courses, and the Japanese, anxious, as are all his breed, to stand well, though obsequiously, in evidence, was always in and out. Once the flash of a searchlight from a passing river steamer jerked them back into the knowledge that the world was, after all, quite close.

Beville talked incessantly—clever, superficial, epigrammatic stuff about London and its idiosyncrasies, Paris and its *métier*, New York and its idea. Inwardly she was going over again the terms of this curious experimental engagement, shuddering a little, although she felt excited and exhilarated when she considered how daring, unusual, dangerous, and—possibly beautiful was the adventure into which she had deliberately, even angrily, thrown herself, Mary Bannerman, in the closest propinquity with such a man as Aubrey Beville, for a week. Oh, yes, it would be no trouble to her to play Virginia. That went without saying. Should she have taken this risk but for that certitude? But—and that was the point, that was the argument, the test that gave the incident its experimental sting—how long would he be able to play Paul?

And when she came to this question, she felt his lips on hers again, and very nearly laughed in triumph. All the same, she realized her surprise at the fact that she did not love him.

After dinner she got up and examined the six water-colors that hung on the walls. They were all that the room was permitted. There were life and sunlight in them all, and more than a touch of poetry. The artist had known the fairies when a child. Beville watched her and her tender lines as he sat on the piano stool running Saint-Saëns "Le Cygne" into one of Heller's "Sleepless Nights" and then off into Kellie's "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," which he sang softly as though fearful of breaking a dream.

Mary Bannerman went on looking at the water-colors without seeing them. She was listening to his voice. It was very true and



sympathetic, and had some of the emotional appeal of a 'cello. How clever he was, she thought. What was there that he couldn't do? Write, speak, sing and play, love—She knew, too, that he was watching her. His eyes caressed her as she went. For the first time in her life she felt perfectly unself-conscious. There was nothing unclean in this man's admiration.

She went abruptly over to the piano and put her hand lightly on his shoulder. "What a pity that you can't be a friend," she said impulsively. There was something deliciously attractive in her assumption of womanhood.

He put both arms round her waist. "Oh, you darling, you adorable thing!" He let her go and got up.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Pray forgive me. Come out and catch the silver and listen to the stars." Like a big brother he took her arm and led her out and up and down the wide veranda. They talked and laughed and listened and breathed in the beauty of it all for hours. Mary Bannerman had never been so happy in her life.

He merely shook hands when he said "Good-night," but he blew her a kiss when she waved her hand to him from the gallery over the hall.

"A dreamless sleep," he said. "What time do you like breakfast?"

"Any time. Eight o'clock. Let us make the most of the sun. Good-night, Mr. Beville."

"Where's your sense of humor, *ma mie*?"

"What *am* I to say?"

"Aubrey, of course."

She hesitated for a second. "Well then, good-night, Aubrey," and then her door closed behind her.

The sun was so bright in the morning that it seemed to have set a light to every tree within range. Their red-and-golden leaves made beacons to celebrate the day. The great, majestic river cut the superb landscape like a broad ribbon. Away on the right nestled a little town of painted wooden houses, and a white steeple tried to stretch up and touch the cloudless sky. God seemed to smile upon his earth.

Aubrey Beville, more English than ever in his brown, wide knickerbockers and yellow Shetland waistcoat with long sleeves, stood, hatless and smiling, a few hundred yards away, talking to Mrs. Emerson, who was at work on a water-color sketch, having break-

fasted early. He waved a great bundle of red leaves.

When Mary came into the hall sitting-room he was playing the piano. He made "Humoresque" sound like the battle-song of a Scottish chieftain calling his clan to arms. He had placed a little branch of red leaves upon her plate.

"Oh, aren't they a wonderful color," she said.

He picked up her hand and pressed its pretty palm to his lips. "Autumn and decay," he said, looking gravely into her eyes. "The year is growing old, my dear."

The little, sturdy Japanese brought in a silver coffee-pot and uncovered a dish of porridge.

Mrs. Emerson flitted about the bungalow brightly, from time to time, and found Aubrey very quiet. But the sun and the beauty of the place and the constant sight of the lovely young thing who moved so easily at his side sent up his barometrical spirits again. So long as the sun was up they swung like children, hand in hand, among the trees and the crackling twigs, calling each other to witness the glories of the world. They took sandwiches with them and sat down on a high ridge that gave them a wide view of river and woods. He lay at her feet and watched her as she babbled, without listening to what she said. It was her day, she felt. It had been created for her, and she was playing hostess. She chattered endlessly and laughed often, showing two perfect lines of little teeth. She felt that she was talking well and, in a sort of way, that she stood for all women with this curious man. It was for her to prove that her sex was not merely feminine, not merely pretty people to be kissed and petted and left. Surely, she proved how well she succeeded, because never once until the sun sank did he remind her that she was a woman. And then, as they walked slowly back among the lengthening shadows and the gathering dews, he put his arm round her shoulder and kept it there.

He stopped on the veranda and turned her round to face him.

"Well?" he asked.

"Very well indeed, thank you," she answered lightly.

"That's well," he said, "you baby."

"Don't call me 'baby.' I am not, and I won't have it."

He touched her cheek. "Be a baby as

long as you can, little girl. Have I been good to-day?"

She pouted like a child. "You're very unkind," she said. "I'll quote something to you now. Shall I?"

"Go on."

"There is in friendship something of all relations and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world."

"For men and men and women and women, yes, but passion is universal humanity. Without it, religion, history, romance, and art would be useless."

He put out his arms suddenly and then let them fall. "You see," he said, "I can no more be your friend than fly. Every time I see you I want to touch you. You fire me and madden my blood—Run up and change. Your feet are wet."

That evening, after dinner, he never left the piano. He played a hundred pieces, to Mrs. Emerson's great delight, smoking a little pile of cigarettes. He sang all manner of songs, some that he had made up—as he called it—himself, and some that were composed by masters for posterity. She guessed that he did so because he was afraid to trust himself with her. It was easy psychology. She was not so completely happy as the night before when he had marched up and down under the moon and held her arm. She missed his touch, and yet she did not love this man. She was only jealous of the piano.

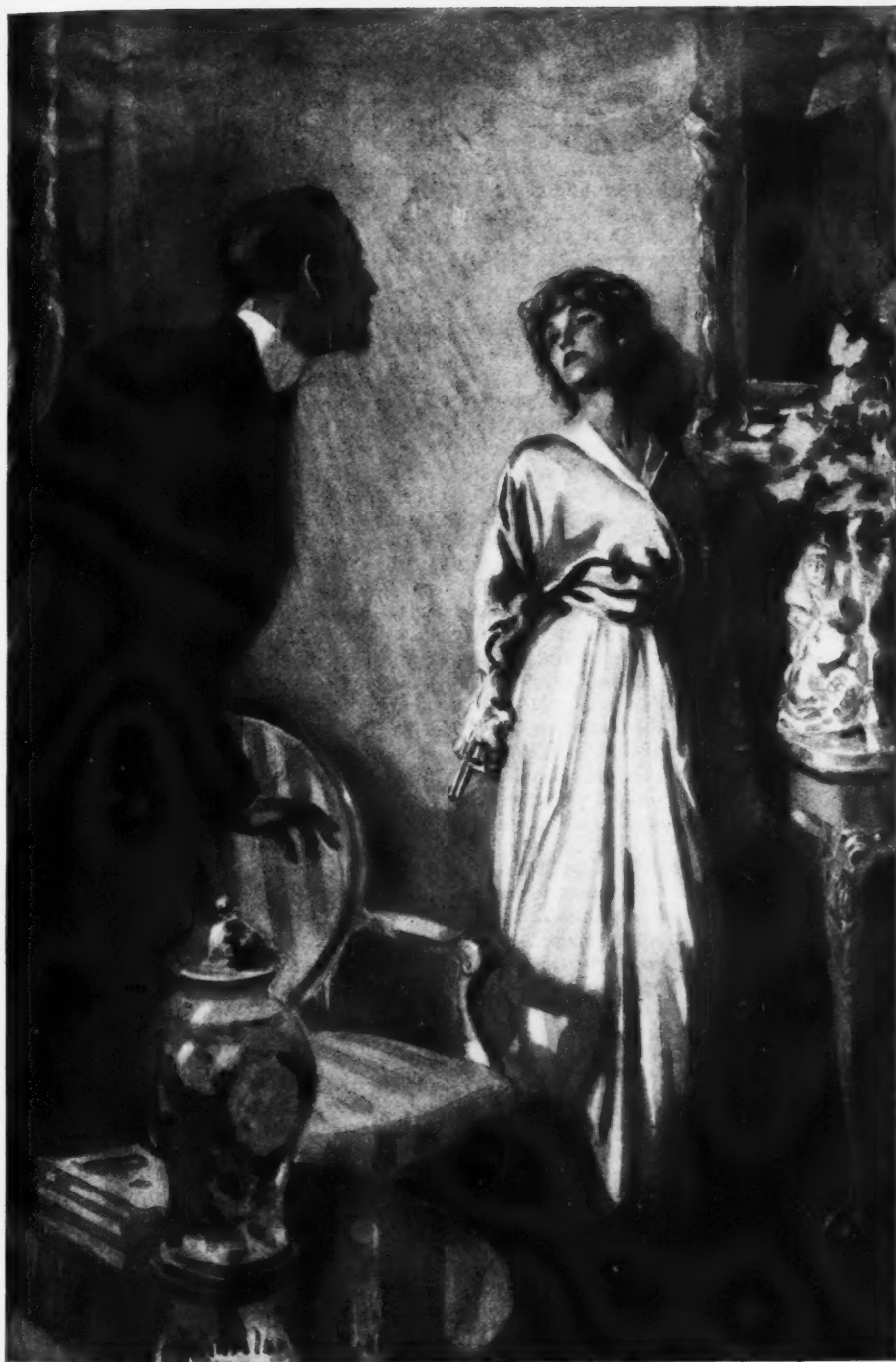
There was a note on her plate when she came down next morning, a note and a large white chrysanthemum with a thousand petals. "Don't wait for me, baby," it ran. "I'll come back when I can look you in the face."

Midday came, but no Aubrey. The day was more golden than ever, and all the trees were alight again and not a single cloud in all the sky. At first it was rather pleasant to wander about the bungalow, imagine herself its mistress, and rearrange the pewter mugs that stood upon the dresser, and then, half laughing at herself, to dust the piano and place the box of cigarettes on a little table at the elbow of the chair of the man who could be her husband if he chose to win her as she would be won. Yes, she owned to that as she moved about the place like a sunbeam. She had built herself an ideal as some girls will, and he came very

near to fulfilling it—very near. She felt everything but love for him; admiration—she had always had that—and respect, which came the night before. She liked him for his presence, his complete ease, his finish, his clean-cut profile, his strength, his masterfulness. She liked his ever-varying moods, his laugh, his sudden gravity, his tenderness, his humor, his one-by-one discovered gifts. She even liked him for his materialism. It made him out a man. It was the fear of his inconstancy that held her back! That was so cruel, so selfish, so horribly wrong. And yet, deep down in her heart, she knew that it was this very inconstancy that had caused her to accept his challenge. She had accepted it just so that she might have the triumphant satisfaction of hearing him ask her to be his wife. She would not accept him—at least she was not yet certain that she would—but, oh, to hear him ask her, to prove that she, alone among women, possessed the power to hold him and to bind!

And all that golden day the man was running away, not from her but from himself. Her whole attitude the night before had made it clear to him, beyond all argument, that he had only to use all his art as lover to break her down. Wrenching himself away with inward curses at the Adam of him, he had fled like a coward from himself. What did it matter which way he went so that he put distance between himself and that young, unspoiled baby? And yet every step he took seemed to put him two steps back. But he fought his way on and on, blind to the glory of the day, cold beneath the generous sun, his passion crying out. Nothing helped him, not his anger against himself, not his humiliation at his backsliding, not even the knowledge of his disloyalty to the dear dead woman whose trusting eyes would wait for his when they should meet again. He called out her name among the trees; he supplicated God beneath the open sky. He was lonely, and he was not old, and he was an artist, and Mary Bannerman was in his blood. Nature, who has no memory and no mercy, had got him by the throat.

Finally the sun went down and took its warmth and sanity from the earth. Beville was physically and mentally weary. His limbs ached and his head throbbed. No hand had been stretched out of the unseen to help him, not one. And so, when he turned, he marched back with the deliber-



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS.

He opened the door. "I was afraid," she said, standing against the wall with the thing in her hand

ate intention of pitching his useless armor away. And the instant he made up his mind to that course, the aching left his limbs and there was a song in his brain.

He found her upon the veranda, white and still and frightened. She saw him and gave a cry of welcome and relief, and the next instant he had her against his breast.

For the first time she kissed him.

Mrs. Emerson, with a little smile on her pretty face, read a magazine, and Aubrey sat at Mary's feet that night with his head against her knees. Twice her fingers touched his hair, just twice. And they talked beneath their breath, but very little. They seemed to have no use for words.

And again the dear little lady sought an early couch and the hours moved on. At eleven o'clock Mary sighed and moved, and he was on his feet. She went upstairs without a word.

He watched her go. How young she was and slim and inarticulate. How completely she had him in the palm of her hand. And then he sat down to the piano and made the whole place ring and echo and resound with glad music.

Presently he shut the piano and with beating heart went upstairs to his room. The one candle, lit by the Japanese before dinner, was guttering in its socket. The blind was up, and a stream of moonlight fell upon his table.

How curious! Some one was bending over his writing-case—a gracious figure in a dress he knew by heart—and her hands were opening the case and taking his fountain pen from its sheath. She turned as he stumbled forward, crying out her name, and smiled as she had so often smiled when he had come to a moment when he felt that he must fail and she believed in him. He put out his hand—and there was nothing. Only the fountain pen, the implement with which he was to create worthy wreaths for her grave, was in it. And then he knew what was his course and gave his thanks to Almighty God. *She* believed in him, and he would justify her belief.

For an hour, afraid, the girl, who had sprung into a woman, listened. Not a sound broke the utter silence. No quick, regular, pulseline steps echoed through the quiet house. She couldn't bear it. What had she done? What was he do-

ing? She turned the key and tiptoed out. There was a light in the hall below. She peered over the gallery. He was sitting at the table, writing, absorbed, and on his face was the peaceful immobility of the man who is in a world of his own creation. She might have been a hundred thousand miles away. Back in her room she flung herself face downward on her bed and sobbed her heart out. She loved him.

Followed three curious days.

Beville had been helped. He had only hoped before, but now he knew that he was not working for a dream's sake. The spirit of the dear woman who had passed had come to him when he needed it so sorely. His cries beneath the trees had been heard. Her brief return had been permitted. Work, that was the one thing that put even nature to the right-about—work, which, by creating, did what it was nature's own labor to do. Once his pen was back in his hand, his soul refreshed and re-inspired by the glimpse of God's sympathy and understanding, there was no woman on this green earth that could tempt him.

He was sane again. He was the master of his fate, the captain of his soul. From breakfast to luncheon he sat in the sunny window of his room, the artist, the workman. He was entirely happy, entirely concentrated. He came into the hall at mid-day with a song on his lips and took his place opposite the wondering girl as though he were her brother. Not only his whole attitude, but his whole expression had altered. It was magical. It was astounding, and to Mary Bannerman it was bitterly, poignantly vexing. At the very moment when he had won his way into her inmost heart, when he had made her realize that he was the man she would accept, he retired. She was unable to understand. She only knew that he had made her love him, and then slipped out of her warm and eager hand. Her disappointment hurt her. Poor child, she had not yet reached the stage which realizes humiliation and baffled desire.

It was certain that he had altered. She could feel that with her eyes closed. It was in the atmosphere. The very sun seemed dull, and the flowers about the hall had lost their color. He begged her to excuse him.

"I must work," he said. "I must." (He

said "I must" about everything, she thought.) And he placed a deep chair on the veranda for her and gave her a pile of magazines. He called her Mary for the first time. He seemed now to have become her brother-in-law. How human that she should struggle to find excuses for all this, and how natural that she should succeed in doing so! He was working because he dare not be with her, of course. He was forcing himself to keep to the letter of the bargain like an honorable man. He was right, after all, then, about the shortness of life. It was to-day that counted, to-day that must be lived. Who could tell about to-morrow? She loved him. He was in her heart. Why didn't he rise above his unconventional ideas and ask her to be his wife? She hungered for his kisses.

She asked him to play to her after dinner. She had not enjoyed the meal. He had been so cheery, so normal, and Mrs. Emerson had kept up a running fire of aimless talk. She did not enjoy his playing. He played rag-times and merry things, and they all jarred. And then, when he left the piano, he stood leaning against the mantel-board, playing host as though she were a school friend of his sister, just arrived on a polite visit. He talked, but skimmed lightly over the surface of things, looking all too well at ease. He looked at his watch several times, too. He little knew how it hurt. There was no thrill in his fingers when he said good-night. She shut her door and put her hands over her face. There was such a thing as being too good, and, at any rate, the bargain was that he should kiss her.

It was two o'clock when she opened her door again. Yes, there he was, writing, writing, and the same look of peaceful immobility was on his face. She said "Aubrey" softly, but he didn't hear. She went down and over to him and touched his shoulder. "You'll tire yourself out," she said.

He looked up and smiled. "How sweet of you to bother. But, bless you, I'm all right—just getting back into the swing. Why aren't you fast asleep?"

"I don't know." She leaned against his shoulder. "I'm a little lonely, I think."

"Oh, my poor child, of course you are. What a thoughtless, selfish brute I am to keep you away from your home and friends." He patted her hand. "Pack your things to-morrow, and I'll take you back."

"No, no," she said. "I don't want to win!" It blurted out.

He looked puzzled, but his pen was still in his hand, and only half his thoughts were away from his work. "In any case, I ought to go back. I'm frightfully behind with everything, and I work better in my own place." He got up and led her to the staircase.

It was useless to protest. He said "I must go back," and there was the end of it. As well endeavor to dam a tidal wave with a single plank as argue. He sang as he packed his things, called out his grateful thanks to his friend's wife, and gave cheery directions to the Japanese, who took them out to the automobile for which he had telephoned to New York. She was to be put into a taxi at Central Station to drive home from "the little visit to her old friend," alone. He thought of everything, arranged everything, carried everything through with such nervous impetuosity that his light spirit *had* to be assumed. He had not won because he had not, she told herself, been able to live through the stipulated week. He was afraid. He was running away.

In a sense it was the greatest and most wonderful compliment that had ever been paid to her. But her vanity, though flattered, was not so big as her utter sense of disappointment. She would have given her soul to have lived out her life in that cottage with him.

All the way into the city he kept up a running comment of interest and criticism. He was as amused, and delighted as a boy, with a huge ferry-boat on which the motor ran, and gave out almost extravagant exclamations of admiration of the superb river across which they went so easily.

"Gad, but it's a great country!" he cried.

Arrived at the station, he sprang out and chartered a taxi-cab and had her things moved like lightning. He put her in and held her little ungloved, appealing, eloquent hand and stood bareheaded. "Well, it was good," he said, "very good and memorable, and I shall put all those hours among my treasures. How can I thank you for your trust, or God for seeing me through?" And he touched the hand with his lips—oh, why couldn't he hear the things she dared not cry aloud?—and was left behind.

She cried as a woman cries in that jerky little cab. "Oh, why did I go? Why did I meet him? Why did I let him kiss me?"



Even as he opened the door of his writing-room, his telephone-bell was ringing. He laughed. It was a welcome.

"Yes?" he said. "Who is it? Mary? But, my dear——"

"I *must* speak to you. I *must*."

"Not now. Do forgive me now."

"I ask you to come and see me."

"But, my dear, what is it? We've only just been speaking, haven't we?"

"Aubrey, if you don't come at once you'll never forgive yourself, never."

"But I can't; I simply can't come at once." Beville was tapping his foot and being what is called kind. "We—the holiday, the—interlude—and it was very sweet—is over. Isn't it? Good-by, little girl, and a thousand thanks."

"Don't go. I've not finished. Oh, *can't you understand?*"

"But what is there to understand?"

"What—is—there? Aubrey?"

"What's upsetting you, dear child? Has anything happened?"

"Everything has happened, and I don't want to lose one jot of anything that has come to me. You sha'n't force me to be more explicit than that. I believe that's what you're trying to do. I've just seen that." She laughed. "How you do insist on making everybody else weak!"

"Oh, yes, yes," he said. He was listening but not hearing.

"I don't believe you're listening. I shall say good-by if you're not more attentive."

"Well, good-by, then."

"No, no! I didn't mean that. Don't ring off yet."

"I must; I really must."

"But you haven't promised to come!"

"No, I'm not coming. It's all over. There's work to do. Good-by."

"Do—you—mean really—good-by?"

"Yes, really good-by." He was cheerful.

"Listen. Aubrey?" She was desperate. He didn't mean to come. Her brother had been practising revolver shooting. His weapon was in his den. It might be loaded. "Wait. I want you to hear something. Will you wait?"

"Yes, only——"

"I'll only keep you one more moment."

She returned with the revolver.

"You say that it's good-by?"

"Yes, dear child. Good-by."

"And you'll never see me again?"

"Oh, if we meet here and there, or——"

"Then, listen."

He *must* have understood that she loved him. And he was never going to see her again! Then, come death! She fired.

With his blood gone cold and his heart at a dead stop, he drove through the uncaring city to her house. Some one was at the door talking excitedly to the man-servant. He pushed by and went along the printed passage and opened the door.

"I was afraid," she said, standing against the wall with the thing in her hand.

He caught her in his arms.

### Harrison Fisher Pictures

We have, as announced, reserved a few sets of the Harrison Fisher pictures which the Cosmopolitan Print Department has been issuing during the last two years. These sets consist of twenty-four colored reproductions of this popular artist's latest work, printed on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper, and depict various types of "American Beauty" painted in the inimitable style and with the clear appreciation of all that makes for feminine loveliness, for which he is so justly famous.

These complete sets are offered, as long as they last, at the remarkably low price of \$3.00, or if desired, they will be sent you laid in loose in a handsome cloth-backed portfolio, tied with ribbon and printed in gold, for \$3.50, post-paid.

Separate prints may also be ordered at the rate of 15 cents each, or in lots of four for 50 cents, but of the more popular subjects only a few remain, and as they will not be reprinted when the present edition is exhausted, we cannot guarantee to fill orders unless received at once. Miniature half-tone reproductions will be sent on request, to assist your selection, but *send your order now*, or your choice will be limited. In ordering, it will be advisable to mention a second and third choice, in case the picture first selected is out of print.

The collection of fourteen of the most popular ideal heads laid in loose in a handsome portfolio case, and entitled "Ideal Types of American Beauty" may still be procured at the original price, \$2.25, post-paid.

Remember that you remit at our risk, that pictures are sent post-paid with our guarantee of safe delivery, and that this offer will shortly cease or be greatly curtailed.

Other beautiful and inexpensive pictures by Howard Chandler Christy and C. Coles Phillips are described and reproduced in miniature in our catalogue, which will be sent you *free on request*.

### Cosmopolitan Print Department

119 West 40th Street

New York City

# A Coonville Swell

By E. W. Kemble



I

"Dese is real flowers in ma hat. Ain't I de swell thing?"



II

"Git out frum dese flowers! Dey ain't fo' you-all!"



III

"Mammy—mammy, I'ee stung!"



IV

"I did'n' expec' ter be no s'well thing lak dis. No mo' real flowers fo' dis chile."

